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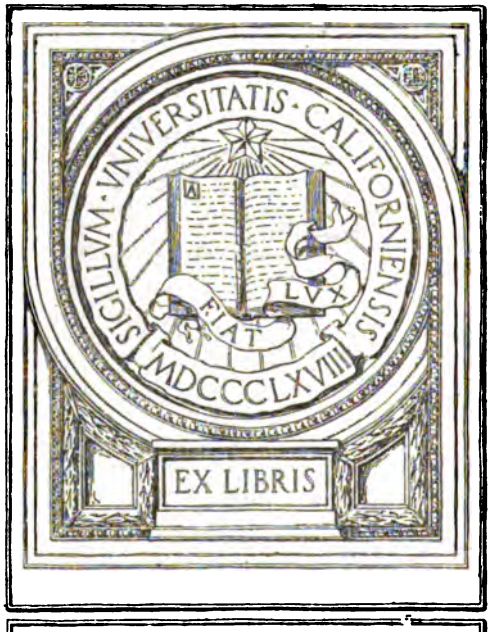

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THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Periodical

DEVOTED TO THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES,
FOLK LORE, TRADITIONS,

AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.,

Author of "The History and Genealogies of the Clan Mackenzie"; "The History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles"; "The History of the Camerons"; "The History of the Mathesons"; "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer"; "The Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands"; "The History of the Highland Clearances"; "The Social State of the Isle of Skye in 1882-83"; &c., &c.

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The Celtic Magazine.

CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

To write the history of one of our leading Highland clans is a more arduous task than most readers of the *Celtic Magazine* are likely to realise, but the reception accorded to the histories of the Mackenzies, of the Macdonalds, and of the Camerons, written and published by us during the last six years, and the valuable aid extended to us by members of these families, and by those possessing information concerning the clans whose histories have already appeared, have emboldened us to begin a history of the ancient family of Macleod, in the full expectation and confidence that similar aid will be extended to us in our present task. We would, however, call attention to the fact that in a few instances, parties interested have not supplied us, until it was too late, with genealogical and other interesting family information which it was impossible to obtain from other sources, and it may be well to warn those interested in the history and genealogies of the Clan Macleod and its connexions against similar oversight, so that they may not, when the work is completed, have to complain, as some Mackenzies, Macdonalds, and Camerons have done, that their names or families have been overlooked and left out of the genealogical portion of the histories of their respective clans.

Having said so much, to obviate disappointment later on, and

respectfully asking the aid of everyone who is able to give any information—historical or genealogical—which will help us to produce a work worthy of this ancient clan, we proceed to discuss the various views as to the origin of the family and name.

It is not intended to give here a consecutive, complete history, but, first, as in the case of the other families already named, such an account as may prove interesting to the general reader, and at the same time enable us to procure additional information from the various sources, which, as on previous occasions, are sure to be opened up, or placed within our reach as we proceed.

ORIGIN OF THE CLAN.

The generally received theory in the case of the Macleods, as in that of most of the other Highland clans, is that they are of foreign origin—descended from the early Norwegian kings of the Isle of Man. This descent, said to have based on the *Chronicle of Man*, was universally acknowledged, until Skene, in his *Highlanders of Scotland*, declared against it, stating that, though few origins have been more strenuously supported than the alleged Norwegian origin of the Macleods, there is "not the vestige of authority" for it. The *Chronicle of Man*, which has been so repeatedly quoted by various genealogists in support of the assertion that the Macleods are descended from the Norwegian Kings of Man, is absolutely silent on the point, and no evidence whatever is available from that source, though quoted so often as an authority on the subject. Skene says that "it is a singular circumstance that that record is nevertheless destitute of the slightest hint of any such origin, or even of any passage which could be assumed as a ground for such an idea." And he further says, that the tradition of Norwegian descent does not "appear to be very old, for in a manuscript genealogy of the Macleods, written in the latter part of the sixteenth century, there is not a trace of such a descent," but, on the contrary, he maintains, they are deduced from one common ancestor with the Campbells, and "were certainly a part of the ancient inhabitants of the earldom of Garmoran."* Leod, the eponymus of the Clan, we are told,

* *Highlanders of Scotland*, Vol. II., p. 273.

cannot be placed earlier than the middle of the thirteenth century.* Having so far given the opinion of the learned and high authority, Dr. Skene, we shall now state at length the Norwegian origin, claimed by the family themselves, and universally acknowledged by all the genealogists, up to within the last half century. It is as follows :—

A certain Godfred Crovan, son of Harold the Black, of the Royal Family of Denmark, was appointed King of Man and the Western Isles of Scotland, by Harold, the Imperious, and, accompanied by a fleet and an army, he came and took possession of his kingdom in 1066, the superiority still remaining with the reigning Norwegian Kings. This Godfred, who reigned for sixteen years, died in the Island of Islay, leaving three sons, the eldest of whom, Lagman, in 1103, succeeded his father. The second son, Harold, raised a rebellion against Lagman, by whom he was defeated and taken prisoner, his eyes put out, and otherwise treated in the most barbarous manner. Lagman, for this cruel conduct towards his brother, was seized with remorse. He then renounced his Kingdom, and went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he died, having only ruled for seven years. His brother, Harold, also died without issue, when the Island Kingdom fell to Godfred's third son, Olave or Olaus, then a minor. The government of the Kingdom, during this minority, was entrusted to Donald Mac-Tade, an Irish nobleman sent over to the people by Murchad O'Brien, King of Ireland, at their request, who behaved in such a tyrannical fashion, by oppressing his subjects, that after two years he was expelled, when he fled to Ireland; and Olaus, having by this time come of age, took charge of the government himself. He married Elfrica, daughter of the Lord of Galloway, at the time one of the most powerful nobles in Scotland. By his wife, Olave or Olaus, the Red, had one son, Godfred the Black, his heir. He also had three natural sons. Of several daughters, one, Ragnhildis, about 1140, became the wife of Somerled, Thane of Argyle and of the Isles, and progenitrix of all the Macdonalds, Macdougalls, and several other historical families in the Western Highlands and Isles. According to the *Chronicle of Man*, this marriage was the cause of the fall of the Norwegian Kingdom of the Isles, and was the

* *Celtic Scotland*, Vol. III., p. 340.

foundation of the title of Kings and Lords of the Isles, afterwards assumed, and long maintained, by Somerled's descendants. Olave the Red is said to have been a good Prince, and to have entered into friendly leagues with the Kings of Scotland and Ireland. After reigning in comparative peace for about forty years, he was, in 1154, assassinated by his nephews, the sons of his illegitimate brother Harold, who claimed half his Kingdom of the Isles. His son, Godfred the Black, was at the time in Norway, but, hearing of his father's death, he hastened to the Isles, where he was received by the people with great rejoicings as their lawful King. Having executed the murderers of his father, he proceeded to Ireland to share in the wars then going on in that Kingdom. Returning to the Isle of Man, he became so tyrannical that the nobles rebelled against his rule, and by the instrumentality of one of his nobles (Thorfinn), Dougall, the son of Somerled of the Isles, and Godfred's nephew, was proclaimed King of the Isles. After a fierce engagement between Godfred and Somerled, the Southern Isles (south of Ardnamurchan and Kintyre) were ceded to the latter; Godfred retaining the Isle of Man and the Northern Isles for himself.* Two years later Godfred was virtually driven out of Man, when he went to Norway and never returned. He died about 1187, leaving an only lawful son (Olave the Black), then only ten years old. The nobles of Man appointed his natural brother, Reginald, a very brave man, as their governor, during Olave's minority, but he soon usurped the crown for himself, and kept possession of it for thirty-eight years, giving his brother,

OLAVE THE BLACK, the legitimate heir, the Island of Lewis for his maintenance. He, however, afterwards succeeded, by the aid of Paul, Sheriff of Skye, in repossessing himself of the Norwegian Kingdom of Man and the Isles, about 1226. He died about 1237, having been thrice married; first, to a daughter of one of the leading families of Kintyre, by whom he had three sons—Harold, Reginald, and Magnus, all of whom successively reigned as Kings of Man. But Magnus of Norway, and Superior of the Isles, having surrendered the Island Kingdom to Alexander II. of

* For a full account of these proceedings see Mackenzie's *History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles*, pp. 17-34.

Scotland, and Magnus of Man having died at the Castle of Ross, in 1266, without issue, the Island Kingdom came to an end. Olave the Red had no issue by his second marriage; but having married, thirdly, Christina, daughter of Farquhar, Earl of Ross, he had, by her, three sons—

1. LEOD, OR LOYD, PROGENITOR OF THE MACLEODS.
2. Guin, from whom the Clan Gunn of Sutherland and Caithness, and
3. Leandruis, of whom Clan Leandruis, or Gillanders.

When Olave the Red, last King of Man, died, his eldest son, LEOD, who was the fifth of the Royal line of the Norwegian Kings of Man, in direct descent, was under age. He was brought up and fostered in the house of Paul, son of Boke, Sheriff of Skye, otherwise designated as "Paul Balkason, Lord of Skye," a man "of the greatest power and authority of any in those parts, who had been a constant friend of his father's in all his dangers and distresses," and by whose assistance his father, as already stated, recovered his kingdom. Leod "flourished in the reign of King Alexander III., and got from said Paul the lands of the Herries, &c.; and from his grandfather, the Earl of Ross, a part of the Barony of Glenelg, and he and his posterity have ever since been promiscuously designed by the title of Herries [Harris], Glenelg, Dunvegan, and of that Ilk."* Leod married a daughter of MacRaild Armuinn, a Danish knight, who had his seat where Dunvegan now stands, and with her he received the lands of Dunvegan, Minginish, Bracadale, Duirinish, Lyndale, and part of Troternish, in the Isle of Skye. There are some families of the name of MacRaild still living on the Macleod estates, and we know one or two others elsewhere who came originally from that district.

Mairi Nighean Alastair Ruaidh, the famous Macleod poetess, refers to the traditional Norwegian and Royal origin of the race in her famous "*Cronan*," where she says, on the recovery of young Macleod from a serious illness:—

* *Douglas's Baronage*, p. 375. "Among the documents found in the King's Treasury, at Edinburgh, in 1282, there was one entitled, 'Charter of Glenhelk,' which belonged to the Isle of Man. In 1292 the lands of Glenelg appear to have been included in the Sheriffdom of Skye, erected by King John Balliol."—*Origines Parochiales Scotiæ.*

"*Sliochd Ollaghair nan lann,*
Thogadh sroilltean ri crann,
Nuair a thoisich iad ann,
Cha bu lionsgaradh gann,
Fir a b' thirinneach bann,
Prìseil an dream.
Rioghal gun chall còrach."*

In the *Lord of the Isles*, Sir Walter Scott refers to the same origin, where some of the characteristics of "Stout Dunvegan's knight" and his Norse descent are thus referred to:—

"Torquil's rude thought and stubborn will
Smack of the wild Norwegian still."

By MacRaild's daughter, the heiress of Dunvegan, Leod had issue—

1. Tormod, ancestor of the Macleods of Harris and Glenelg, now represented by the Macleods of Dunvegan, and known among the Highlanders to this day as "*Siol Thormoid.*"

2. Torquil, progenitor of the Macleods of Lewis, Waternish, in Skye, Assynt, and Gairloch, on the Mainland, and of Raasay. The Macleods of Lewis are still spoken of in Gaelic as "*Siol Thorcuil*," and the cadet family of Raasay as "*Clann Mhic Gille Challuim*," to indicate their descent from Malcolm Garve, son of Malcolm, eighth Baron of the Lewis.

Each of the sons, Tormod and Torquil, was a *Mac* Leod, or son of Leod, whence the name of the family.

Before proceeding with the History in connection with either of the two leading families of this great House, it may be well to dispose, so far as we can, of their respective claims to be head of the Clan, for the seniority and the Chiefship have been at various times disputed and claimed by the descendants of the two brothers, TORMOD and TORQUIL respectively, and it may be considered doubtful, and difficult to prove, which of them was the eldest son of LEOD; though it is now almost universally admitted that Tormod was the elder of the two, and that, therefore, his male representative, the present Macleod of Dunvegan, is rightfully designated Macleod of Macleod, and Chief of the Clan.

It has always been claimed by the Macleods of Harris, Glenelg, and Dunvegan—(1), that Tormod got the greater portion of his father's estates; (2), that, in several Royal Charters, and other

* Mackenzie's *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry.*

authentic documents, where the heads of the families are mentioned, the representatives of Tormod, usually styled Macleods of Harris, are always named and inserted before the representatives of the Macleods of Lewis; and (3), that, though the representatives of Tormod have changed their armorial bearings, there is sufficient proof that they formerly carried the paternal arms of the family.

On the other hand, the representatives of the family of Lewis have maintained—(1), that the descendants of Torquil, their progenitor, succeeded his father in the Island of Lewis, which, they say, was the paternal estate of the Clan; (2), that the representatives of Torquil always carried in their armorial bearings the arms of the Kings of Man and the Isles, their paternal ancestors; and (3), that it has been the unvaried tradition of the Lewis Macleods, that Torquil was the eldest son, and that this is confirmed by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon, King at Arms, and by Buchanan's History of the Origin of the Clans, published in 1723.

Referring to these counter claims for precedency, Skene says that "from the earliest period in which the Macleods are mentioned in history, they have been divided into the great families of Macleod of Glenelg, or Harris, and Macleod of Lewis, and these families have for a long time disputed as to which of them the rights of Chief belong. As occurs in the somewhat parallel case of the Macneils, this dispute appears to have arisen from the possessions of the Macleods having necessarily been so little connected together, and from both families being nearly of equal power and consequence; but, from the few data which have remained to guide us on this point, there seems every reason to think that Macleod of Glenelg, or Harris, was of old the proper Chief of the Clan. Macleod of Harris," he continues, "was originally invariably designated 'de Glenelg,' and Glenelg was certainly the first and chief possession of the Clan. In various charters of the fifteenth century, to which the head of both families happen to be witnesses, Macleod de Glenelg always appears before that of Lewis, and, finally, the possessions of the Lewis family formed no part of the original possessions of the Clan, for the Charter of the family of Lewis is one by King David

II. to Torquil Macleod, of the barony of Assynt. And it is certain," Mr. Skene sums up, "that Torquil obtained this barony by marriage with Margaret Macnicol, the heiress of the lands, and in that Charter he is not designated 'de Lewis,' *nor has he any designation whatever.* These facts," he declares, "seem conclusive, that the claim of Macleod of Harris to be Chief of the Clan is well founded, and that the marriage of a younger son to the heiress of Assynt and Lewis, gave rise to the family of Lewis, who were the oldest cadets of the Clan, and who soon came to rival the family of the Chief in power and extent of territory." The first charter of any lands to the family was granted by David II., to Malcolm, son of Tormod Macleod, son of Leod, about 1343, and the obligation contained in it is to the effect that Macleod is to keep a twenty-six-oared galley at all times for the use of the King.*

Referring to lands acquired by the family in the Isle of Skye, now the only estates in their possession, Skene also says that they acquired these lands by marriage with the daughter of MacRaild, one of the Norwegian nobles of the Isles, and he maintains that it is from this connection, and from the succession which was secured by it, that first probably arose the tradition of the Macleods being originally descended from the Norwegian Kings of the Isles; and he holds, as already stated, that they were originally of pure native descent, and belonging to the ancient inhabitants of the Celtic Earldom of Garmoran. The original possessions of the Macleods of Harris and Glenelg were always held of the Crown, while those of the family of Lewis were held as vassals of the Earl of Ross and Lords of the Isles. At first the Harris family held that island under the MacRuaries of Garmoran; and, later on, when the North Isles passed into the house of Islay, they held Harris, as their neighbours and namesakes did Lewis, from the Lords of the Isles; and they also held their lands in Skye, comprising at that time fully two-thirds of the Island, as vassals of the Lordship of the Isles. The armorial bearings of the two families were quite different from an early period—that of Harris being a Castle, and that of Lewis a burning Mountain.

(To be continued.)

* "About the year 1343, King David II. granted to Malcolm, the son of Turmode Maclode, two-thirds of the tenement of Glenelg, namely, eight darachs and five pennylands, for the service of a ship of 26 oars when required."—*Origines Parochiales Scotiæ.*

ST. KILDA.

I.

Here rise no groves, and here no gardens blow,
Here even the hardy heath scarce dares to grow;
But rocks on rocks, in mist and storm array'd,
Stretch far to sea their giant colonnade,
With many a cavern seam'd, the dreary haunt
Of the dun seal and swarthy cormorant.
While round their rifted brows, with frequent cry,
As of lament, the gulls and gannets fly,
And from their sable base, with sullen sound,
In sheets of whitening foam the waves rebound.—SCOTT.

IT is only a few weeks since two sad messages from St. Kilda were cast ashore upon the coasts of the Long Island. Both told a melancholy tale of disaster and distress, and both were launched upon the bosom of the mighty Atlantic in "little ships," rudely fashioned out of a piece of wood, and rigged with a tiny mast and sail. Bravely did the little vessels bear the tale committed to their charge, withstanding the great Atlantic billows, and sailing merrily on to the land, where there were sympathetic and kindly hearts to listen to the simple St. Kilda folk's sad story. The first one which arrived was picked up on Thursday, 24th September last, by a rural letter-carrier on the beach at Aird Uig, a township on the West Coast of the Lewis, near Gallan Head. The message itself was contained in a bottle, which was inserted in a small piece of wood roughly shaped into the form of a boat. The wood was branded "St. Kilda," and the words "open this" were cut on a small board covering the bottle. The message was written on what appeared to have been the leaf of a school exercise-book, and another slip of paper enclosed bore the address—"Mr. Kenneth Campbell, teacher, Uig, Lewis, by Stornoway." The message ran as follows:—

"St Kilda Sep the 8th 1885.

"My Dear Sir—I am now going to write you a letter and sending her in one of the little ships in which we were sailing on the shore as you know to let you know all the knews. the men were building a house just a little house for the cows a great storm came on and all the corn and barley were swept away by the storm and one of the boats was swept away by the sea the men of St Kilda is nearly dead with the hunger. They send two boats from St Kilda to go to Haries not the fishing boats but little piece of wood like the little one which I send. I sent my best loves unto you.—I am yours truly "ALEXANDER FERGUSON."

At the Valuation Appeal Court, held at Portree on 29th September, the following petition, signed by a number of the inhabitants of St. Kilda, and addressed to Mr. Balderston, the County Assessor, was read:—

"St. Kilda, Sept. 15th, 1885.

"Honoured Sir,—We, the undersigned, beg leave to intimate to you that we consider it unfair to be paying for grazing for sheep which we do not possess. When our present proprietor, Macleod of Macleod, bought this island from the late Sir John Macleod, London, the number of sheep which each of the sixteen crofters then possessed was entered on the rental book of our present proprietor, and the price of grazing for each sheep then was ninepence a-head. But we have now much below the number of sheep we had then, and we are still paying for the full number. This we do not consider fair. It was the rule, under our former proprietor, that each of us would pay ninepence a-head for the grazing of sheep, and this we wish to be restored to us, as each of us then would only pay according to the number of sheep possessed by him. We are most willing to pay for whatever number of sheep each of us may possess.

"The second point which we wish to bring under your notice is the rock. It has been told us that the late Duke of Athole had got us full liberty from Government to catch the fulmars which were resting on the rocks without our paying rent. For this each of us was then paying £2 sterling. The factor, too, on his arrival here the following summer, told us that we had now full liberty to catch the fulmars free of rent. The fulmars rest on or about the island throughout the year, but it is during three months that we reap much benefit by them—that is, from the latter end of May till the 28th of August. Observe, instead of relieving us of this £2 sterling, which was paid for each of us for the rocks, the £2 was laid on the crofts and on the sheep grazings of the Island of Borera.

"Some of us are now paying one shilling and sixpence for the grazing of sheep, instead of ninepence. This we have done for many years, although some of us have lost most of our sheep by falling over the rocks, and by wet and stormy seasons.

"We feel aggrieved to have to pay for birds which live on the sea, and which we catch in steep and high rocks at great danger to our lives, and which would not be attempted by any other people but ourselves. We hope you will do everything you possibly can to do us justice, as we are far off from the courts of justice in this solitary island."

There being no one present from St. Kilda, the appeal was dismissed.

The following letter from the proprietor of St. Kilda appeared in an Inverness paper on 10th October:—

"5th October, 1885.

"Sir,—The appearance in your paper of the 30th ultimo of two communications from St. Kilda compels me to ask you to kindly insert another letter. The first of these communications, picked up on the shores of the Lewis, appears to have been written by a boy. I think it possible that some of the corn, and perhaps a boat, may have been swept away by the storm, but that the people of the Island are suffer-

ing from hunger is impossible, as they do not rely on their own produce, but always have a supply of meal sufficient to last till May or June next.

"As respects the petition addressed by the tenants of St. Kilda to the County Assessor, it is difficult to understand their complaint, and I am unable to explain what they mean about the Duke of Athole and the Government. The simple facts are that they pay a rent of £2 each for their arable ground, and so much a-head for the grazing of their cattle and sheep. Of this arrangement they have never complained till now, because they always had a full stock, but it appears they lost a number of sheep last spring. This accounts for their present petition, and as I always treat exceptionally these lonely people, surrounded as they are by the melancholy main, I shall certainly comply with the wish they have expressed. As to the birds and rocks, they have never been asked by me to pay a penny for either.—I am, yours, &c.,

"MACLEOD OF MACLEOD."

On Monday, 28th September, an old man walking along the beach at Tarnsay, Harris, found a little boat made of a thick plank about a yard in length, on which were the words, cut deep into the wood, "St. Kilda. Please open—Hugh Macallum." On opening a small hatch, two bottles were found, in each of which was a letter. There was a sail set on the little vessel, and a heavy piece of iron nailed to the bottom, so that it could not be upset. One of the letters ran as follows:—

"St Kilda Manse, 16th Sept., 1885.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—I beg leave to intimate to you that I am directed by the people on the island to tell you that their corn, barley, and potatoes are destroyed by a great storm that passed over the island on Saturday and Sabbath last. You will be kind enough to apply to Government in order to send a supply of corn seed, barley, and potatoes. This year's crop is quite useless. They never before saw such a storm at this time of the year. They have lost one of their boats, but happily there was no loss of life. They have some meal on the island, which the proprietor sent them in the beginning of this month. The crops were not ripe when the storm passed over the island. We send you this enclosed in a little boat made of a piece of a plank. I sincerely hope you are well.—I am, rev. dear sir, yours very truly.

"JOHN MACKAY.

"The Rev. Alexander Maccoll, Free Church Manse, Lochalsh."

It is pitiful to think that, within sight of part of the Long Island, we have a lonely sea-girt isle, whose only means of communication with the Mainland, during the greater part of the year, is by means of these tiny vessels, launched upon the bosom of the great ocean to find their way, guided only by Providence, to the unknown world of telegraphs, railways, and cities. Whilst public attention has of late been thus drawn so painfully towards the island by these messages cast upon the shores of Lewis and Harris, we think that some information regarding St. Kilda and

its primitive inhabitants, collected from different sources, will prove interesting to the reader.

The ancient name of the island was Hirt, or Hirta, which Martin, in his *Description of the Western Isles*, 1695, derives from the Irish *Ier*, meaning West, St. Kilda being the most westerly of all the Scottish isles. The Rev. Kenneth Macaulay, however, in a little book, entitled, *A Voyage to, and History of, St. Kilda*, published in 1765, suggests a different origin for the name. "We know with certainty," he says, "that Norwegians and Danes infested each side of this kingdom for a course of ages. Some of these rovers, if driven forward by north-east winds, after having lost their course, or after having left Shetland behind them, would have naturally spied out St. Kilda sooner than any other place in the Deucaledonian Ocean, as the rock and hills there are higher than anywhere else, and, upon making so agreeable a discovery, would have very probably cried out *Hert, Hert*, or Land, Land; nor is it an extravagant conceit to suppose that this small land might, for that very reason, have retained the name ever after." Buchanan calls the island Hirta, while Cambden calls it Hyrtha. The first mention made of it in any document, now extant, is said to be in a charter granted by John, Lord of the Isles, to his son, Reginald, and confirmed by King Robert the Second, after the middle of the fourteenth century. In that charter the island is called Hyrt.

When Martin visited the island, about the last decade of the seventeenth century, he found some 200 inhabitants in St. Kilda, but in 1765 the number had dwindled down to eighty-eight, chiefly owing to the smallpox, which carried away nearly the whole population of the island in one visitation. The terrible disease was first contracted in the Island of Harris by a St. Kilda man, who died there. Unfortunately a fellow-islander came the following year and took the dead man's clothes back to St. Kilda, thus communicating the infection. Had it not been for a lucky accident, the whole population would have been exterminated; as it was, of twenty-one families, only four grown-up persons, and twenty-six young orphans, were left alive. Shortly before the disease commenced to ravage the island, three men and eight boys went to one of the adjacent isles to catch solan geese for the

benefit of the whole community. Their boat went back to St. Kilda as usual, but, owing to the disease having broken out in the interval, no one was able to man it for the purpose of bringing the bird-catchers home again at the proper time, and they were compelled to subsist upon the island for about nine months, until rescued by the factor's boat. By the time they returned home, the disease had done its devastating work in St. Kilda, and died out again. The population now is only seventy-seven.

Martin gives a most amusing account of a visit which one of the islanders paid to Glasgow, and which we produce *verbatim*:—

"He was astonished at the length of the voyage, and of the great kingdoms, as he thought them, that is isles, by which they sailed; the largest in his way did not exceed twenty-four miles in length, but he considered how much they exceeded his own little native country. Upon his arrival at Glasgow, he was like one that had dropped from the clouds into a new world, whose language, habits, &c., were in all respects new to him; he never imagined that such big houses of stone were made with hands; and for the pavements of the streets, he thought it must needs be altogether natural, for he could not believe that men would be at the pains to beat stones into the ground to walk upon. He stood dumb at the door of his lodging, with the greatest admiration; and when he saw a coach and two horses, he thought it to be a little house they were drawing at their tail, with men in it; but he condemned the coachman for a fool to sit so uneasy, for he thought it safer to sit on the horse's back. The mechanism of the coach-wheel, and its running about, was the greatest of all his wonders. When he went through the streets, he desired to have one to lead him by the hand. Thomas Ross, a merchant, and others, that took the diversion to carry him through the town, asked his opinion of the High Church? He answered that it was a large rock, yet there were some in St. Kilda much higher, but that these were the best caves he ever saw; for that was the idea which he conceived of the pillars and arches upon which the church stands. When they carried him into the church, he was yet more surprised, and held up his hands with admiration, wondering how it was possible for men to build such a prodigious fabric, which he supposed to be the largest in the universe. He

could not imagine what the pews were designed for, and he fancied the people that wore masks (not knowing whether they were men or women) had been guilty of some ill things for which they dared not show their faces. He was amazed at women wearing patches, and fancied them to have been blisters. Pendants seemed to him the most ridiculous of all things; he condemned periwigs mightily, and much more the powder used in them; in fine, he condemned all things as superfluous he saw not in his own country. He looked with amazement on everything that was new to him. When he heard the church-bells ring, he was under a mighty consternation, as if the fabric of the world had been in great disorder. He did not think there had been so many people in the world as in the City of Glasgow; and it was a great mystery to him to think what they could all design by living so many in one place. He wondered how they could all be furnished with provisions; and when he saw big loaves, he could not tell whether they were bread, stone, or wood. He was amazed to think how they could be provided with ale, for he never saw any there that drank water. He wondered how they made them fine clothes, and to see stockings made without being first cut, and afterwards sewn, was no small wonder to him. He thought it foolish in women to wear thin silks, as being a very improper habit for such as pretended to any sort of employment. When he saw the women's feet, he judged them to be of another shape than those of the men, because of the different shape of their shoes. He did not approve of the heels of shoes worn by men or women; and when he observed horses with shoes on their feet, and fastened with iron nails, he could not forbear laughing, and thought it the most ridiculous thing that ever fell under his observation. He longed to see his native country again, and passionately wished it were blessed with ale, brandy, tobacco, and iron, as Glasgow was."

The name St. Kilda, which is comparatively modern, is exceedingly difficult to account for. Martin says that it is taken from one Kilder, who lived there, but that is all the information he gives. Mr. Macaulay, in his book already referred to, suggests a number of different origins for the name. There was a female saint, named Kilda, who was a prominent figure in the early

Saxon Church, but it is exceedingly improbable that her name ever travelled to this remote portion of the British Isles. There was also an old British writer, called Gildas, but, as he was a devout hater of the Scots, it is not likely that he was ever connected with the island in any way. Mr. Macaulay inclines to the belief that the word Kilda is a corruption of Culdee, the name given to the early Christian missionaries in Scotland. There is a well in the island called Tobar-Kilda, and he takes this to mean the Culdee's Well, probably so called from some member of that order, who took up his residence there. Some one hearing the name would conclude that the well bore the name of a saint, and would have called the island St. Kilda after him, in preference to the older Hirt or Hirta.

The island of old belonged to Macleod of Harris, and was given over by him to a steward, generally a cadet of the Macleod family. This steward usually appointed a deputy, who was a native of the place, and resided in the island. This deputy had free lands, and an omer of barley from each family; he had also the honour of being the first and last in their boat, as they went and came to the smaller isles and rocks. The steward himself visited the island once every summer to collect the rents, which were paid in kind, the principal articles given being down, wool, butter, cheese, cows, horses, fowls, oil, and barley—silver or gold being then unknown in the island. Some years before Martin's visit, the steward attempted one year to exact a sheep from every family in the place, the number being twenty-seven, but this they refused to submit to. The steward then sent his brother, and a number of other men, to take the sheep by force, but the islanders met the invading party, and, armed with daggers and fishing-rods, attacked them with such effect that they were forced to return without attaining their object, and the attempt was not again renewed.

Just as we were about to conclude this paper, we learnt that the steamer "Hebridean" had been sent out to St. Kilda from Glasgow on Thursday, 15th October, with a quantity of supplies for the relief of the unfortunate islanders. The supplies consisted of oats, oatmeal, potatoes, tea, sugar, and other necessaries, and were presented by Sir William Collins, Principal Rainy, and

other gentlemen in the South, to whom all honour is due for their prompt and disinterested action. The vessel arrived in the Bay of St. Kilda on the evening of Sunday, 18th October, and early on the following morning the cargo was brought ashore and distributed among the poor islanders, who evinced the greatest gratitude towards their kind benefactors.

A striking instance of the simplicity of the inhabitants came under the notice of those who accompanied the "Hebridean" on her voyage. The night before the vessel's arrival in St. Kilda, one of the married women in the island heard, or imagined she heard, the report of a gun being fired, and, communicating this piece of intelligence to her husband, the two of them talked the matter over with some neighbours. Their deliberations resulted in a unanimous verdict that a fleet of men-of-war had arrived off the coast, in order to put the islanders to the sword, as the only means of cutting short their troublesome practice of sending pestering messages for help! No time was to be lost in escaping from the invaders, and the whole of the little band took to the hills, and spent the night in hiding. With the return of day, they came back to the village, but their fears were not set at rest, for several of the women admitted that, when the "Hebridean" awoke the echoes with her steam-whistle, they felt sure that the hostile fleet had come at last, and great drops of sweat fell from their foreheads. Probably Sheriff Ivory's recent military and police flare-up in Skye was fresh in the minds of the innocent St. Kildeans. The appearance of Captain MacCallum, however, who was well known to them all, soon restored their courage and gladdened their hearts.

H.M.S. "Jackal" left Rothesay Bay on Tuesday, 20th October, for St. Kilda, having on board Mr. Malcolm MacNeil, Commissioner for the Board of Supervision, Edinburgh, who is to enquire into the condition of the inhabitants, and the causes of the present distress in the island. We sincerely hope the visit may be productive of lasting good to the islanders.

Next month we shall give some more information regarding this far-off isle—truly, in the words of the Poet Laureate—

"The loneliest in a lonely sea."

H.R.M.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD CHURCH PROCESS.

[BY KENNETH MACDONALD, ESQ., F.S.A. SCOT.]

IN Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh's "Antiquarian Notes," a pretty story is told of Mr. Murdoch Mackenzie, one of the ministers of Inverness, who died in 1774, after a ministry in Inverness of nearly thirty-three years. At the time of his death, Mr. Mackenzie was minister of the First Charge, and his beadle was Ludovic, or Lody Ross, whose name still survives in local tradition. "When," says Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, "Mr. Murdoch, who lived in Castle Street, lay a-dying, there was great lamentation, and none bewailed more than Lody, who was constantly in attendance. His evening bell-ringing could not be neglected, however. After discharging this duty, and emerging from the tower, what meets his astonished gaze? Nothing else than all the windows of the Kirk one blaze of light, while sacred music of the sweetest description rose in volume to the sky. But for a moment, however; and, rushing back to the clergyman's house, Lody found that the soul of his pastor had a few minutes since taken its heavenly flight, resting, as Lody firmly believed, for a moment, with its attendant angels in the arena of its close, searching, and pious ministrations." Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh thinks the incident more in consonance with the old Catholic building, than with the bald, and far from sightly, modern church. It is certainly difficult to imagine the present singularly plain High Church of Inverness illuminated with angelic light, and filled, even for a moment, with angelic music, but we must either accept the present Church as the locus of the incident, or reject it altogether, for the old Church was replaced by the present one two or three years before Mr. Mackenzie's death.

Mr. Murdoch Mackenzie, we learn from the *Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ*, was translated from Dingwall to Inverness Third Charge in 1741 or 1742. He was translated to the Second Charge in 1751, and to the First Charge in 1763. In 1745 he married a daughter of John Hossack, who was Provost of Inver-

ness at the time of the Battle of Culloden in 1746. Mr. Mackenzie died, as has been said, in 1774, in the 74th year of his age, and the 42nd of his ministry. It is said of him that "when engaged in prayer the tears were often seen falling from his cheeks, and he is said in preaching never to have uttered a word of which he did not feel the force and truth in his own heart."

When Mr. Mackenzie was translated to Inverness Third Charge, the minister of the First Charge was Mr. Alexander Macbean, who had been translated from the Third to the First Charge in 1727. Of him the *Fasti* says—"In his day he was the John Knox of the North, and one who greatly exerted himself to suppress the spirit of rebellion in and about Inverness during 1745 and 1746." He died in November, 1762, and was succeeded in the First Charge by Mr. Mackenzie.

While Mr. Mackenzie was incumbent of the Third Charge, the incumbent of the Second Charge was Mr. Alexander Fraser, who had been translated from Urquhart and Logie-Wester to Inverness in 1727. He died on 6th May, 1750, in the 76th year of his age, and the 48th year of his ministry, "eminent both for piety and talent."

These clergymen were, during their ministry, engaged in litigation, either with the whole heritors of their parish, or with the Magistrates of the town in which they ministered. Messrs. Macbean and Mackenzie were so engaged for several years, Mr. Fraser for a shorter period. Some papers connected with the processes, at the instance of the ministers, are in my possession, and as they are interesting in themselves, and contain information of value to the student of local history, I propose to give some account of them.

A short time before Mr. Alexander Fraser's death, an action was raised by himself and Mr. Macbean against the Magistrates of Inverness, for payment of the difference between the stipend actually drawn by them, and a stipend of 1600 merks, for the years 1737 and 1738, "and in all time thereafter during the subsistence of" an Act of Parliament obtained by the town in 1737. The only documents in any way connected with the process, which I have seen, are a "State of the Process—The Ministers of Inverness *v.* the Magistrates of Inverness," written by Mr. John

Fraser, the town's Edinburgh solicitor, in 1753, and a letter from Mr. Fraser to Provost Hossack, sending him the "State." These documents, however, contain all the information we want as to the subject matter of the action, and they carry us so far down in the matter of date, that, with the assistance of a hint contained in one of the papers in a subsequent process, we can make a pretty safe guess at the result.

In the year 1719 the town of Inverness obtained right, by Act of Parliament, to raise a duty of two pennies Scots upon every pint of ale brewed or sold within the town and privilege of Inverness for 19 years. The money so raised was to be applied in paying the debts of the town, enlarging the existing Church, or building a new one, making provision for a minister or ministers, and in repairing and deepening the harbour. On 12th October, 1720, the Magistrates, who evidently thought the town would realise a large sum from the ale tax, and that they could consequently afford to be liberal to the ministers, enacted that after Martinmas, 1720, and during the continuance of the Act, the stipend of each of the ministers should be augmented to 1600 merks yearly. This stipend was paid to each of the then three incumbents, and to Mr. Alexander Fraser, the successor to one of them, for about 16 years. As the period for which the ale tax had been granted drew to a close, the Magistrates found that the town was more deeply in debt than ever, chiefly, they stated, on account of their expenditure in connection with "well-intended undertakings" pointed out by the Act—the Harbour principally. They, therefore, applied for, and, after an opposition which increased the debt of the town between £200 and £300 sterling, obtained a new Act, continuing the tax for 21 years. The Magistrates had by this time found out how much or how little could be done with a tax on ale, and in their new Act there was nothing about building a Church or providing for ministers; their sole ambition now was to pay the debt they had already incurred, and this was all the Act made provision for. The Magistrates, however, anticipated the omission of the ministers from the new Act by ceasing to pay the 1600 merks two years before the old Act expired. The ministers do not appear to have taken any action for ten or twelve years, but they then raised an

action, not only for the shortcoming in their stipends for the two years of the old Act, but also for the whole period of the second Act. To the claim for the augmented stipend during the continuance of the second Act of Parliament, the defence of the Magistrates was that the augmented stipend was payable under a contract which expired with the first Act, and that, even had they the will, they had not the power to pay it out of the sums collected under the second Act. What their defence to the first part of the claim was does not appear, but that they stated some defence, more or less shaky, to it, appears from the gingerly way in which Mr. John Fraser refers to it in his letter to Provost Hossack transmitting the "State of the Process." "The main point," he says, "is short and neat, and cannot admit of any alteration, and it is my opinion the Lord Ordinary will, upon its being laid before him, give the question for the town; and as to the two articles claimed by the pursuers, as their shortcoming of 1600 merks of stipends for the years 1737 and 1738, they do not amount to much money, but even against these *there are, to be sure, just and obvious defences,*" and there he leaves it. Notwithstanding the "just and obvious defences," the Lord Ordinary had already decided that part of the case against the town. Mr. Fraser's letter is dated 1st June, 1753, and his "State of the Process" says that, on 20th December, 1750, Lord Elchies, Ordinary in the cause, after advising long minutes of debates, found the Magistrates liable for the additional stipends libelled during the continuance of the first grant, but sustained their defences to the additional stipends after the expiry of the first grant, and during the continuance of the second, and decerned accordingly. Against this interlocutor, a representation was given in by the ministers, and on 6th February, 1751, the Lord Ordinary ordained the Magistrates to produce an authenticated copy or extract of the Act of 15th May, 1739, made by the overseers named in the last grant, and likewise an accompt of the annual produce of the duty since that time. On 6th June, 1751, the Act and account were produced, but from that time until the "State of the Process" was written, nothing further was done towards bringing the action to an end.

Before the beginning of the year 1755, however, the action

did come to an end, and the Magistrates were apparently successful in the main part of the case. An action was then raised in the Teind Court by Mr. Alexander Macbean and Mr. Murdoch Mackenzie, ministers at Inverness, against the Heritors, for an augmentation of stipend. At the outset the Magistrates did not oppose this action. As they afterwards said, "they and every individual of the town being perfectly sensible of the pursuers, their not being provided in a stipend near adequate to the weight and importance of the Charge, or what the Teinds of the parish could admit of, did therefore consider it an improper thing in them to state themselves as defenders, or to give any opposition to the pursuers in an action so much founded on justice." But, according to themselves, they had a rude awakening. The passage just quoted is from a petition presented for them to the Teind Court on 24th February, 1755, and the tone of mild reproach of the immediately succeeding sentence is somewhat amusing. "At the same time," they say, "they did not expect that the pursuers (the ministers) would have taken decreet against the town for sums not concluded for, or in payment of which they knew the town could not by law be subjected, neither did they expect that the other Heritors, by a misrepresentation of facts, would have endeavoured to load the town with the payment of sums to which they must have known themselves to be duly liable, but in both the petitioners have been mistaken." The cause of this reproachful remonstrance was that, in the interlocutor modifying the stipends, the town was not only ordained to pay 200 merks of stipend out of the Common Good, but to pay each of the ministers "100 merks yearly in lieu of a manse, and to furnish the elements to the Communion, *according to use and wont*, out of the town's Common Good." The Magistrates say that the interlocutor, so far as concerns the 200 merks of stipend, should be "made somewhat more explicit," and they go on to explain that in 1665 the then incumbents of the parish obtained a decreet of modification and locality, according to which there is payable out of the lands held in feu by the Provost, Bailies, and Council of Inverness of the Kirk thereof, 100 merks of old locality paid out of the Common Good of the Burgh, and another 100 merks money out of the Common Good, which was accepted

by the pursuers of the decreet for themselves and their successors serving the Cure, being in lieu of what was promised by the Magistrates' predecessors to the ministers serving the Cure, according to an Act of Council, dated 11th February, 1650, which bears the 100 merks to be then, "and in all time thereafter, in full satisfaction of all that can be challenged or claimed by the ministers or their successors from the said Magistrates, Council, Guildry, or community of the said Burgh, by virtue of the said Act, or any other manner of way." This was certainly explicit enough, and the Magistrates were perfectly right not to allow a bargain of this kind, judicially sanctioned ninety years before, to be lost sight of. With regard to the money decerned for in lieu of manses, and the expense of Communion elements, the Magistrates contended that they were only liable to the extent of their proportion as Heritors of the parish. There were, they said, two manses belonging to the ministers of the parish, but on their becoming "insufficient and unhabitable," the Heritors came to the resolution of paying to each of the ministers 200 merks yearly, in name of house rent, until a proper opportunity should occur of repairing or rebuilding the manses. "Most of the Heritors having failed in paying their proportions, the heavy end of the performance of this agreement fell upon the Petitioners, and their predecessors in office, who could not see their ministers altogether unprovided with houses, and therefore have been in use of paying to each minister 100 merks per annum on that account, and this they did the more readily, as they always understood their ministers to be insufficiently provided in a stipend." They go on to state that for the same reason, in obtaining the Act of Parliament imposing a duty in favour of the town of two pennies on the pint of ale, and expecting that this tax would produce a considerable sum, they, in the year 1720, augmented the ministers' stipend to 1600 merks annually, but that the tax, having produced much less than they expected, and the town having in consequence contracted a debt of £1000 sterling, a sum they have very small prospect of getting soon paid off, they, on obtaining in 1737 a new Act of Parliament continuing the tax for a term of years, were obliged to "withdraw their bounty from the ministers." As to the town being in use

to furnish the Communion elements, it is, they say, "altogether a mistake, and 'tis believed neither the pursuers nor Heritors will now aver it."

The petition goes on to state that the town's interest in the parish, in point of estate, is £444 7s. 6d. (Scots) of yearly rent, whereof £224 18s. 10d. is land rent, and the remainder feu. Of the land rent, £183 12s. is said to be paid for a "piece of carse ground taken off the sea by building a very high dyke at a great expense, upon which the sea rises sometimes to about twelve feet in height, endangers the breaking down thereof, and thereby losing not only the expense they have been put to, but their rent in all time coming." The lands referred to are those now known as Seabank, recovered from the sea by the embankment at the Longman. The petition does not state when the dyke was built, nor do the Council Records, but it appears that rent was for the first time paid for the reclaimed lands in 1746. It was contended for the Magistrates that these lands could not be subjected in payment of stipend, on account of the manner in which they had been reclaimed from the sea, and because a constant and certain rent could not be said to arise from them, seeing they were liable to be again invaded by the tide; an argument which was ultimately sustained by the Court, but to which the landward Heritors retorted that "this would be a fine plea for some of the provinces of Holland, where the whole country has in former times been gained off the sea, from the overflowing of which it is only defended by their dykes."

The ministers and the landward Heritors were apparently as dissatisfied with the stipend modified by the Court as the Magistrates were. "It seems the interlocutor pleased none of the parties," says the town's agent, Mr. William Forbes, in a letter to Provost Hossack, dated 27th February, 1755, and petitions against it were presented for Messrs. Macbean and Mackenzie, the ministers; and for "John Forbes of Culloden, William Duff of Muirton, Alexander Baillie of Dunzean, George Ross of Kinmylies, Esquire, solicitor, at London; Evan Baillie of Aberiachan; and the other Heritors of the parish of Inverness." The petition of the Heritors states that the interlocutor of which they complained modified a stipend which they think "over profuse" for

this "corner of the country," and they submit a calculation showing that the existing stipend, with the value of the two glebes, which were let for £19 8s. 10d., and £16 13s. 4d. (sterling) respectively, yielded the ministers £194 7s. 11½d. between them. To this, they say, their Lordships had "been pleased to add" no less than £22 4s. 5⅓d., making the share of each minister £108, which "appears to be a very high stipend." Too high, the Heritors think, for they say (1) the Charge is neither extensive nor laborious, there being three ministers in the town of Inverness, all upon an equal footing; (2) being situated within a Royal Borough, they are not exposed to the incidental expense of entertaining strangers; (3) the third minister, who has but £65 of stipend, lives as decently and contentedly upon his stipend as becometh any gentleman of that profession, and was never heard to complain of his provision being too small; and (4) vivres of all kinds are cheap in Inverness, beef selling throughout the year at 1½d. per pound, and other fleshes proportionally cheap.

(To be continued.)

TO WILLIAM MACPHERSON, ESQ., OF INVERNESS,

On receiving from him a copy of *The Thistle*, a choice collection of Scottish Song, by Colin Brown, Ewing Lecturer, Anderson's College, Glasgow. Instrumental accompaniments and harmonies by James Merrylees.

My faithful friend, thy manly heart
  Is ever, like thy voice, in tune;
I thank thee for thy welcome gift—
  A gift that is to me a boon.

Of Scotia's songs, a casquet rare,
  Charmed verses, and sweet melodies;
Where master pen and skilful note,
  Give fame to Brown, to Merrylees.

Thy gift shall be to me a spring
  From which sweet draughts I oft shall draw;
And as I drink I'll think of thee
  When, clansman, thou art far awa'.

My faithful friend, thy manly heart
  Is ever, like thy voice, in tune;
I thank thee for thy welcome gift—
  A gift that is to me a boon.

DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR.

New York, August 27, 1885.

THE HEROIC TALES OF THE CELTS.

BY

ALEX. MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

THE materials of Irish Mythology have well been divided by M. D'Arbois de Jubainville into three leading parts; there is, first, the mythological cycle which deals with the gods and the ethnology of the country, and which we have treated already (Vol. ix. 124). There are, secondly, the Cuchulain cycle, and, thirdly, the Ossianic cycle, both dealing with the heroes of the race. Between the god-cycle and the hero-cycles there is a long break, which is filled up in the histories with meagre details, but full genealogies, of intermediate kings, with now and then an oasis of mythical incident, like Cimbaeth's conquest of the war-goddess, Macha Red-mane, and Labraid Loingseach's hunted youth and punishment of the usurping uncle. A wounderful list it is! Are these kings and chiefs but shadows conjured from the fertile imagination of bards and monks? Most of them undoubtedly are mere genealogical stop-gaps, though a few names and events may have lived on in legend and myth. For, what are the facts in regard to the literary documents of Irish history? None go back in MS. earlier than the year 1100, and the language in which the oldest MS. is written is just the language of the time at which it was written. It is useless to postulate for the composition of the literary matter a date of six centuries or more previously; the writings may be as old as that and older, but their final recension in the 11th century is couched in the language of that time, and great caution must be exercised in sifting out what is and what is not old. At the best, the result remains unsatisfactory, and unsafe to theorise upon. Yet, it must be said that Irish history from after the time of St. Patrick may be trusted, for it can be often tested by contemporary and other documents. When we remember the mythical history of St. Patrick himself, and that he is divisible into three different

personages, dating from 400 to 500—for St. Patrick dies at the age of 122 in the 14th year of King Lughaidh!—we are entitled to place little confidence in Irish history antecedent to him. In fact, Irish history begins with the introduction of Christianity. Previous to that, it is mythical and legendary. There are three distinctive periods, however; first, there is the mythological epoch commencing with Partolan and ending with the expulsion of the Tuatha-De-Danann and the instalment of the Milesian race. Then, secondly, comes the Milesian race of kings, filling up the void of fifteen hundred years till the Christian era or shortly before it, when the Cuchulain cycle of events begins. Again, thirdly, the period from the beginning of the Christian era to the time of St. Patrick is one which may be trusted possibly in its leading features. The *vraisimilitude* of Irish history has imposed on the best scholars, and even Professor Windisch is inclined to euhemerise the Cuchulain and Fenian cycles, and to believe the stories of the reigns of Conchobar and Cormac. But, really, the feats performed by Cuchulain are in the highest degree mythical; his life is a fairy tale that fits not into history, and, indeed, his name has no place in the "Annals of the Four Masters!" Nor is Finn and his Fenian militia (!) band much better treated; he is, indeed, mentioned in an obscure way as having fallen in A.D. 283, while the fatal field of Gabhra is represented as an ordinary event in Irish history unconnected with the collapse of a mighty and miraculous host. The fact is, the Irish annalists found it difficult to fit the fairy heroes into their histories, just as is the case with the British Arthur. There is no place for him in the kingly list, and he is accordingly, like Finn, a "dux belli." Yet the fairy tales and romances regard these heroes as kings and princes, but the histories cannot recognise them; they do not fit in well, for, in reality, they belong to no particular time, but are the incarnation of the national deities in national heroes. These heroes cannot, therefore, be tied down to history; the most popular incidents in their lives are of a wholly unhistorical character—enchantments, fairy scenes and chases, gigantic heroes that over-stride firths and valleys—such are the characteristics of nearly all the tales. The historical part is poor and non-popular. The only historical incident recognised, and that, too, doubtfully, by the popular imagination, is the battle of

Gabhra, where the Feni were overthrown; and that battle, if historical at all, was fought, not by the Finn and Oscar of popular tradition, but by some of the numerous chiefs and kinglets bearing the names of the mythic heroes.

The Cuchulain cycle is set down as occurring at the beginning of the Christian era, while the Fenian cycle is placed three hundred years later. In any case, the two cycles are quite distinct in their characteristics. In the Cuchulain cycle, the hero *alone* performs all the wonders; for instance, Cuchulain and his charioteer *alone* keep the host of Meave at bay for a long period, until the princes of Ulster recover their powers. Now in the Fenian cycle, the heroes are banded together, and are captains of armies. Cuchulain rides on a chariot; the Fingalians know of none such—they are a band of foot soldiers. The two cycles have thus distinctive features, and they may be compared to the hero-cycles of Classical Mythology. These divide into two; there are the demigod heroes like Hercules, Theseus, and Perseus, who perform their feats alone; and, again, there are the more mortal heroes of the Trojan type, like Achilles, who heads a band of men and performs marvels; but, on the whole, the Feni rather belong to the Argonautic conception, which is somewhat earlier and is a thorough fairy tale, falling between the Hercules type and the purely Trojan type. The Arthurian cycle is Trojan in its characteristics.

Of Cuchulain's birth, "strange tales are told." Nominally the son of Sualtam, he in reality was the son of the god Luga—the sun-god, whose far-darting and flashing qualities he displays continually, for his power lies greatly in the use of the sling, and in fighting from the car. As a young man, he, like all fairy and mythic heroes, is lowly brought up, and serves Culann, the smith, if we can trust so evidently "eponymic" a myth, and hence he was called Cu-Chulain, "Culaun's Hound." But his name more likely contains the common prefex *cu* or *con*, signifying superiority, and not dog. Queen Meave makes a raid on Ulster to get the famous bull, Donn Chualgne, and the Ulster people, all save Cuchulain, are placed under a spell, whereby they cannot move to fight. Cuchulain alone withstands the host of Meave, dealing death with his sling, and fighting the champions "at the ford." But he fails, apparently, through demoniac influences, and Meave

gets the bull; but, as she returns home, the Ulster men awake and pursue. A battle is fought, Cuchulain again appears, and carries all before him. Such is the rationalistic history of the "Cowspoil of Cualgne;" but evidently the spoil is connected with the cattle of the sun-god, and is quite mythical, as Professor Windisch reluctantly remarked, only to controvert it inconsistently. The other incidents of his life are his mythical education; his feats; the slaying of his son, Conlaoch, by mistake—the story of Soohrab and Rustem of Persia; and his tragic death through witchcraft spells.

Finn is also a fairy hero; his birth is anteceded by his father's violent death and his mother's flight; he is brought up in obscurity; does wonderful youthful exploits; tastes of the salmon of knowledge, and so, by bruising his thumb, which was burnt in the process of broiling the fish, in his mouth, can always discover the truth; acquires his father's position, and is great. Innumerable are the tales of the Feni. The real Fenian tales are composed of fairy battles, scenes, and spells; but they have got tinged with real events, such as, in Scotland, the descents of the Norsemen; and, consequently, Finn's fairy opponent sometimes partakes of a Norse name and character. Finn is evidently the incarnation of the chief deity of the Gaels—the Jupiter spoken of by Cæsar and the Dagda of Irish myth. His qualities are king-like and majestic, not sun-like, as those of Cuchulain. He is surrounded by a band of heroes that make a terrestrial Olympus, composed of counterparts to the chief deities. There is the fiery Oscar *(ud-scar*, utter-cutter?) a sort of war god; Ossian, the poet and warrior, corresponding to Hercules Ogmius; Diarmat, of the shining face, a reflection of the sun-god; Caelte, the wind-swift runner; and so on.

Arthur and his knights correspond generally to Finn and his heroic band; Arthur's position in history and in popular tradition agrees with Finn's, and many incidents are the same in their lives —their birth and education in obscurity, like all heroes of fairy ore; their recognition and advancement to the throne; their kingly qualities and majestic wisdom; their domestic life, the infidelity of their wives; and so on. The heroes of each nation show also similarities, nor are even the names without a resemblance. Tal-

iesin, the bard, son of the mystic Gwion, may philologically correspond to *Ossian*, son of Finn, as Professor Rhys allows. The incidents of the Arthurian cycle sometimes correspond to the Cuchulain cycle of Ireland, as well as to the Fenian. Thus Peredur's ideal of a bride—raven-black hair and blood-red and snow-white cheeks—corresponds to the story of Deirdre and the sons of Uisneach.

A word or two may be said as to the local habitation of the heroic incidents. The Irish tales localise the events in Ireland, and point to places whose names are derived from the incidents of the tales. For example, the incidents of the killing of Diarmat by the boar are located in Sligo; but in Scotland the same story is fixed in no less than two places—Argyllshire and Sutherlandshire; Ben-Gulbain in Argyllshire, and Ben-Loyal in Sutherland have clear topographical traces of the story. And, again, the Arthurian incidents are confidently located by different theorists in Brittany, Wales, and Scotland. Mr. Stuart-Glennie has written a volume to prove that Scotland was the scene of Arthur's victories, and Mr. Skene supports him. No doubt the claims are all genuine; the story, in fact, is settled wherever a colony of the Welsh and the Gaels settled in a new country. The stories are racial and general, and can be tied down to neither time nor place. Every branch and colony can claim them as their own.

THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

(Continued.)

THE BURNING OF THE DORNOCH CATHEDRAL.

JOHN, EARL OF SUTHERLAND, together, with his lady, being poisoned, the year 1567, his son Alexander (being young) succeeded unto him, whose ward and marriage George Earl of Caithness had right to, and withal gets the custody of Earl Alexander during the time of his ward; whereat Alexander's most tender friends (and chiefly the Murrays of Sutherland) being grieved, they lay a plot among themselves to convey Earl Alexander from the Earl of Caithness; which they effect, and deliver him to the Earl of Huntly, with whom he staid until his ward was expired, the year 1573, during which time the Earl of Caithness kept possession of the land; whereupon divers troubles did ensue. The Earl of Caithness removed the Murrays of Sutherland from their possessions; which, nevertheless, they endeavoured to keep. Hutcheon Murray, with divers of his friends, do possess themselves with the town of Dornoch and the adjacent lands, being formerly possessed by them. The Earl of Caithness sent his son John, Master of Caithness, with a number of men to remove the Murrays from Dornoch. Y Mackay did also accompany the Master of Caithness in this journey. Being come to Dornoch, they besiege the Murrays there; who, for the space of some days, issued forth and skirmished with the enemy. In end, the Master of Caithness burnt the town and the cathedral church, which the inhabitants could not longer defend. Yet, after the town was lost, they kept the Castle, the enemy still assaulting them, but in vain, without any success, for the space of a month. Then, by the mediation of some indifferent friends, they surrendered the Castle, and gave three pledges that, within two months, they should depart from Sutherland; which they did, and retired themselves to the Earl of Huntly, with whom they staid until the expiring of the Earl Alexander's ward; at

which time they recovered their ancient possessions. Notwithstanding that the Murrays had retired themselves, as they had promised, yet they were no sooner departed, but the pledges were beheaded.

During the time that the Sutherland men staid with the Earl of Huntly, they served him in his wars against the Forbeses, and chiefly at Crabstaine, where they did good service against the foot supply that was sent by the Regent to assist the Forbeses. This burning of Dornoch and of the Cathedral Church happened in the year of God 1570. The next year following (which was 1571), George, Earl of Caithness, became jealous of some plots which his eldest son John, Master of Caithness, and Y Mackay of Strathnaver had contrived against him, and thereupon apprehended his son John, whom he imprisoned closely at Girnigo, where he died, after seven years' captivity. Y Mackay, perceiving that John, Master of Caithness, was imprisoned by his father, he retired home into Strathnaver, and died within six months thereafter, the same year of God 1571.

THE CONFLICTS OF ALLT-GAMHNA AND LECKMELM.

The year of God, 1585, George, Earl of Caithness, married the Earl of Huntly's sister; at which time, by Huntly's mediation, the Earls of Sutherland and Caithness were reconciled. It was then concluded among them that the Clan Gunn should be pursued and invaded by the Earls of Sutherland and Caithness, because they were judged to be the chief authors of the troubles which were then like to ensue; and to this effect it was resolved that two companies of men should be sent by the Earls of Sutherland and Caithness against such of the Clan Gunn as dwelt in Caithness, thereby to compass them, that no place of retreat might be left unto them, which was done. The Earl of Sutherland's company was conducted by John Gordon of Backies and James MacRorie; the Earl of Caithness's company was conducted by his cousin, Henry Sinclair—a resolute gentleman. It happened that Henry Sinclair and his company rencountered first with the Clan Gunn, who were now assembled together at a hill called Bingrime, and with them was William Mackay (brother to Hugh Mackay of Strathnaver, and nephew to this Henry Sinclair, that led the

Caithness men) who was accompanied with some Strathnaver men. Now were the Clan Gunn advertised of this preparation made against them; and no sooner were they in sight of one another but they prepared both for the fight, which was begun without fear or delay on either side. The Clan Gunn, although inferior in number, yet they had the advantage of the hill, by reason of which the Caithness men came short with their first flight of arrows; by the contrary, the Clan Gunn spared their shot until they came hard by the enemy, which then they bestowed among them with great advantage. Then ensued a sharp conflict, at a place called Allt-gamhna, where Henry Sinclair was slain with 120 of his company, and the rest chased and put to flight, who had all been destroyed had not the darkness of the night favoured their flight. Which, coming to the ears of John Gordon, James Mac-Rorie and Neil MacIan-MacWilliam, who had the conduct of the Earl of Sutherland's men, they pursued the Clan Gunn, and followed them to Lochbroom, in the height of Ross, whither they had fled; and then, meeting with them, they invade them at a place called Leckmelm. After a sharp skirmish, the Clan Gunn were overthrown, and chased, 32 of them slain, and their Captain, George, wounded and taken prisoner, whom they carry along with them unto Dunrobin, and there they deliver him unto Alexander, Earl of Sutherland. This happened in the year of God, 1586.

TROUBLES IN THE WESTERN ISLES IN THE YEAR 1586.

This commotion in the Western Isles of Scotland did arise, at this time, betwixt the Clan-Donald and the Clan-Lean, upon this occasion. Donald Gorme Macdonald of Sleat, travelling from the Isle of Skye, to visit his cousin, Angus Macdonald of Kintyre, landed with his company on an island called Jura or Duray, which partly appertaineth to Maclean, partly to Angus Macdonald; and by chance he landed in that part of the island which appertaineth to Maclean, being driven thither by contrary winds; where, they were no sooner on shore, but two outlaws, Macdonald Herrach and Hutcheon Macgillespick (who were lately fallen out with Donald Gorme) arrived also with a company of men; and understanding that Donald Gorme was there, they secretly took away, by night, a number of cattle out of that part

of the island which appertaineth to Maclean ; and so they retire again to the sea ; thereby thinking to raise a tumult against Donald Gorme, by making the Clan-Lean to believe that this was done by Donald Gorme's men, who, lying at a place called Inverknock-bhric, were suddenly invaded unawares, under silence of the night (neither suspecting nor expecting any such matter) by Sir Lauchlan Maclean and his kin, the Clan-Lean, who had assembled their whole forces against him. Maclean and his people killed, that night, above 60 of the Clan-Donald ; Donald Gorme himself, with the residue, escaped, by going to keep in a ship that lay in the harbour. Angus Macdonald of Kintyre hearing of this lamentable accident fallen out betwixt his brother-in-law, Maclean (whose sister he had married), and his cousin, Donald Gorme, he taketh journey into Skye to visit Donald Gorme, and to see by what means he could work a reconciliation betwixt him and Maclean for the slaughter of Donald Gorme's men at Inverknock-bhric. After Angus had remained a while in Skye with his cousin, he taketh journey homeward into Kintyre ; and in his return he landed in the Isle of Mull, and went to Duart (Maclean's chief dwelling-place in Mull) against the opinion of his two brothers, Coll and Ronald, and of his cousin, Ronald Macdonald, who all persuaded Angus to the contrary ; desiring him to send for Maclean, and so, to declare unto him how he had sped with his cousin, Donald Gorme, and how far he was inclined to a reconciliation ; but Angus trusted so much in his brother-in-law, Sir Lauchlan Maclean, that he would not hearken unto their counsel ; whereupon his two brothers left him, but his cousin, Ronald Macdonald, accompanied him to Duart, where Angus at first was welcomed with great show of kindness ; but he, with all his company, were taken prisoners by Sir Lauchlan Maclean, the next day after their arrival, Ronald Macdonald escaping, and that very hardly. Angus was then detained in captivity, until he did renounce his right and title to the Rhinns of Islay, which properly appertaineth to the Clan-Donald, and had been by them given in possession for their personal service. Angus was forced to yield, or there to end his days ; and for performance of what was desired, Angus gave his eldest son, James, and his brother,

Ronald, as pledges, to remain at Duart, until Maclean should get the title of the Rhinns of Islay made over to him ; and so, the pledges being delivered, Angus got his liberty.

Angus Macdonald, receiving the wrong at Maclean's hand, besides that which his cousin Donald Gorme had received at Inverknock-bhric, he went about, by all means, to revenge the same ; and the better to bring this purposed revenge to pass, he used a policy by a kind of invitation, which was thus: Maclean having got the two pledges into his possession, he taketh journey into Islay, to get the performance of what was promised unto him, leaving Ronald, one of the pledges, fettered in a prison at his house of Duart, in Mull, and carrying his nephew James (the son of Angus) and the other pledge along with him in his voyage. Being arrived in the Isle of Islay, he encamped at Ellan-loch-gorm, a ruinous fort lying upon the Rhinns of Islay. Thereupon Angus Macdonald took occasion to invite Maclean to come to Mullintrae, or Muludrhea (a dwelllng place which Angus had well furnished in the Isle of Islay), seeing he was better provided of all kind of provision there than Maclean could be ; earnestly intreating him to lie at his house, where he should be as welcome as he could make him ; that they should make merry so long as his provision could last, and when that was done, he would go with him. For this custom the Islanders have, that when one is invited to another's house, they never depart so long as any provision doth last ; and when that is done they go to the next, and so from one to one, until they make a round from neighbour to neighbour, still carrying the master of the former family with them to the next house. Moreover, all the Islanders are of nature very suspicious, full of deceit and evil intention against their neighbours, by whatsoever way they may get them destroyed ; besides this, they are so cruel in taking revenge that neither have they regard to person, time, age, nor cause, as you may partly see in this particular. Sir Lachlan Maclean's answer to Angus Macdonald's messenger was that he durst not go to him, for mistrust. Angus then replied that he needed not to mistrust, seeing he had his son and his brothers pledges already, whom his friends might keep in their custody until his return ; and that, for his own part, he did intend nothing against him, but to continue in all

brotherly love and affection towards him. Maclean, hearing this, seemed to be void of all suspicion, and so resolves to go to Angus's house; he carried with him James Macdonald, the pledge (his own nephew, and the son of Angus), whom he kept always in his custody, thereby to save himself from danger, if any injury should be offered unto him. He came to Mullintrea, accompanied with 86 of his kinsfolk and servants, in the month of July, 1586, where, at the first arrival, they were made welcome with all courtesy, and sumptuously banquetted all that day; but Angus, in the meantime, had premonished all his friends and well-wishers within Islay to be at his house the same night at nine o'clock; for he had concluded with himself to kill them all the very first night of their arrival, and still concealed his purpose, until he found the time commodious, and the place proper. So Maclean, being lodged with all his men in a long house that was somewhat distant from other houses, took to be with him his nephew James, the pledge before mentioned, with whom he never parted; but within an hour thereafter, when Angus had assembled his men, to the number of 3 or 400, he placed them all in order about the house where Maclean then lay. Angus himself came and called upon Maclean at the door, offering him his reposing drink, which was forgotten to be given him before he went to bed. Maclean answered that he desired none for that time. Although, said Angus, it be so, yet it is my will that thou arise and come forth to receive it. Then began Maclean to suspect, and so did arise, with his nephew James betwixt his shoulders, thinking, that if present killing was intended against him, he would save himself as long as he could by the boy. The boy, seeing his father with a bare sword, and a number of his men in like manner about him, cried, with a loud voice, for mercy to his uncle, which was granted, and Maclean immediately removed to a secret chamber till the next morning. Then called Angus to the remnant within, so many as would have their own lives to be saved, that they should come forth (Macdonald Herrach, and another, whom he named, only excepted); obedience was made by all the rest, and these two only fearing the danger, refused to come forth; which Angus perceiving, he commanded incontinent to put fire to the house; which was done, so that the two men were pitifully burnt to

death. This Macdonald was the author of these troubles; the other was a very near kinsman to Maclean, and of the eldest of his sirname, renowned both for counsel and manhood.

After that, the report of Maclean's taking came to the Isle of Mull, Allan Maclean, and some others of the Macleans, caused a rumour to be spread in Islay, that Ronald (the brother of Angus Macdonald, and the other pledge which he had given to Maclean) was slain at Duart, in Mull, by Maclean's friends; which false report was raised by Allan Maclean, that thereby Angus Macdonald might be moved to kill his prisoner, Sir Lauchlan Maclean, and so Allan himself might succeed to Sir Lauchlan; and, indeed, it wrought this effect, that how soon the report came to Angus's ears that his brother Ronald was slain, he revenged himself fully upon the prisoners; for Maclean's followers were by couples beheaded the days following, by Coll, the brother of Angus. The report of this fact at Mullintrae was carried to the Earl of Argyll, who immediately assembled his friends to get Maclean out of Angus's power; but, perceiving that they were not able to do it, either by force or fair means, they thought necessary to complain to the King. His Majesty directed charges to Angus, by a herald of arms, commanding him to restore Maclean into the hands of the Earl of Argyll; but the messenger was interrupted, and the haven port stopped, where he should have taken shipping towards Islay, and so he returned home; yet with exceeding travel made by Captain James Stewart, Chancellor of Scotland, and many straight conditions granted by Maclean to Angus, Maclean was at last exchanged for Ronald, the brother of Angus, and the pledge before mentioned; and for performance of such conditions as Maclean did promise to Angus, at his delivery, he gave his own son, and the son of Macleod of Harris, with divers other pledges to Angus Macdonald, who thereupon went into Ireland upon some occasion of business, which Maclean understanding, he invaded the Isle of Islay, and burnt a great part of the same, regarding neither the safety of the pledges, nor his faith given before the friends at his delivery. Angus Macdonald, returning out of Ireland, did not stir the pledges, who were innocent of what was done unto his lands in his absence; yet, with a great preparation of men and shipping, he went into the islands and Tiree apper-

taining to Maclean, invading these places with great hostility; where, what by fire, what by sword, and what by water, he destroyed all the men that he could overtake (none excepted), and all sorts of beasts that served for domestic use and pleasure of man; and, finally, came to the very Ben Mor, in Mull, and there killed and chased the Clan-Lean at his pleasure, and so fully revenged himself of his former injuries. Whilst Angus Macdonald was thus raging in Mull and Tiree, Sir Lauchlan Maclean went into Kintyre, spoiled, wasted, and burnt a great part of that country; and thus, for a while, they did continually vex one another with slaughters and outrages, to the destruction, well near, of all their country and people. In this meantime, Sir Lachlan Maclean did entice and train John MacIan, of Ardnamurchan (one of the Clan-Donald), to come unto him unto the Isle of Mull, promising him that he would give him his mother in marriage, unto whom the said John MacIan had been a suitor. John being come unto Mull, in hope of this marriage, Maclean yielded to his desire, thinking thereby to draw John MacIan unto his party against Angus Macdonald. The marriage was celebrated at Torloisk, in Mull; but the very same night John MacIan's chamber was forced, himself taken from his bed out of Maclean's mother's arms, and eighteen of his men slain, because he refused to assist Maclean against Angus Macdonald. These were (and are to this day) called, in a proverb, Maclean's nuptials. John MacIan was detained a whole year in captivity by Maclean; and, at last, was released, in exchange of Maclean's son and the rest of the pledges which Angus Macdonald had in his hands. These two islanders, Angus Macdonald and Maclean, were afterwards written for by the King, and trained unto Edinburgh, the year of God, 1591, with promise safely to pass and repass unhurt or molested in their bodies or goods, and were committed both to ward within the Castle of Edinburgh, where they remained not long when they were remitted free, to pass home again, for a pecunial fine, and a remission granted to either of them. Their eldest sons were left as pledges for their obedience in time coming.

(To be continued.)

THE STATE OF THE HIGHLANDS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

I.

WE have recently been perusing a most interesting book, published in 1787, being "A Tour through the Highlands of Scotland, and the Hebride Isles, in 1786," by John Knox, and containing many facts of no little interest at the present day. He not only gives many of his own experiences, but makes interesting quotations from others who had preceded him over the same ground. Pythias, our author informs us, had made a voyage to Thule, the remotest island belonging to Britain, which he describes as being "at the distance of six days' sailing from it, in the skirts of the Frozen Ocean." It was a place, according to him, which was neither earth, sea, nor air, but something like a composition of all of them, something resembling, to use his own expression, "the lungs of the sea." The same author describes the climate of the Hebrides, at that early period, pretty much in the same language in which it might be accurately described in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, but he informs us that "the natives are obliged to carry their corn under shelter, to beat the grain out, lest it should be spoiled by the want of sunshine, and violence of the rains."

In a description of Iona, Mr. Knox tells us that it had been famous for its library, containing the archives and histories of the kingdom, with many other manuscripts which were then dispersed and lost. Æneas Sylvius, who afterwards became Pope Pius II., intended, during a visit to Scotland, to have gone to Iona to search for the lost books of Livy, but was prevented by the death of the King. A small parcel of books from this library was brought to Aberdeen in 1524, and great pains were taken to unfold them, but in consequenee of their great age, and the tenderness of the parchment, scarcely any portion of them could be

read. The best authorities, however, from what they were able to make out, thought that the work was rather a fragment of Sallust than of Livy.

The register and records of the island were all destroyed at the Reformation. Iona was the burial-place "of forty-eight kings of Scotland, eight of Norway, four of Ireland, besides the chieftains of the Highland and Hebridean Clans, some of whose effigies still remain on the spot; many have been destroyed, and others have been purloined for other church-yards in the Highlands." The writer says that he had seen several of these effigies, as well as some of the stone crosses that had been taken away from the island. One of the crosses, he informs us, stood in the centre of the town of Campbeltown, "a beautiful pillar, ornamented with foliage." The effigies had been carried mostly to Argyleshire, where they were laid over the graves of the principal inhabitants. Several were at that time to be seen at Kilmartin, where the people could actually give the names of the persons on whose graves they were originally placed in Iona.

Writing of the Highlanders of his own time, Mr. Knox says that they are "the lineal, unmixed descendants of these heroes, poets, and bards, who, through a long succession of ages, have preserved the Celtic language in its ancient purity; who still retain, in a considerable degree, the simple manners and customs of their ancestors; and who are less tinctured with the vices of modern times than those that bestow upon them the epithet of barbarous." Mr. Knox, in 1764, made his first tour to the Highlands, and he states that the extreme poverty, idleness, and distress of the people made an impression on his mind which engaged his thoughts, much of his time, and afterwards cost him several thousand pounds in various efforts to ameliorate the state of the people. His great object was to start what has since become so well known as the British Fisheries' Society.

He afterwards visited the Highlands no less than sixteen times in twenty-three years, and at first he made it a point to enquire into the most effectual means of employing the inhabitants, "and of preventing emigration, which at that time prevailed greatly;" and he says that there was in the country then a population of 300,000 people and upwards, "many of whom had

nothing more than a bare existence, and even that upon the most precarious tenure." He made an attempt to enlist the aid of the Highland Society of London, which had been established several years before this, in his work in the Highlands, in which he was afterwards to some extent successful. His description of the Highland Society at the time is worth reproducing. "It was," he says, "partly a convivial club, who met to enjoy themselves according to the customs of their country, to hear the bagpipe, drink whisky out of the clam-shell, etc.; and, partly, an institution for the encouragement of collections and publications in their native tongue and of their native music, and similar objects."

On the 29th of June, 1768, he started from London on a remarkable tour, which he completed, mostly on foot, in the space of six months from the time he left. The tour was from Oban to Cape Wrath, from thence along the shore of the Pentland Firth to Duncansbay Head, in Caithness, then along the East Coast of that County, Sutherland, and Ross-shire, to the Town of Inverness, continuing along the coast of the Moray Firth to Kinnaird Head, Peterhead, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, the whole distance exceeding over 3000 miles. In the course of this tour he also visited some of the Western Isles. Of this tour he wrote a journal, the first portion of which, dealing with the part of the country from Oban to Cape Wrath, including the Western Isles, was published shortly after his return to Edinburgh. From it we shall give a few interesting extracts in these papers. Meantime, we shall cull a few from some other documents which are published in the book.

In his appeal to the proprietors of lands along the Highland coasts, after stating several things which they ought to do, he says :—"By thus blending private benefit with the general good, the names of such proprietors, who shall, with a liberal hand, come forward, and at an early period, will be engraved upon every Highland rock, and be recorded with applause to the end of time. But something further remains on the part of the gentlemen of the Highlands towards the success of the various branches which constitute this great design. The servitude required by proprietors, tacksmen, and some factors, amounts, according to

ancient usage, to forty-two days every year, and these the most favourable for ploughing, sowing, digging peats, leading them home, cutting down and leading home the grain. While the poor men and their families are thus employed upon the business of their superiors, and for which they receive neither money nor provisions, their own affairs are neglected, and their little crops rot upon the ground; yet the rent must be paid, or they must turn out to make room for others."

After describing the nature of the tenure, which was generally from year to year; the custom of paying a large *grassum* on the renewal of a lease, when such was granted, and the difficulties of raising this money, he proceeds to point out that none of those things were so unfavourable to the population as the then "newly devised custom of ejecting fifty or a hundred families at a time, to make room for a stock of sheep, which can be managed by one family, and, in some places, by a servant or herd only. This practice, with the religious commotions of the last century, nearly depopulated the South of Scotland, from whence, it is said, 7000 families transported themselves to the North of Ireland, America, and other parts." He then proceeds to show what was actually being done then in the Highlands.—

In the month of June, 1786, 550 persons embarked in one ship for America, and of these, 500 were from one estate. He says that the parting scene between the emigrants and those they left behind them was "too moving for human nature to behold." He and others estimated that, since 1763, no less than 50,000 people had left the Highlands, and of these, about 30,000 went to America. He points out the difficulty of improving the circumstances of the people. The landlords might abolish servitude, and many other customs which he condemned; they might extend the length of their leases, and otherwise encourage the industrious; "but they must be more than human to resist invariably the tempting offers that are constantly made by sheep farmers. . . . . One man will occupy the land that starved fifty or more families; he gives a double or treble rent, and is punctual to the day of payment; consequently numbers of ejected poor people are continually on the wing for America."

Mr. Knox, while pointing out the great difficulties there were

in building good houses in the Highlands at the time of his visit, informs us that, within a few years, the ordinary wages of masons and house carpenters had been six shillings per week, but, such was the improvement in the building trade in the principal towns of Scotland, that the wages, in 1786, jumped up and ranged from about nine to twelve shillings a week, and he considers it quite remarkable that, even at such wages, there was a scarcity of workmen. He further says that "this great augmentation is partly owing to the great rise in the price of provisions within these last thirty years, of which I shall give an instance from Glasgow and other trading towns in that part of the kingdom :—

	"Thirty Years Ago (1756.)	*In the Spring of* 1786.
	D.	S. D.
"Beef, Veal, Mutton, per lb. ...	4	0 11
"Butter	4	0 11
"Salmon	1½	0 8
"Eggs, per doz.	1½	0 7
"Meal, per peck	7	1 1"

The following reference to the origin of the now beautiful and enterprising town of Oban will prove interesting to many. Mr. Knox says, "One of the proprietors of the coast of Oban, in Argyleshire, has brought together on that spot about twenty-six families, who built their own houses upon a very moderate plan, and through whose exertions great things were expected ; but the people still remain in much the same situation as formerly, with the additional circumstance against them of having exhausted their little property, or a considerable part of it, in mere dwellings only."

Some very remarkable restrictions were at that time placed upon the West Highland fishermen. Such as, for instance, busses or large boats, coming from other places to purchase herring, were prohibited from buying the fish from the natives. These busses received bounties from Government, and, to secure it, it was enacted that they should continue fishing for a period of not less than three months from the date of their departure from their own ports, unless they should have sooner completed their load of fish, all of which must be caught by their own men. "In the meantime," our author continues, "the poor natives, thus deprived of their natural right (of selling their fish), and without redress,

remained, as they still do, a miserable, helpless burden upon the proprietors whose lands they occupied. A petty fishery for the support of their own families, or their neighbourhood, in fresh herrings, were the only benefits which they could derive from the riches that came periodically upon their shores"; and he then informs us of a great measure of relief, which, by a Statute passed in 1785, permitted these strange and subsidised fishermen to purchase herring from the Highlanders, provided that, at the expiration of three months, they had not themselves fished their full cargo. One can scarcely believe that such foolish laws were in force in this country within the last hundred years.

At this time two traders in white and red herrings had settled at Lochbroom, and they purchased all the fish that the native boats could take, in its fresh state, at five shillings or upwards per cran. This figure our author considered an extraordinary one, for he says, " Let traders be encouraged to settle on all the fishing stations of the coast, and the same *high* prices will be given; but care should be taken to keep the boat people independent of the traders, otherwise it may happen that the latter will lay exorbitant prices upon the articles which the natives stand in need of, and cannot purchase elsewhere." It is curious to find that, at this period, in the whole district from Belfast Loch to Cape Wrath; from thence to Duncansbay Head in Caithness; and from there to Cromarty, in the Moray Frith; there were no towns, dockyards, or even a carpenter to be found to execute any repairs upon the boats or their gear. A coast of nearly 500 miles, we are told, could not, upon any sudden emergency, furnish a single sail, a cable, or an anchor.

Mr. Knox strongly urges that roads and bridges should be constructed in the Highlands, whereat, he says, the Highlanders would be glad to work as labourers *at seven or eightpence per day.* He then refers at considerable length to the salt duties which were exacted at the time, and from which an annual sum of £900,000 was raised. In 1776 the gross revenue was £895,489, and of this £649,275 went in the way of drawbacks, discounts, charges of management, etc., leaving a nett sum of only £246,214 as the amount which went to the Exchequer. The result of this tax was the entire crippling, if not prohibition, of the herring and

other fishings in the Highlands, and, "having no towns or stores where this article can be retailed out at a moderate price, these poor people are forced to live through the winter and spring upon half-putrefied fish that have been dried without salt, the bad effects of which are severely felt by thousands in that miserable country. From the want of this article they cannot even supply themselves in the proper season with butter and cheese, and are therefore obliged very frequently to bring up more young cattle, by means of the milk in summer, than they can support in the winter." The duty on coal at the same period was 5s. 4d. per chaldron, and the Customs regulations were such as to make it almost impossible to get any to the Highlands on any condition. And only the miserable sum of £1100 was realised from this coal tax, though its exaction almost entirely stopped any paying enterprise on the part of the people.

It appears that the landlords of that time appropriated to themselves everything they could, as they are charged with doing before, since, and now. Referring to the religious frenzy of the people, after the death of James V., our author says that, in less than thirty years, all the national exertions in literature, civilisation, arts, agriculture, and commerce, vanished. The noble edifices, which it had taken five centuries to erect, were razed to the ground or laid in ruins within the space of a few years; and, then, we are told, "the nobility and great landholders encouraged these desolating scenes, or remained passive, while the outrageous humours of the preachers and people were venting themselves. They had an eye to the Church revenues, which they seized, and confirmed to their families in a Parliament of which they were themselves the members. The preachers, instead of sharing in the Church livings, as they had expected, were not even allowed to taste of the crumbs which these livings afforded. They now railed against the nobility and gentry, who, nevertheless, kept possesion of the revenues, which their descendants enjoy to the present day." After impoverishing the Church and the clergy, who, we are told, were without stipends or salaries, in this way, this Parliament of landlords, who had appropriated the whole lands and revenues of the Church to themselves, "did, in the munificence of their hearts, from a zeal for the Protestant religion,

and in pity to the clergy, enact that every Established minister of a parish should receive from their respective parishioners, as a maintenance for their families, and to enable them to perform the duties of their ministry with comfort and ease, a sum equal to *five pounds* sterling annually!" From the rise of the price of grain or meal, these livings several years after rose in Scotland to an average of about £80 per annum for about nine hundred clergymen, the whole annual revenue of the Scottish Established clergy, when our author wrote, being only about £72,000. In the Highlands, however, the stipends did not exceed £50 on an average, and of such livings the number was very few.

In another paper or two we shall accompany our author in his tour through the Highlands of Argyle, Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland shires, including the Western Isles. A.M.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF "THE HIGHLAND MAGAZINE."—Nine months ago, a monthly periodical, under this title, was started by Mr. Duncan Cameron, Oban. In the October (the eighth) number, an intimation is given that the magazine is no more. We were to have been swallowed up by the *Highland Magazine*. That was not our opinion, and we were not in the slightest degree concerned on the point. This, we regret to say, is the ninth Celtic publication which came and went since we made our first appearance ten years ago, but we are still to the fore, and in a better position than we have ever before attained to. We had not noticed the *Highland Magazine* in these pages hitherto, simply because it was never sent to us for that purpose. Some of the reviewers praised it without stint. Most of them were, to our great amusement, completely sat upon. The serial tale, entitled "The Empty Coffin," was almost universally criticised in the most favourable terms, as an excellently-written *original* tale. We knew better, but while the periodical had any chance of life we felt unwilling, even in the interest of literary honesty, to point out the fraud which was being perpetrated on the public by the editor of the *Highland Magazine* and his reviewers. We have a copy of the original work in our possession, published in three volumes, and entitled "A Legend of Argyle; or, 'Tis a Hundred Years Since," printed for G. & W. Whittaker, Ave-Marie Lane, London, in 1821. The title was changed in the *Highland Magazine* to "The Empty Coffin," and the first three or four chapters transposed, and otherwise transmogrified, so as to put the reader and reviewers off the scent; otherwise, the tale was reprinted, with all its errors, mis-spellings of Gaelic, and other characteristics. Some of the cleverest and best informed of the reviewers who belauded this *original* and insipid old tale as a splendid modern production, carped at us, while they praised this fraud, for reproducing valuable historical and antiquarian information, which was quite inaccessible to the ordinary reader, the source of which we always duly acknowledged!

INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY'S TRANSACTIONS.

FEW societies have done more, or more useful work, in the field of Gaelic and Celtic literature than the Gaelic Society of Inverness. We have before us the eleventh volume of its Transactions, which has quite recently been published. To say that it is the Society's largest volume were not in itself much, but to say that it is out of sight the best and most valuable volume yet issued by the Society is saying a great deal. A glance even at its contents page will suffice to whet the appetite of any Highlander or other student having a desire or aptitude for Celtic or Gaelic study. A perusal of the articles themselves will satisfy any reader that the importance of the volume has not been over-estimated in our opening commendation. It is not our intention to enter into a detailed criticism of the various articles which the volume embraces; it must suffice if little more is done than the mere naming of the most valuable of them, and we recommend the reader not only to read the Transactions for himself, but to become a member of the Society, and thus place himself in contact with such wholesome and patriotic influences as emanate from it. In point of intrinsic value, we must award the palm to the contributions from the pen of Mr. Macbain, Rector of Raining's School, Inverness, whose papers on a subject somewhat cognate with those treated of in the volume before us, have, during the past year or two, enriched the pages of this magazine. Mr. Macbain's first paper is on so-called "Druid Circles." The article is replete with interest, and is the result of most conscientious investigation alike of the available literature on the subject, a comparison of the remains with those met with in other countries, and a minute inspection of many of the circles so numerous in this country itself. To enhance the value of the paper, it is very effectively illustrated with sketches of antiquarian remains, kindly prepared by Mr. P. H. Smart, drawing

master, Inverness. This is a feature which greatly increases the other attractions of the volume. Mr. Macbain's conclusion regarding the circles in question is that whatever their origin and purpose they are not "Druidic." "One thing" he says, "is to be noted: popular tradition knows nothing of the Druids in connection with these circles. The nearest approach to the Druidic theory is where in one case the popular myth regards the stones as men transformed by the magic of the Druids. In fact, there is no rational tradition in regard to them. *They belong to a period to which the oldest tradition or history of the present race cannot reach.*" Proceeding next to discuss the question what these remains really were, Mr. Macbain comes, at the close, to be of the following opinion:—"Our positive results are that the stone circles were built by prehistoric races—in this country probably by the Picts—that they are connected with burial, though built independent of mounds and other forms of tomb; that they are also connected with ancestor worship, and that the whole difficulty resolves itself into the question of why they are of circular form, and why the stones are set at intervals."

This paper is followed immediately by another from the same hand on the "Ancient Celts," and in point of historical and philological importance it is sure to hold a high place in the estimation of Celtic scholars.

It is not often that after-dinner oratory is considered worthy of permanent preservation, but the proceedings of the thirteenth annual dinner, and specially the speech of the Chairman, Lochiel, will be read with warmest interest in connection with the social revolution which has occasioned them. The speech was delivered on the evening before the Landlord Conference, Confession, and Capitulation at Inverness, and may be said to have been a foreshadowing of what was done at that Conference. Then follows another paper on the "Book of Deer," by Mr. Macbain. We cannot speak in terms too high of the philological merits of this article. The vocabulary alone which accompanies it is simply invaluable, and evinces an immense amount of diligent study and careful observation. Other papers of great interest are that on "MacMhaighstir Alasdair," by Mr. William Mackay; "The Gaelic Names of Birds," by Mr.

Charles Fergusson; "Ministers of Tongue, 1726-63," by Mr. Hew Morrison; and one of special importance and linguistic interest, by Professor Mackinnon, on the "Fernaig Manuscript." Besides these, there are minor contributions on such subjects as Celtic Topography, The Social Condition of the Highlands, Sir Robert Munro, Old Contracts of Friendship, Old Gaelic Songs, The Educational Power of Gaelic Poetry, Celtic Poetry, Mackintosh's Cairn in Glen Tilt, The Characteristic and Social History of the Gael, and Letters of Simon Lord Lovat, 1739-43. The merit and interest of these papers are guaranteed by the fact that they are from the pen of men who are not only genuine Gaels, but who have, by special study in the various departments of Celtic history, lore, and antiquarian research, made themselves masters of the subject.

Doubtless, Inverness is regarded as the Capital of the Highlands, and is naturally a centre of Celtic influence, and within easy reach of ample materials of Celtic study, but we see no good reason why other places of even much less pretension might not have their Gaelic Societies doing similar work to that so admirably done by the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

We again strongly commend this volume, and trust we may accept it as only the first fruits of a great harvest of Highland literature; for even yet there is a vast field to reap, and the winter is fast approaching, but, alas! we fear "the labourers are few."

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CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

II. TORMOD MACLEOD, eldest son and male representative of Leod, son of Olave the Black, King of Man, as we have seen, succeeded to two-thirds of the lands of Glenelg (the other third being the property of Hugh Fraser, Lord of Lovat), and afterwards to Harris, and the lands, already described, in the Isle of Skye. The lands of Glenelg were held of the Crown, while his other possessions were held of the Earls of Ross and Lords of the Isles before the forfeiture of that family, as appears from a charter in which these facts are narrated, and by which the lands are granted by James IV. to Alexander Macleod, on condition of his holding in readiness, for the King's service, one ship of twenty-six oars and two galleys of sixteen. The Macleods must have occupied a prominent position long prior to this date, for a charter, granted by Donald of the Isles, grandson of the great Somerled, and styling himself King of the Isles, to Lord John Bisset, and dated at his Castle of Dingwall on the 19th of January, 1245, is witnessed by his "most beloved cousines and counsellors," Macleod of Lewis, and Macleod of Harris. The lands of Glenelg were granted between 1307 and 1314 by King Robert the Bruce to Thomas Randolph, as part of the Earldom of Moray, from which it may be in-

ferred, notwithstanding that Douglas says he was "a faithful and loyal subject," Macleod was opposed to Bruce in his successful efforts against the attempts of the English, under Edward the First, to subdue Scotland at that time, and whose prowess culminated so brilliantly for the Scottish nation on the glorious field of Bannockburn, on the 24th of June, 1314, and it is instructive to find in this connection that the Macleods are not mentioned by the earlier historians among those clans said to have been present at the Battle of Bannockburn. We are told in the "Anecdotes of Olave the Black, King of Man," that Olave went to Norway to complain to Haco, the King, of the great hostilities carried on at the time by the Scotch in the Western Isles, and that he was supplied with a fleet of twenty ships. "When Ottar Snackoll, Paul Bolka, and Ungi, Paul's son, heard this, then sailed they southward before Skye, and found in Westerford (said to be Loch Bracadale), Thorkel Thormodson. And they fought with him, and Thorkel fell there, and two of his sons. But his son, Tormod, came off in this manner; he leapt into a boat, which floated there by its ship, and it with him was wrecked on Skotland." Tormod Macleod was succeeded by his son.

III. MALCOLM MACLEOD, of Glenelg and Harris. We have already seen that about 1343 King David Bruce granted him a charter of the greater portion of the lands of Glenelg* lands which he and his successors always held of the Crown† This charter, from King David II., *Dilecto et fidelo nostro Malcolmo filio Tormodi Macleod, pro homagio et servitio suo, duas partes tenementi de Glenelg, viz., octo davatas, et quinque denariatas terræ, cum pertinentiis, infra vicecomitatum de Inverness. Faciendo nobis et hæredibus nostris prædictus Malcolmus, et haeredes sui, servitium unius navis triginta et sex remorum, quoties super hoc per nos fuerint requisiti, prout facere tenebantur tempore patris nostri, etc.* This charter is not dated, but all the authorities agree that it was granted in or about the year 1343.

Malcolm had three sons—

1. John, his heir and successor.
2. Tormod, progenitor of several families in Harris, one of

* *Robertson's Index*, and *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ.*

† *Gregory's Western Isles*, p. 37.

whom possessed the Island of Bernera, in the Sound, "before Sir Norman got it from the family as his patrimony."*

3. Murdo, ancestor of the Macleods of Gesto, of whom in their proper place, when we come to treat of the branch families of the Clan.

Malcolm, on his death, was succeeded by his eldest son and heir.

IV. JOHN MACLEOD, who was designed both of Glenelg and Harris. He was head of the Clan in the reign of Robert II.—1370-1390—and died shortly after the accession of Robert III., who ascended the throne in the latter year.

John married and had issue, two sons and one daughter—

1. Malcolm, who died before his father, unmarried, and
2. William, who, on the death of his brother, Malcolm, became his father's heir.
3. A daughter, who married Lachlan Maclean of Duart.

He was succeeded at his death by his only surviving son,

V. WILLIAM MACLEOD, who, having been educated for the Church, was known as *Uilleam Cleireach*, or William the Clerk. While a youth, he appears to have received some lasting insult in the Fraser country, and, soon after he succeeded to the Macleod estates, he made a raid into the Aird, and carried away a great number of cattle, with which he proceeded to Skye, where he had them all slaughtered in Harlosh, at a place to this day called "Bun a Sgeamhaidh," or the place of the offals. On another occasion his lands were invaded by the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles, who carried away a great spoil, but Macleod came upon them unawares, by a clever stratagem, close to Loch Sligachan, where he completely routed them, and got possession of the stolen cattle, which were divided among his followers at a rock still called *Craggan an Fheannaidh*, or the Rock of the Skinning, to indicate where the cattle were slaughtered.

Tormod married a daughter of John Maclean of Lochbuy, Mull, and by her had,

1. John, his heir and successor.

* *Douglas's Baronage*, p. 375.

2. Tormod, from whom a sept called *Clann Mac-Mhic Uilleam*, the Macleods of Borline, and *Clann Mac-Mhic-Alastair Ruaidh*, of whom the Macleods of Balliemore, St. Kilda, and several other minor families were descended.
3. George, who went to France, and settled in the Province of Lorraine, where many of his descendants acquired property, and where, we are informed, not a few of his posterity are living at the present day.

William did not inherit the property long, he having died a few years after his father, when he was succeeded by his eldest son.

VI. JOHN MACLEOD, whose name is mentioned in a charter granted to his grandson, William Macleod, by James IV. in 1498, where the grantee is described as Alexander Macleod, "the son and heir of William *John* Maklodesoun of Dunbeggane," that is, the son and heir of William, John Macleod's son of Dunvegan. John was a man of great stature and strength, undaunted courage and resolution. He was among the Western chiefs who accompanied Donald of the Isles, and fought with him at the Battle of Harlaw in 1411, in the main body of the Highland army. Hugh Macdonald, the Sleat "Seannachaidh," informs us that "Macdonald set his men in order as follows:—He commanded himself the main battle, where he kept most of the Islanders, and with the Macleods, John of Harris and John of the Isles."* John married a daughter of Douglas, by whom he had issue—

1. William, his heir and successor.
2. Tormod, from whom the Macleods of Meidle, long extinct in the male line. From this Tormod were also descended the Macleods of Drynoch, Balmeanach; a sept known as "Sliochd Ian Mhic Leoid," and several others.
3. Margaret, who married Roderick Macleod of the Lewis, with issue.

John Macleod died in the Island of Pabba, in Harris, early in the reign of James II., when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

* Quoted in Mackenzie's *History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles*, p. 68, from the *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis.*

VII. William Macleod, who is named, with Roderick of the Lewis, as witness to a charter granted by John, Earl of Ross, to his brother Hugh, and dated the 28th of June, 1449. The two Chiefs are described as *Willielmus Macleod de Glenelg, et Rodericus Macleod de Lewes.* He fought, at the head of his clan, with this John, Earl of Ross, against his bastard son, Angus Og, and was killed in a naval engagement which took place between them at the Bloody Bay, in the Sound of Mull, near Tobermory, where Angus defeated his father, and got himself fully established in possession of the leadership and territories of the Clan. The heir of Torquil Macleod of the Lewis was also mortally wounded at this battle, and he afterwards died of his wounds, on his way north, at Dunvegan,* without issue.

In a charter under the great seal, by John of Isla, Lord of the Isles, dated the 22nd of December, 1478, in favour of *Alexander Leslie de Wardes*, we find, among the witnesses, along with Colin Earl of Argyle, Lachlan Maclean of Duart, and Hector Maclean of Lochbuy, the names of William Macleod of Glenelg and Harris, and Torquil Macleod of Lewis; and in both the charters William's name is placed first in order. He was a renowned and brave warrior, and when slain at the engagement of the Bloody Bay, in 1480, he was very advanced in years.

In 1460, William Macleod of Harris accompanied Hugh of Sleat and "the young gentlemen of the Isles" in a raid to Orkney, fully described in Mackenzie's *History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles*, pp. 151-152. Trouterness was at this time held of the Lords of the Isles by the Macleods of Harris, and in 1498 "King James IV. granted in heritage to Alexander M'Cloide, the son and heir of the deceased William John Maklodesone of Dunbeggane, two *unciates* of the lands of Trouternes, together with the bailiary of the whole lands of Trouternes, lying in Skye in the Lordship of the Isles, which had been forfeited by Lord John of the Isles, for service of ward, relief, and marriage, with the maintenance of a ship of 26 oars, and two ships of 16 oars, both in peace and in war, for the use of the King or

* Hugh Macdonald's Manuscript History of the Macdonalds. See also Gregory's *Western Isles*, p. 73.

his lieutenants, reserving to the King the nests of falcons within the lands, and all the other usual services."*

William married a daughter of John Maclean of Lochbuy, with issue—

1. Alexander, his heir and successor, and

2. A daughter, who married Lachlan Maclean of Duart. He was succeeded by his only son.

VIII. ALEXANDER MACLEOD, known among the Highlanders as "Alastair Crottach," or the Humpbacked. In 1498, he, with Torquil Macleod of the Lewis, paid homage to James IV. at the Royal Castle of Campbellton, in Kintyre, when the King granted him a charter as "Alexander Makloid, the son and heir of William John Maklodesoun of Dunbegane," of six *unciates* of Duirinish and other lands, forfeited by John, Lord of the Isles, of whom they were held by his father, William Macleod, for the same service as the lands of Troternish.† Another charter is quoted in Douglas's *Baronage*, dated the 15th of June in the same year, in the following terms:—*Dilecto et fidelo nostro Alexandro Macleod, filio et haeredi quondam Willielmi, Johannis Macleod soun de Dunvegan, terrarum de Ardmannach in Herage de Lewes‡ et cum omnibus minutis insulis ad dictum Ardmannach pertinen. terrarum de Dunynys, terrarum de Meginish, terrarum de Bracadale, terræ de Lindale, terrarum de Trotterness, cum officio balivatus totarum et integrarum prædict. terrarum de Trotterness in Skye, que fuerent quond. Willielmi Macleod hæreditarie, etc., etc.*, "which lands," Douglas says, "were held of the Earls of Ross and Lords of the Isles before their forfeiture, but afterwards of the Crownward, for holding in readiness one ship of 26 oars, and two of 16, for the King's service, when required, reserving also to the King and his successors the airies or nests of falcons within the same bounds." The same writer says that "he afterwards got a charter from James V., *Alexandro Macleod de Dunvegane terrarum baroniæ de Glenelg cum molendinis, etc.*, in Inverness-shire, dated the 13th of February, 1539." The year at that date ended in

* *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, p. 351., Vol. II., Part I.

† *Register of the Great Seal*, Book xiii., No. 305.

‡ Ardmanach of Lewis is the older name for what we now call Harris, The date of this charter is also given in the *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*.

April, so that this is probably the charter referred to in the *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, as granted in 1540. This charter was soon after revoked.

In 1504, Alexander Macleod of Harris was in constant communication, and strict friendly alliance with the King, for the good government of the Isles, and Macvicar, an envoy from Macleod to the King, remained at Court for three weeks at that period; and when nearly all the Western chiefs had joined Donald Dubh of the Isles in his efforts to gain the Island lordship, powerfully aided, among the rest, by Torquil Macleod of the Lewis; who was, in 1506, solemnly forfeited in Parliament, he having refused to surrender and take his trial for high treason for his share in that rebellion, and of which he is described by Tytler as "the great head." All this time Macleod of Harris remained quite loyal to the Crown, but when Sir Donald of Lochalsh broke out in rebellion after the Battle of Flodden, at the head of the Western chiefs, Macleod of Harris and Dunvegan joined his followers, and we find him, with Lachlan Maclean of Duart, who had previously possessed himself of the Royal Castle of Cairnburgh, seizing the Castle of Dunskaich in Sleat, and, immediately afterwards, Sir Donald Gallda of Lochalsh was proclaimed Lord of the Isles.

In 1514, Macleod of Harris and Macleod of Lewis were both exempted from the remission and terms of surrender, offered to the less prominent and violent followers of Sir Donald of Lochalsh. Alexander is again on record in 1515. In 1517 he, with the Earl of Argyll and several other chiefs, presented petitions to the Privy Council, making certain offers and suggestions in connection with the affairs of Sir Donald Gallda, the principal one of which was to advocate the suppression of Sir Donald and his rebellious followers, of which Macleod himself was one of the most prominent a few years before. Macleod and Maclean of Duart, finding Sir Donald of Lochalsh had disappointed them, in every respect, and refused to follow their advice, became disgusted and resolved to apprehend him, and to deliver him up to the Regent. Donald, however, discovered the plot, and escaped, but they made his two brothers prisoners, and offered them up to palliate their own rebellious proceedings. This appears from their petitions to the Regent and the

Privy Council at the time, recorded in the Books of Council xxix., folio 211. In the same year, he, and about a hundred others, received permission, under the Privy Seal of King James V., to pass to any place within the Kingdom of Scotland during the period between the 6th of January and the 15th of March. On the last-named day, in the same year, he and his friends obtained a remission for the part they took in assisting Sir Donald of Lochalsh in his treasonable doings with Alexander Lord Hume, on giving hostages for their good and loyal behaviour in future; but he demanded, in addition, a heritable grant of the lands of Troternish. This was refused, but he was permitted to continue in these lands a King's tenant as formerly.

In 1528 serious disturbances broke out in the Isles in consequence of certain titles granted by the Earl of Angus, who had possession of James V. in his youth, having been declared null and void by the King, on gaining his freedom from the Earl; and it was at the same time provided that in future no lands should be bestowed in the West Highlands and Isles without the advice of the Privy Council and of the Earl of Argyll, then the King's Lieutenant in the West. During this disturbance it was considered a suitable opportunity for opening up an old feud which existed between the Macleods of Dunvegan and the Macdonalds of Sleat respecting the lands and Bailliary of Troternish, in the north end of the Isle of Skye. To understand the feud between these families properly it will be necessary to go back a little on what has been already said. Gregory puts the facts very clearly, and we cannot do better than give the substance of what he says:—By a charter under the Great Seal, in August, 1498, the office of Bailliary, with two *unciates* of the lands of Troternish, was confirmed to Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan, as formerly held by him under the Lord of the Isles, and then in the hands of the Crown, by the forfeiture of that nobleman. Two months later, another charter passed under the Great Seal, granting the same office, and eight merks of the lands, to Torquil Macleod of the Lewis, on precisely similar grounds. Both charters seemed to have been rendered null by the general revocation in 1498, or 1499. In 1505 the eighty merks lands of Troternish were let, by the Commissioners of the Crown, for three years, to

Ranald Bane Allanson of Moydert. In 1510, Archibald Dubh, Captain of the Macdonalds of Sleat, was acting as Baillie of Troternish, and a letter was directed under the Privy Seal to the tenants in his favour. Ranald Bane of Moydert was executed at Perth in 1513; and Archibald Dubh was soon afterwards killed by his nephews, the sons of his murdered brothers. Macleod of Dunvegan, who was principal crown tenant of Troternish for some time before 1517, had his lease continued from that year until the majority of James V. Under the government of the Earl of Angus, Dunvegan obtained also an heritable grant of the lands of Sleat and North Uist; and thus became additionally exposed to the hostility of the Macdonalds of Sleat. The latter chief sought the assistance of his uterine brother, John MacTorquil Macleod (son of Torquil Macleod of the Lewis, forfeited in 1506, and nephew of Malcolm, the then Lord of Lewis), a man like himself, without legal inheritance of any kind, to expel Macleod of Dunvegan and his clan from Troternish. In this way they were successful, and also in preventing him from putting in force his charter to the lands of Sleat and North Uist. Troternish was again occupied by the Macdonalds of Sleat; and John MacTorquil, taking advantage of the opportunity afforded him by the death of his uncle, and the minority of the son of the latter, and aided by Donald Gruamach and his followers, seized the whole barony of Lewis, which, with the command of the Siol Torquil, he held during his life.

In 1831, Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan had been repeatedly summoned before Parliament, but he refused to appear. In 1538, he and John Macleod of Lewis are found among nine of the Island Chiefs who had sent in offers of submission in connection with a new rebellion headed by Alexander Macdonald of Isla. They were promised protection against Argyll, who led a strong force against them, on condition that they should go to Edinburgh and meet the King there, or anywhere else, where he might be holding his Court, before the 20th of the following June, and remain there as long as they were required to do so; and when they left Court for their homes they were to have protection for twenty-one days, that they might return to their respective residences without molestation from any quarter.

Argyll, however, died during this year, and nothing was done. After various negotiations, the Western Chiefs were reinstated in their lands. In May, 1539, Troternish was again invaded and laid waste by Donald Gorme of Sleat and his allies. The Macleods of Lewis and Macleod of Dunvegan complained to the Privy Council of their conduct. Donald Gorme was killed shortly after in Kintail, and several of his accomplices received remissions for this raid into Troternish and other offences, in 1541. Tradition relates that the allies followed the Macleods of Lewis to Skaebost, where a battle was fought at a place called *Achnafala* (the field of blood), and that several heads cut off in the fray floated by the River Snizort into the yair at the mouth of the river, and therefore still called *Coire-nan-Ceann*, the yair of the heads. Mackenzie of Kintail aided the Macleods against the Macdonalds of Sleat on this occasion in Troternish, and hence the raid of the Macdonalds to Kintail, where their Chief lost his life while laying siege to the Castle of Eileandonain.

In 1540 the King headed an expedition by sea to the Western Isles in person. After visiting Sutherland, and other parts of the Northern coasts of Scotland, he proceeded to the Lewis, where Roderick Macleod, with his leading kinsmen, were compelled to join the Royal fleet and accompany the King in his further progress. On their arrival on the West Coast of Skye, Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan and several of the leading men of his clan were seized, obliged to go on board, and to accompany his Majesty in the fleet. Nearly all the Western Chiefs were similarly treated, but some of them were soon after set at liberty, on giving hostages for their future good behaviour; while the more turbulent were kept in confinement until after the death of James, in 1542. In 1540, Alexander and twenty-three others received a remission from James V. for the assistance given by them to David Hume, Sir Donald Gallda of Lochalsh, and their accomplices, described as "the King's rebels." In 1545, Macleod of Dunvegan and Roderick Macleod of the Lewis were members of the Council of Donald Dubh, who had been proclaimed Lord of the Isles for the second time. In the same year, after the death of Donald Dubh, the Macleods of Dunvegan disputed the title of the Macdonalds of Sleat to their lands. In 1545, the

Macleods of Dunvegan and of the Lewis, along with the Macleans and some of the lesser clans, opposed the claims of James Macdonald of Isla, on the death of Donald Dubh, to the Lordship of the Isles, and they soon effected a reconciliation with the Regent. In the same year we also find him, Roderick Macleod of the Lewis, and forty other persons, receiving permission, under the Privy Seal of Queen Mary, to go to the Regent and Lords of Council on business, from the 17th of August to the 1st of November.

We find Alexander repeatedly on record in connection with his lands of Glenelg, which, as appears from a charter referred to below, he granted to his eldest son on his marriage. In 1553, one-third of the two-thirds of the lands of Glenelg, which belonged in heritage to Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan, were apprised to Hugh Lord Fraser of Lovat for the sum of £800 Scots recovered by him, and in defect of movable goods. In 1535 the other two-thirds of the same lands were apprised in favour of the same Hugh for the sum of 2400 merks Scots as part payment of £4085 10s. 8d. contained in letters of the King, under reversion to Alexander Macleod, on payment of these sums and expenses within seven years. In 1536, King James V. granted to the same Hugh, Lord Fraser of Lovat, the dues of the lands of Glenelg, which were in the King's hands by reason of the nonentry of the heir of the deceased William Macleod. In 1540, the lands and barony of Glenelg, with the castle, mills, and fishings, were resigned by Lord Fraser, and were then granted by King James V. to Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan. In 1541, the same King granted to William Macleod, the son and apparent heir of Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan, and to Agnes Fraser, his wife, the lands of Arrocardich, Scallasaigbeg, Scallasaigmore, Knockfin, Pitalman, Easter Mill, Wester Mill, Lusaw, Nachtane, Wester Corrary, and Inchkennell, in the lordship of Glenelg, which Alexander Macleod had resigned. In the same year the lands of Easter and Wester Lyndale were resigned in the same way, and granted to the same parties, as were also extensive lands in Bracadale, extending in all to £20.* In 1547, Queen Mary granted Archibald, Earl of Argyll, the ward of all the lands that belonged to the

* *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ.*

deceased Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan. He was a man of great force of character and activity in peace and war. He built one of the towers of Dunvegan Castle, still standing, and repaired the old Cathedral of Rodel, in South Harris, where he was afterwards buried, on his death, at an advanced age, in 1547. His tomb, which we have recently seen, during a visit to the old Church of St. Clements, now called Rodel Cathedral, is in good preservation. It is elaborately sculptured with curious devices, and bears, so far as we could make out, the following Latin inscription :—

"*Hic locutur Alexander filius Vilmi MacClod dno. de Dunvegan, anno dni.*, M.CCCCC.XXVIII."

Mr. Seton, in a foot-note to *St. Kilda, Past and Present*, 1878, p. 36, says, "Sir Walter Scott makes the date of the inscription a hundred years older than it really is—viz., M.CCCC., instead of M.CCCCC.XXVIII. In a heel-ball rubbing which I took at Rodel last July *five* C's are quite apparent." When we visited the Cathedral in May, 1885, the *five* C's were quite legible, without any markings, but this date must be erroneous; for it is quite clear that Alexander lived until 1547, and we are rather disposed to think that the second X in the inscription was originally an L, and that it should read M.CCCCC.XLVIII.; or it may be that the sculpture is of a much later date, when the actual year of Alexander's death would not be accurately known by those who erected it.

Alexander has been charged with the atrocious massacre of the Macdonalds in the Cave of Eigg, but it will be shown by-and-bye that the horrible deed did not take place for at least ten years after Alastair Crottach's death.

Alexander Macleod married a daughter of Allan Cameron, XII. of Lochiel, with issue—

1. William, his heir and successor.
2. Donald, who, after various difficulties and negotiations with the guardians of William's only daughter, Mary, which will be fully detailed in the proper place, succeeded his brother in the estates of the family, as well as head of the Clan.
3. Tormod, who succeeded his brother Donald.

4. A daughter, who married James, second son of Donald Macdonald, IV. of Sleat, with issue—John, progenitor of the Macdonalds of Kingsburgh, and another son, Donald. She married, secondly, Allan Macdonald, XV. of Clanranald, with issue, one of whom, Donald, carried on the representation of the family. Allan's ill-treatment of this lady became the cause of a fierce feud between his family and that of Dunvegan, which was carried on for many years, and of which an account will appear later on. On the death of her second husband, she married, for the third time, another Macdonald of the family of Keppoch, also with issue.
5. Another daughter married Hector Maclean of Lochbuy, with issue.

Alexander Crottach Macleod died, as already stated, at an advanced age, in 1547, and was buried in the Church of Rodel. In the arms upon his tomb, which are still to be seen, is a lymphad or galley, the ancient armorial bearings of his predecessors.* He was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be continued.)

* *Douglas's Baronage*, p. 377.

ST. KILDA.

II.

WHEN the Rev. Mr. MacAulay visited St. Kilda in 1758, he was much taken with the manner in which his vessel was hauled ashore by the inhabitants. He describes the scene as follows:—"After having divided and formed themselves into two lines, the two ablest men among them marched forward into the sea, each in the front of his own little corps. Those next in strength and stature seized these two leaders by the middle, and the rest, from one end of each row to the other, clung fast to those immediately before them, wading forward till those who were foremost in the rank, and after them every one else in the order in which he stood, got hold of the boat. . . . . Without giving time to any one of us to jump out into the water, the St. Kildeans hoisted up, almost in a moment, our little vessel, ourselves, and all the luggage that belonged to us, to a dry part of the strand." The arable land of the islanders was all divided into plots by dry stone dykes, each man's share being distinguished by some special mark. Their only agricultural implements at that time were a spade, a mall, and a rake or harrow, to each croft. They turned the ground over with the spade, raked or harrowed it carefully, removing every little stone and weed, and pounded down every clod with the mall. They then sowed their crops, and, after sprinkling the surface of the land with manure, they harrowed it over again. Their manure was prepared in the following way:—A quantity of turf-ashes was spread over the floor of a house, and covered with a rich friable earth. Over this was spread a quantity of peat-dust, and, water being added, the whole mass was pounded into a compact floor, upon which the same process was renewed again and again, until the manure heap rose to the height of four feet or so. To make room for this process, the houses were built in a peculiar manner, the beds being placed in the thickness of the

walls, which were also about nine feet in height. Each bed was formed to contain three persons, and was entered by an opening in the inside wall. The houses all had flat roofs, at the time of Mr. MacAulay's visit, so as not to catch the wind, and the walls were all of dry stone. Inside, the house was partitioned into two apartments, one for the cattle, and the other for the human inhabitants.

In 1758 there were only about forty cattle on the Island, young and old. This scarcity Mr. MacAulay attributed to the rapacity of the steward, who, by an ancient custom, appropriated a number of the cows, and all the milk yielded by the remainder, to himself. The population of the Island was divided into three classes, those possessing seven or eight cows forming the aristocracy, those who had from one to four the middle class, and those who had none at all the lower class. There were only ten horses upon the Island, including foals and colts, but these were amply sufficient for the wants of the inhabitants. Turf was brought from the hills in wicker creels, of which, owing to there not being a sprig of natural wood in the Island, the people were extremely careful, covering them with skins, and lining the bottoms with rags. The number of sheep upon St. Kilda could not easily be ascertained at the time of our author's visit, owing to an infamous tax levied by the steward. According to the factorial laws of the Isle, every householder had to give the steward every second he-lamb, every seventh fleece, and every seventh she-lamb. In these circumstances is it to be wondered at that the poor St. Kildeans were chary of letting people know the extent of their sheep stock? As far as Mr. MacAulay could calculate, however, from his own observation, there were above a thousand sheep on St. Kilda, and four hundred on the adjacent Island of Boreray. Many of these animals had four horns, and were all remarkably fruitful.

In summer time, the rocks of St. Kilda, Soay, and Boreray, present a beautiful appearance, being covered with vast numbers of all kinds of sea-fowl. Solan geese, fulmars, gannets, cormorants, puffins, guillemots, and every variety of sea-bird cover the crags like snow. About the beginning of November the birds migrate to other quarters, and from that time until the following

February not a single sea-fowl is to be seen about the Island. The solan goose builds a large nest of all sorts of materials, including grass, sea-weed, wood shavings, shreds of cloth, and other articles, which it is often very difficult to account for, and many of which the bird must have carried long distances. In one nest was found a red coat, and in another a brass sun-dial, an arrow, and some Molucca beans. Mr. MacAulay gives an amusing account of this bird's thieving proclivities. "If," he says, "a solan goose finds his neighbour's nest at any time without the fowl, he takes advantage of his absence, steals as much of the materials of it as he can conveniently carry, and, sensible of the injustice he hath done, takes his flight directly towards the ocean: if the lawful owner does not discover the injury he has suffered before the thief is out of sight, he (the thief) escapes with impunity, and returns soon with his burden, as if he had made a foreign purchase."

The St. Kildeans frequently made raids upon the solan geese at night. So long as they heard the birds making their usual sound, *grog, grog*, they advanced without much caution, but when the sound changed to *bir, bir*, the token of alarm, the fowlers halted at once. Hearing no sound, and seeing nothing to alarm them, the birds soon became reassured, and again emitted their melancholy *grog, grog*, upon hearing which the fowlers advanced again, and, having killed one of the birds, laid him carefully in the midst of his former companions. It is said that the living birds, on perceiving the body of their departed friend, immediately began to mourn over him, crying dismally, and turning his body over with their beaks. While the birds were thus engaged in their mournful duties, the fowlers made a sudden attack upon them, and generally succeeded in doing great execution among them. Another method of capturing solan geese was by means of a floating plank, upon which a fish was placed as a bait. The bird, perceiving the fish, rose up to a considerable height, and descended upon the fish like lightning. The force of his fall would drive his beak into the plank, which, being weighted, he could not carry away, and thus became an easy prey to the fowlers, who were on the watch for this catastrophe. The dead birds were simply split open, washed clean, and hung up, without

being salted, in little stone erections, built for storing peats, eggs, and wild fowl.

The St. Kildeans made a kind of pudding from the fat of the solan goose, called *gibain.* This was put into a bag made of the bird's stomach, and used by the people instead of butter, as well as to cure the cough in cattle. The eggs of this bird were gathered in May, and stored away without any care being taken to preserve them. They were eaten raw, and often quite rotten.

Another bird which is almost indispensable to the St. Kildean is the fulmar, which supplies him with oil for his lamps, down for his bed, good food, healing ointment, and many other useful articles. When any one approaches this bird, it spouts out at its beak about a quart of pure oil. An old woman will sit upon a rock for hours, having in her hand several long strings with running nooses upon them, which float out upon the wind. At the right moment she draws them in, generally capturing one or two birds. As soon as the bird is taken hold of, it spouts out the oil, which is caught in a small pouch by the fowler, and preserved. This oil is coarse and yellow, with a strong rancid smell. It is said to be good for rheumatism, sprains, and boils. It is also a very good lamp-oil, and sometimes the natives merely draw a wick through the body of the dead bird, and light it at the beak, when it burns for a long time. The Islanders have such a respect for the fulmar that it is deemed a grave misdemeanour to take its egg. In Mr. MacAulay's time, each landholder in the Island had a proportionate share of the rocks where the sea-fowl congregated, and any trespass upon another man's lot was severely punished.

Mr. MacAulay mentions another bird, called by him the lavie, which was greatly esteemed by the St. Kildeans. This bird made no nest, but laid her egg upon some rocky ledge, where it was so nicely balanced as to fall into the sea if the sitting bird was startled and flew away in a hurry. The capture of the lavie was an interesting and dangerous process, and was always performed at night. The most courageous fowlers were lowered down the cliffs by ropes, until they reached the ledges where the birds clustered. Each man had a broad piece of white linen upon his breast. The birds, in the darkness, mistook these white cloths for parts of the

rock, and endeavoured to cling to them, when they were at once caught and killed. The fowler remained upon the ledge until daylight, when he was hauled up, very often with a booty of three or four hundred birds.

At one time there was only one boat in the Island. In winter this boat was hauled up on shore and filled with stones and earth to prevent its being swept away or dashed against the rocks by the force of the winds or waves. When Martin visited the Island in 1692, the most of the men went over to Boreray in this boat, but, the rope which secured it having broken, the boat went adrift, and the men were detained in Boreray from the middle of March till the end of May, when they were rescued by the factor's galley. To show their friends in St. Kilda that they were all alive, they kindled as many fires as there were men, upon the top of a rock. This was at once understood by the people at home. The women especially were so overjoyed at the signal that they commenced to till the arable land like the men, and that year's crop, thanks to their industry, was the best known in the Island for many years before. In October, 1759, nineteen St. Kildeans put to sea in their only boat, bound for the Island of Boreray. Ten of them landed there, the other nine starting in the boat for St. Kilda. Immediately they left Boreray, however, a terrific storm arose, which lasted for three days, during which, being unable to land in St. Kilda, they sheltered themselves under the lee of a high rock. On the fourth day they made for the bay, where three of the men were washed away, the remaining six being driven by a huge wave upon the beach, whilst the boat was smashed to pieces. The unfortunate men who had been left in the Island of Boreray were soon made aware of the loss of the boat by the signals which were made them by their friends upon the main Island. They subsisted for eight months upon wild fowl and mutton, killing some of the sheep that were pastured on the Island for food, and living in an ancient underground building called the Staller's House, of which we shall have occasion to treat further on. When the sea-fowl returned in March, they killed and stored up sufficient to load the steward's eight-oared boat. Their friends at home, wishing to show them that their bits of land were not being neglected, turned up ten different

spots upon the northern face of the hill which was opposite to them, and in June, 1760, they were relieved by the steward's boat and conveyed back to their homes, taking with them a considerable quantity of sea-fowl which they had killed. The St. Kildeans have now five or six boats.

Most of the infants born in St. Kilda die before they are nine days old of a strange and unaccountable malady. About six days after birth they are seized with a kind of lock-jaw, followed in a day or two by convulsions, which almost invariably prove fatal. No clue has yet been discovered to account for the disease. Another strange circumstance connected with the Island is that, whenever any strangers visit it, the inhabitants, one and all, are said to be seized with a severe cold and cough, which generally lasts from ten to fourteen days. Martin noticed this when he visited the Island, as also did Mr. MacAulay, and it has since been vouched for as a fact by the Rev. John Mackay, the Free Church minister of the Island, in his evidence before the Crofter Royal Commission in 1883.

Mr. MacAulay states the language of the St. Kildeans to have been a very corrupt dialect of the Gaelic, with a slight admixture of Norse, whilst every man, woman, and child, had an incorrigible lisp. They were very fond of music, dancing to a wretched old fiddle with great delight. They were also good singers, and accompanied all their duties with suitable songs, generally of their own composition. Nearly all the inhabitants, at the time of Mr. MacAulay's visit, were quite illiterate, except three or four. In 1705, during the reign of Queen Anne, the Rev. Alexander Buchan was sent to St. Kilda as a missionary, and he educated some of the boys. Now there is scarcely a child of six years old in the Island who cannot read some portion of the Gaelic Bible.

The men of St. Kilda are perhaps the most daring and successful rock-fowlers in the world. The ropes which they use when out upon a fowling expedition are highly prized. In Martin's time, there were only two ropes in the Island, each about forty-eight yards long. These valuable articles were covered with salted cow-hide, which prevented them being cut by the rocks. When Mr. MacAulay visited the Island, nearly every family possessed a good rope, about sixty yards long. They were

made of three thongs of raw salted cow-hide, twisted together, and covered outside with sheep skin. A good rope was the most valuable possession a St. Kildean could have, and was handed down from father to son through several generations, being reckoned equal in value to two of the best cows in the Island. No girl about to be married could receive a better dowry than a good hide-rope. The manner of using them was as follows:—Two men secured the ends round their waists, and, whilst one planted himself firmly at the top of the cliff, the other descended the face to the ledge which he wished to reach. After killing as many birds as he required, he was hauled up again by his companion at the top. Many are the hairbreadth escapes gone through by the daring fowler, as he swings between sea and sky, with nothing but three plies of a cow-hide between him and death. Mr. MacAulay gives an astonishing instance of the bodily strength displayed by a St. Kilda man when engaged in fowling. The man who was at the top of the cliff suddenly lost his balance and fell down from above. The man on the ledge, perceiving his comrade falling, fixed his feet so firmly upon the narrow shelf where he stood, that he was able to withstand the tremendous jerk when his comrade's fall was checked by the rope, and ultimately hauled him up beside him until help came. Besides the cow-hide ropes, the St. Kildeans had also smaller ones, about twenty yards long, made of horse hair, which were used in less dangerous places. They likewise set horse hair gins, secured at the end with large stones. Martin relates a story of a man who, walking barefooted upon the top of a rock where his gins were set, put his foot in one of them and immediately fell over the crag. Luckily for him, however, the noose closed upon his toe, and he hung suspended by the horse hair cord for a whole night, until rescued by some people next morning. A maiden's only dowry was frequently a pound of horse hair to make gins!

A most pleasing characteristic of these poor Islanders is their kindness and hospitality to strangers, a fact which has been experienced by every visitor to St. Kilda, from the earliest on record to the present day. Perhaps the prettiest instance of this trait is that given by Miss Gordon-Cumming in her book, "In the Hebrides." The story is as follows:—The late Admiral Otter, when visiting

the Island on the Admiralty Survey, had a touching experience of the goodness and piety of its inhabitants. A terrific storm had arisen, and his vessel was drifting straight upon the rocky shores of St. Kilda. There seemed no chance of escape. "In the bitter storm the Islanders, one and all, left their firesides and repaired to the lowly little church, where they remained for hours in a ceaseless agony of prayer, till at last, when all hope seemed past, the wind changed as if by a miracle, and the ship was saved. Thus their prayer was turned to thanksgiving; and, before many hours were passed, the storm abated, and they were able once more to welcome the crew and her captain to their little rocky Isle."

What could be more touching than this? The simple and pious St. Kilda folk could show a bright example of goodness of heart to the inhabitants of many a more favoured clime. Such an action as that above narrated brings out the true character of these Islanders, and, like Charity, will surely cover a multitude of sins.

H. R. M.

(To be continued.)

THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

(Continued.)

THE TROUBLES BETWEEN SUTHERLAND AND CAITHNESS IN 1587-90.

THE year of God 1587, there happened some dissension betwixt the Earls of Sutherland and Caithness. Upon this occasion George Gordon of Marle in Sutherland (base son to Gilbert Gordon of Gartie), had done divers attempts and indignities to the Earl of Caithness and his servants, occasioned through the nearness of George Gordon's dwelling-house, which bordered upon Caithness. These insolencies of George Gordon's the Earl of Caithness could not or would not endure; and, so assembling a company of men, horse and foot, he comes under silence of the night and invades George Gordon in his own house at Marle. George makes all the resistance he could; and, as they were eagerly pursuing the house, he slays a special gentleman of Caithness, called John Sutherland; therewith he issues out of the house and casts himself into the river of Helmsdale, which was hard by, thinking to save himself by swimming; but he was shot with arrows, and slain in the water. This happened in the month of February, 1587.

Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, took the slaughter of George Gordon in evil part, which he determined to revenge, and thereupon dealt with such of his friends as had credit at Court for the time; by whose means he obtained a Commission against the slayers of George Gordon; which being gotten, he sent 200 men into Caithness in February, 1588, conducted by John Gordon of Golspitour, and John Gordon of Backies, who invaded the parishes of Dunbeath and Latheron in Caithness with all hostility, spoiling and burning the same; they killed John, James's son, a gentleman of Caithness, with some others; and this was called Creach-lairn.

No sooner were they returned out of Dunbeath but Earl Alexander, being accompanied by Uistean Mackay (who had been then lately reconciled to his superior, the Earl of Sutherland), entered into Caithness with all his forces, spoiling all before him till he came to Girnigo (now called Castle Sinclair), where the Earl of Caithness then lay. Earl Alexander escaped himself, hard by the town of Wick, which is within a mile of Girnigo. They took the town of Wick with little difficulty, and burnt the same. They besieged the Castle of Girnigo for the space of twelve days, which was well defended by the Earl of Caithness and those that were within. Earl Alexander, perceiving that the Castle could not be obtained without a long siege, sent his men abroad through the county of Caithness to pursue such as had been at the slaughter of George Gordon, if they could be apprehended; so, having slain divers of them, and spoiled the country, Earl Alexander returns again with his host into Sutherland in the month of February, 1588. And this was called Là-na-Creich-Moire.

The Earl of Caithness, to revenge these injuries, and to requite his losses, assembled all his forces in the year of God, 1589, and sent them into Sutherland, under the conduct of his brother, the Laird of Murkle, who entered Sutherland with all hostility, and, coming to Strathullie, he slays three tenants of the Earl of Sutherland's in Liriboll, burning the house above them; from Liriboll they march further into the country. The inhabitants of Sutherland, being conducted by Uistean Mackay and John Gordon of Backies, met with the Caithness men at a place called Crissaligh, where they skirmished a little while, with little or no slaughter on either side; and so Murkle retired home into Caithness. In exchange hereof, Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, sent 300 men into Caithness, conducted by John Gordon of Backies, the same year of God, 1589, who, entering that county with all hostility, spoiled and wasted the same till he came within six miles of Girnigo, killed above 30 men, and returned home with a great booty. This was called Creach-na-Caingis.

The Earl of Caithness, to repair his former losses, convened his whole forces the year of God, 1590. He entered into Sutherland with all hostility, and encamped beside the Backies; having stayed one night there, they returned homeward the next day,

driving a prey of goods before the host. By this time some of the inhabitants of Sutherland were assembled to the number of 500 or 400 only, and, perceiving the Caithness men upon the sands of Clentrednal, they presently invade them at a place called Clyne. There ensued a sharp conflict, fought with great obstinacy on either side, until the night parted them. Of the Sutherland men, there were slain John Murray, and sixteen common soldiers. Of the Caithness men, there were killed Nicholas Sutherland (the Laird of Forse's brother), and Angus MacTormoid, with thirteen others. Divers were hurt on either side.

The next morning timely the Earl of Caithness returned with all diligence into Caithness, to defend his own country; for, while he was in Sutherland, Uistean Mackay had entered with his forces into Caithness, and had spoiled that country even to the town of Thurso; but, before the Earl of Caithness could overtake him, he returned again into Strathnaver with a great booty.

Thus they infested one another with continual spoils and slaughters, until they were reconciled by the mediation of the Earl of Huntly, who caused them meet at Strathbogie; and a final peace was concluded there, betwixt these parties, in the month of March, 1591. Here ends this book of Sutherland.

THE TROUBLES BETWEEN THE EARLS OF HUNTLY AND MORAY.

The instruments of this trouble were the Laird of Grant and Sir John Campbell of Calder, knight. The Knight of Calder had spent the most part of his time in Court, where he was familiar with Chancellor Maitland, from whom he received instructions to engender differences betwixt Huntly and Moray; which commission he accomplished very learnedly, and inflamed the one against the other, by the Laird of Grant's means. Thus, James Gordon (eldest son to Alexander Gordon of Lismore), accompanied with some of his friends, went to Ballindalloch, in Strathspey, to assist his aunt, the widow of that place, against John Grant, tutor of Ballindalloch, who went about to do her son injury, and to detain her rents from her. James Gordon coming thither, all was

restored unto the widow, a small matter excepted; which, not understanding, he would have from the tutor, thinking it a disgrace to him and to his family if his aunt should lose the least part of her due. After some contestation, there was beating of servants on either side; and, being put asunder at that time, James Gordon and his company retired home. Hereupon the family of Lismore do persuade John Gordon (brother to Sir Thomas Gordon of Cluny) to marry the widow of Ballindalloch, which he did. The tutor of Ballindalloch, grudging that any of the surname of Gordon should dwell among them, fell at variance with John Gordon, by the laird of Grant's persuasion, and killed one of John Gordon's servants; whereat John Gordon was so incensed, and pursued so eagerly the tutor and such of the Grants as would assist, harbour, or maintain him or his servants, that he got them outlawed, and made rebels by the laws of the Kingdom; and, further, he moved his chief, the Earl of Huntly, to search and follow them by virtue of a Commission as Sheriff of that shire. Huntly besieges the house of Ballindalloch, and takes it by force the 2nd day of November, 1590; but the tutor escaped. Then began Calder and Grant to work their premeditated plot, and do stir up the Clan Chattan and their Chief, Mackintosh, to join with the Grants; they persuade also the Earls of Athole and Moray to assist them against Huntly. They show the Earl of Moray that how he had a fit opportunity and occasion to make himself strong in these north parts, and to make head against the House of Huntly; that they and all their friends would assist him to the uttermost of their power; that Chancellor Maitland would work at Court to this effect against Huntly; so that now he should not slip this occasion, lest afterward he should never have the like opportunity in his time. Hereupon the Earls of Moray and Athole, the Dunbars, the Clan Chattan, the Grants, and the Laird of Calder, with all their faction, met at Forres to consult of their affairs, where they were all sworn in one league together, some of the Dunbars refusing to join with them. Huntly, understanding that the Earls of Moray and Athole did intend to make a faction against him, assembled his friends with all diligence, and rides to Forres, with a resolution to dissolve their Convention. Moray and Athole, hearing of Huntly's coming

towards them, leave Forres and flee to Darnaway, the Earl of Moray's chief dwelling-place. The Earl of Huntly follows them thither; but, before his coming, the Earl of Athole, the Lairds of Mackintosh, Grant, Calder, and the Sheriff of Moray had left the house and were fled to the mountains; only the Earl of Moray stayed, and had before provided all things necessary for his defence. Huntly, coming within sight of the house, he sent John Gordon before-mentioned, with some men to view the same; but John, approaching more hardily than warily, was shot from the house, and slain with a piece by one of the Earl of Moray's servants. Huntly, perceiving the House of Darnaway furnished with all things necessary for a long siege, and understanding also that the most part of his enemies were fled to the mountains, left the house and dissolved his company, the 24th of November, 1590. The Earl of Huntly thereupon hastens to the Court, and doth reconcile himself to Chancellor Maitland, who shortly thereafter (not so much for the favour he bore to Huntly as for the hatred he had conceived against the Earl of Moray for Bothwell's cause), did purchase a commission to Huntly against the Earl of Moray, caring little in the meantime what should become either of Moray or Huntly. The year of God, 1591, Huntly sent Allan Macdonuill-Duibh into Badenoch against the Clan Chattan; after a sharp skirmish the Clan Chattan were chased, and above fifty of them slain. Then Huntly sent MacRonald against the Grants, whom MacRonald invaded in Strathspey, killed eighteen of them, and wasted all Ballindalloch's lands. The year of God, 1591, the 27th of December, the first raid of the Abbey was enterprised by the Earl of Bothwell; but, failing of his purpose, he was forced to flee away, and so escaped. The Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Huntly were sent into the West with a commission against Bothwell, and such as did harbour him; but Bothwell escaped before their coming. Then took the Earl of Moray his fatal and last journey from Darnaway south to Dunibristle, where he did harbour and recept the Earl of Bothwell. Huntly being now at Court, which then sojourned at Edinburgh, urges Chancellor Maitland for his commission against the Earl of Moray; and, having obtained the same, he takes journey with forty gentlemen from Edinburgh to the Queen's Ferry, and from

thence to Dunibristle, where he invades the Earl of Moray. Huntly, before his approach to the house, sent Captain John Gordon (brother to William Gordon, laird of Gight) to desire the Earl of Moray to give over the house and to render himself, which was not only refused, but also Captain John Gordon was deadly hurt by a piece by one of the Earl of Moray's servants at his very first approach to the gates; whereupon they set fire to the house and forced the entry. Huntly commanded the Earl of Moray to be taken alive, but the laird of Cluny, whose brother was slain at Darnaway, and the laird of Gight, who had his brother lying deadly wounded before his eyes, overtaking Moray, as he was escaping out of the house, killed him among the rocks upon the seaside. There was also the Sheriff of Moray slain by Innes of Invermarkie, which happened the 7th day of February, 1591. Presently hereupon Huntly returned into the North, and left Captain John Gordon at Inverkeithing until he recovered of his wound, when he was taken by the Earl of Moray's friends and executed at Edinburgh, being scarce able to live one day longer for his wound received at Dunibristle. Sir John Campbell of Calder, Knight, who was the worker and cause of their troubles, and of the miseries that ensued thereupon, was afterwards pitifully slain by his own surname in Argyle.

The Earl of Huntly was charged by the Lord St. Colme (the late slain Earl of Moray's brother) to underly the censure of the law for the slaughter of Dunibristle. Huntly compeared at Edinburgh on the day appointed, being ready to abide the trial of an assize; and, unto such time as his peers were assembled to that effect, he did offer to remain in ward in any place the King would appoint him; whereupon he was warded in the Blackness, the 12th day of March, 1591, and was released the 20th day of the same month, upon security and caution given by him that he should enter again upon six days' warning whensoever he should be charged to that effect.

After the Earl of Moray's slaughter at Dunibristle, the Clan Chattan (who of all that faction most eagerly endeavoured to revenge his death) did assemble their forces under the conduct of Angus Macdonald, William's son, and came to Strathdisse and Glenmuck, where they spoiled and invaded the Earl of Huntly's

lands, and killed four gentlemen of the surname of Gordon, among whom was the old Baron of Breaghly, whose death and manner thereof was much lamented, being very aged and much given to hospitality. He was slain by them in his own house, after he had made them good cheer and welcome, never suspecting them, or expecting any such reward for his kindly entertainment, which happened, the first day of November, 1592. In revenge whereof, the Earl of Huntly, having gotten a commission against them, assembled his power and raid into Petty (which was then in the possession of the Clan Chattan), where he wasted and spoiled all the Clan Chattan's lands, and killed divers of them; but, as the Earl of Huntly had returned home from Petty, he was advertised that William Mackintosh, with 800 of Clan Chattan, were spoiling his lands of Cabrich; whereupon Huntly and his uncle, Sir Patrick Gordon of Achindown, with some few horsemen, made speed towards the enemy, desiring the rest of his company to follow him with all possible diligence, knowing that, if once he were within sight of them, they would desist from spoiling the country. Huntly overtook the Clan Chattan before they left the bounds of Cabrich, upon the head of a hill called Steeplegate, where, without staying for the rest of his men, he invaded them with those few he then had; after a sharp conflict he overthrew them, chased them, killed 60 of their ablest men, and hurt William Mackintosh with divers others of his company.

Shortly afterward the Earl of Huntly convened his forces and went the second time into Petty, causing Alexander Gordon of Abergeldie, Huntly's bailie in Badenoch for the time, bring down his Highlandmen of Lochaber, Badenoch, and Strathdown, to meet him at Inverness, desiring him also, in his journey towards Inverness, to direct some men of ClanRanald's into Strathspey and Badenoch, to spoil and waste the laird of Grant and Mackintosh's lands, which was done; and afterward Abergeldie and MacRanald, with the Highlandmen, met Huntly at Inverness, from whence (joining altogether) they invaded Petty, where they wasted, burnt, and spoiled all the rebels' lands and possessions, killed a number of them, and then returned home into their countries.

(To be continued.)

THE STATE OF THE HIGHLANDS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

II.

LAST month the first of these articles was concluded by a reference to the state of the Church of Scotland a hundred years ago, and the small stipends which the ministers received. There was another class—missionaries on the Royal Bounty for the Reformation of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland—who had to endure great hardships for the miserable salary of £25 per annum. For this trifling sum they had to attend punctually at the places appointed for preaching by the Edinburgh Committee, or be discharged from their offices. They had to set out early in the morning, walk for a number of miles, "among almost impassable deserts, frequently under violent winds, rains, snow, or hail. When they come to large waters or ferries, they are at the mercy of the people on the opposite side, and, unless they shall previously agree to give an exorbitant price (especially if the ferrymen happen to be Roman Catholics) in proportion to the inclemency of the weather, and the dangers from the rapidity of the torrents," they must walk round the head of a bay or cross rivers by dangerous fords. When they do arrive in this way at the preaching-station, they find the people, we are told, in the same situation as themselves, "drenched with wet, shivering with cold, and alike exposed to all the inclemencies of weather during the time of service, and on their journey back to their comfortless huts." The missionaries have to endure all this, "sometimes without the benefit of necessary refreshments," and "the very expense of clothes and linens, in such situations, is as inconceivable as insupportable." Mr. Knox then informs us that, while the Protestant Clergy are in this wretched condition, having "neither dwelling-houses nor places to preach in, those of the Catholic persuasion in the Highlands have both, and which are kept in excellent repair."

By the encouragement of the fisheries in the Western Highlands and Islands, immense improvements would be brought about, not only among the people themselves, but the effect, Mr. Knox maintains, would be most advantageous to the whole kingdom, and especially in the equipment of the Royal Navy upon sudden emergencies. He points out that the mercantile fleet was at that time often detained by agreements among coopers and carpenters, while journeymen coopers on the Thames were receiving such high wages as fifteen shillings per day for their labour. The coopers trained in the Western Isles fishings would become feeders to the Royal Navy and the mercantile fleet, and in this way do away with many of the difficulties that then existed. Among other benefits which would arise was curiously "the increase of population, which would give additional force to the centre of the empire, increase the public revenue, and extend the demands for English produce and manufactures." The exports from England to Scotland, we are told, in the course of eighty years, increased thirty-fold, and the money spent by the Scottish nobility and gentlemen in England within the same period increased five-fold.

Let us now accompany Mr. Knox in his journey from Edinburgh through Argyleshire and the Western Isles. In passing through Stirling, he describes the old Castle, which was then used as barracks for a garrison. "The Parliament-House," he says, "is 120 feet in length, and was of a proportionable height. When I first saw this building, the roof was entire; when I saw it a second time, a part of the roof was bare; and in my last journey, the whole roof was demolished. The timbers were of oak, ornamented with carved work, and a great variety of figures, which it would be difficult to explain; as also many inscriptions in a character resembling the Hebrew. I do not find that the Antiquarian Societies at Edinburgh have paid much attention to those ancient remains. Some of the carved figures have, however, been sent to Lord Hailes. The age of the old palace and the Parliament-House is unknown. In the chapel, which is of considerable antiquity, there is a boat that goes upon wheels, designed probably for the amusement of the Royal children. In the same place are kept wooden models of the four principal castles in

Scotland." It would be interesting to find what became of these historic relics. Proceeding westwards, our author arrived at the Castle of Dunstaffnage, where some of the ancient Regalia of Scotland were preserved until the early part of the 18th century, "when they were embezzled by the keeper's servants, during his infirm years, probably for the silver with which the articles were ornamented; and nothing now (1786) remains, excepting a battle-axe, nine feet in length, of beautiful workmanship, and ornamented with silver. Mr. Campbell, the present proprietor of Dunstaffnage, has also in his possession a small ivory image of a monarch sitting in his chair, with a crown on his head, a book in his left hand, and seemingly in a contemplative mood, as if he was preparing to take the coronation oath. His beard is long and venerable; his dress, particularly his robe, edged with fur or ermine, is distinctly represented. This figure was found among the ruins of Dunstaffnage, and, being consequently engraved before the conquest of the Picts, it may be considered as one of the greatest curiosities now in our Island." What has become of this?

Having called at Oban, Mr. Knox proceeded on his way through the Western Isles. Referring to the quantity of grain raised by the inhabitants, he informs us that, of every year's produce of barley, "a third or fourth part is distilled into a spirit called whisky, of which the natives are immoderately fond." Vegetables of the very finest quality could be raised in any quantity. The kail and cabbage were of an exceedingly fine quality, and the turnip was of so delicate a character and so fine in flavour that it was presented raw on gentlemen's tables, along with fruits and wild berries. Potatoes were then grown in large quantities. The Highland beef and mutton were peculiarly fine in the grain, tender and high-flavoured, and the people had any quantity of venison, hare, partridge, solan goose, wild duck, and a great variety of moor-fowl. Copper was found in many places, but not in sufficient quantity to pay the expense of working. Iron-stone abounded in many places, and lead-mines had long been worked with success. Both white and variegated marble was found in many parts of the country, but for various reasons it was found to be of no practical benefit, except that it was used as lime, and, in some cases, built into the walls of cottages! Coal

was also found, but it was not worked with success anywhere, except in the village of Campbelton, where a small quantity was raised for the supply of the district. In Mull the vein was found too thin for working, but it was in contemplation, at the time of Mr. Knox's visit, to open pits on the estates of Dunstaffnage and Clanranald—we have not learned with what success. Our author then describes at length the enormous quantities of fish which were to be found in the Western seas, and he informs us that "turbot, halibut, skate, soles, and flounders" were in such little request among the people that they did not take the trouble to fish for them. Mackerel were also despised. Regarding salmon, he says, "the value of this fish was not known in the Highlands till very lately," and the fishery of it was neglected. Lobsters, oysters, and other shell-fish received no attention whatever. Having detailed at length these and the other sources of wealth which existed in the Western Isles and on the West Coast, as well as the disadvantages of these parts, our author proceeds—"Such are the specific wealth and the specific wants of the Highlands. But as the value of its natural produce, by sea and land, is almost wholly absorbed by the great landholders, and by many of them spent at Edinburgh, London, Bath, and elsewhere; as the people are thus left more or less at the mercy of stewards and tacksmen; the natural resources of the country, instead of a benefit, become a serious misfortune to many improveable districts. Those who, by their education and their knowledge of the world, might diffuse general industry, and raise a colony of subjects, useful to their King, to their country, and to themselves, are the very persons who glean these wilds of the last shilling, and who render the people utterly unqualified for making any effectual exertions in any case whatever." Mr. Knox informs us that, from the County of Argyle alone, above 900 men, all of whom were natives of Campbelton and its neighbourhood, and who had been brought up in the fishing business, carried on by herring-boats from that part, were either enlisted or pressed into the Royal Navy. He then proposes that an Arsenal and a Royal Dockyard, for small squadrons and transports, should be constructed at some place on the West Coast, and he suggests Oban as the place best adapted for that purpose.

The Island of Lismore at that time contained a population of 1500 people, and was so fertile that he says it might be rendered the granary of the West Coast. The Island of Mull had a population of 7000 people, while the rental was £7000 to £8000, the Duke of Argyll drawing £4000 of that sum. The population is now 5229. The Island exported 1500 black cattle at an average of £3 per head, some small horses, and 300 tons of kelp, while 200 deer roamed among its hills, but there were no hares. At this time the village of Tobermory had no existence. The Island of Tiree produced a rich verdure of grass, daisies, "and herbs of a fragrancy that is almost suffocating to those who are not accustomed to it." A fifth part of the Island was pure sand, and this seemed to be extending yearly. A verdant plain of 1100 acres fed 2000 sheep, while the arable lands produced 3000 bolls of grain, mostly barley, "of which 500 bolls might be exported, if there were no stills for whisky" in the Island. The Duke of Argyll drew from it a rental of £1000 per annum.

From the Island of Coll about 400 cattle were exported yearly, the rent of the whole Island being £700 per annum. The population was then 1100. At the last Census it was only 643. The Island of Canna was very fertile, and contained a population of about 200, most of whom were Catholics, as at present. The population in 1881 was only 57. The Island of Rum contained 300 inhabitants, and had excellent grazing for cattle and sheep. The rental was £200. The present population is 89. Muck contained 253 inhabitants, who paid £200 of rent, exclusive of twenty tons of kelp every third year; and, in addition to maintaining all these people, the Island, which was "mostly arable," exported barley, oats, potatoes, and cattle.

From this Island Mr. Knox sailed to Loch-Hourn, where he found every house in the village empty, the whole population having gone to the shealings. He then sailed to Arnisdale, where he received a warm welcome from Mr. Macleod and his lady. Mr. Macleod, he informs us, was eighty-six years of age, while his wife was over seventy. Pennant, who paid a visit to the same old couple, states:—"Before I could utter a denial, three glasses of rum, cordialized with jelly of bilberries, were poured into me

by the irresistible hand of good Madam Macleod." In Mr. Macleod's garden Mr. Knox observed prodigious quantities of apples, pears, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, currants, and excellent vegetables of every description. At Glenelg, which contained a population of 900 people, with a church, manse, and public-house, he was entertained in the Barracks, built in 1722, containing twenty-four apartments, and accommodation for two hundred men, by the commanding-officer and his whole garrison. This commanding-officer, at the time of Mr. Knox's visit, was an old corporal, while his wife comprised the garrison; and the entertainment for the guest was "snuff and whisky!" Describing Kyle Rhea, through which he passed, he says that the tide ran through it at the rate of seven miles an hour, "but at the lowest ebb, this strait is the usual passage where horses and black cattle are swam across between Skye and the mainland; for, though this is the principal passage to that great Island, it is not accommodated with a horse-ferry. When horses are to be taken over, they are pushed off the rock into the water. A small boat with five men attend, four of them holding the halters of a pair on each side of the boat. When black cattle are to cross the Kyle, one is tied by the horn to a boat; a second is tied to the first; and a third to the second; and so on to eight, ten, or twelve."

From among those who frequent the Lochs on the West Coast of Ross-shire, from Greenock, Port-Glasgow, Rothesay, and other ports upon the Clyde, we are told that "the Royal Navy is supplied every war with 3000 men, at the most moderate computation, which number may, with some farther aid, and some farther regulations in the fishery laws, be extended to 10,000 seamen. If to these we add 2000 men for the Fencibles, or the marching regiments, the importance of this County will evidently appear," that is, as a nursery for training these seamen.

After passing through Kyle Rhea, Mr. Knox spent the next night at the house of Mr. Macrae, Ardintoul, after which he proceeded to the house of Mr. Matheson at Attadale. There he met Captain Mackenzie of Applecross, and Captain Jeffries, who had recently returned from the East Indies; and altogether a company of eighteen or twenty sat down to supper. Our author states that for nine miles up the glen, from Strathcarron to

Auchnashellach, was "a populous glen," and that the number of people in Lochcarron, from the entrance of the Loch to the upper end of this glen, was calculated at 1000. "Many years ago," our author proceeds, "the Board of Trustees at Edinburgh purchased several acres of land at the head of the Loch, and sent Mr. Jeffries of Kelso to instruct the inhabitants in spinning, weaving, &c. Many small houses were built, and a number of people were collected together, which gave the place an appearance of a populous, though detached, village. The Trustees built a house and warerooms for Mr. Jeffries; but the design failed, after a great sum of money had been expended in the experiment. This country is, however, greatly indebted to Mr. Jeffries for the example he has shown, and the improvements he has made in agriculture, gardening, draining, planting of trees and hedges. The spot on which he resides, and to which he has given the name of New Kelso, was composed of heath and bog; it is now divided by hedges into square fields, and produces excellent crops, which are beheld with admiration and astonishment by the ignorant neighbourhood. So averse were these people to innovations and to instruction, that Mr. Jeffries was forced to hire soldiers, from the barracks of Bernera, for the purpose of digging, planting, and trenching. Many thousand acres of improveable land still lie buried under a bed of moss, which Mr. Jeffries, or his son, would bring into agriculture, if they had the land upon a lease of two or three lives."

What had been done by Seaforth and Mackenzie of Applecross appears to have made a good impression upon Mr. Knox, and he believes "that nothing on their part will be wanting for the accommodation and relief of a very numerous people." He then relates two incidents which we wish had been followed by Seaforth's successors, and other proprietors in the Highlands. Mr. Knox says, "I heard, while in this neighbourhood, two circumstances respecting these gentlemen (Seaforth and Applecross) that merit particular notice. One of Mr. Jeffries' sons, who manages Seaforth's business, had received some proposals from south country sheep farmers, offering to take all the lands in a certain district upon lease, at double the present rent. Mr. Jeffries communicated these flattering proposals to Seaforth and

desired to know what answer he should return. Seaforth wrote him in very few lines, that 'he neither would let his lands for sheep pasture, nor turn out his people, upon any consideration, or for any rent that could be offered.' The other circumstance relates to Applecross: That gentleman, perceiving the bad policy of servitude in the Highlands, has totally relinquished all his feudal claims upon the labour of his tenants, whom he pays with the strictest regard to justice, at the rate of seven or eight pence for every day employed upon his works."

From Lochcarron Mr. Knox proceeded to Applecross; thence to the Island of Raasay, where he was hospitably received, and where he slept in the same bedroom which had been occupied by Dr. Johnson some years before. The population of the Island was then 700 souls. At that time the Island fed a great number of black cattle, but had "no deer, hares, or rabbits." There are now more rabbits than people!

From Raasay our author proceeded to Portree, where we shall pick him up in the next article. A. M.

(To be continued.)

THE TOWN OF INVERNESS COVENANTING WITH A CLOCK-KEEPER, 1682.

[BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH OF DRUMMOND.]

THE present public clocks in Inverness do not always keep good time, and the same inconvenience came to such a height two hundred and three years ago, that the Magistrates found it necessary to enter into a formal contract on the subject. The document is endorsed, "Condescendence betwixt the Magistrates of Inverness and James Kennedie, Knock Keeper, 1682." In Slezer's view of Inverness, the then steeple is shown looking very small in comparison, as it doubtless was, with the church steeple. Inverness has been famed for the purity of its English since the time of Cromwell, yet here we find the words "knock" and "knock-keeper" applied to clocks and clock-keepers, though these words are not only purely Scottish, but almost provincial. The document is a very curious one, showing the formality with which the transaction was entered into. It would seem no person fitted for the office could be had in Inverness, unless Kennedy had been specially sent to Aberdeen to learn the business. It will be noticed that a dial was to be put upon the steeple. Of old, every house, particularly if a garden were attached, had its dial—a pleasant object. The ordinary class was composed of free-stone, with the buyer's initials and date engrossed. Other dials were beautiful and elaborate, one of the most noted in the neighbourhood of Inverness being that of the Frasers of Fairfield, which now or lately stood on a part of what was once Fairfield land.

Follows the deed referred to :—

"At Inverness, the fifteenth day of February, one thousand six hundred and eighty-two years. It is agreed, and finally ended, betwixt the parties following, to wit :—The Magistrates and Treasurer of the said burgh, under subscribing on the one part, and James Kennedie, knockmaker, indweller for the present at Aberdeen, on the other part, in manner subsequent. That is to say, the said James Kennedie faithfully binds and obliges him to waitt and attend on the Town's Knock of this burgh, and to keep the same in good and right order, both night and day, as becometh ane knock, or horologue, to be, and that he shall not suffer or permit the

said knock to go wrong, either in striking of the hours, or in the right ordering of the hand without. And that he shall not absent himself nor withdraw so far or long therefrom, wherethrow it may be suffered to go wrong in the least degree. And sicklyke, that he shall amend any break thereof when it shall happen (in the burgh charges), so oft as the said knock requires the same. And that for all the days, years, and space of five years next. And immediately following his entry to the said service and attendance, which is hereby declared to be, and begin at the term of Whitsunday next to come, in this present year sixteen hundred and eighty-two years, from thenceforth, the said knock to be faithfully and carefully attended on, in manner above expressed. Sicklike the said James Kennedie binds and obliges him to put up ane sufficient sun-dyell within this burgh on the steeple thereof when required thereto by the said Magistrates, or their successors in office, upon the proper charges and expenses of the said burgh. For which service and attendance during the said space the said Magistrates binds and obliges them and their successors in office to pay and deliver to the said James Kennedie his heirs, executors, or assignees, in name of yearly salary for his said service the sum of ane hundred pounds Scots money yearly, and ilk year during the space above written, at two terms in the year, Whitsunday and Martinmas, by two equal portions, beginning the first term's payment thereof at Martinmas next to come, for the half-year immediately preceding, and so forth yearly and termly thereafter during the foresaid space of five years for all other wages or salary he can ask or crave for the said attendance. And, further, the party failer binds and obliges them and their foresaid's *hinc inde* to other to pay and deliver to the party performer, or willing to obtemper and perform their part of the premises the sum of fifty merks Scots money by and attour the performance thereof. And the said failure is to be yearly for the space above written. And, further, it is hereby provided that the said James Kennedie shall be free of all public impositions, stents, and taxations, during the foresaid space of his attendance within this burgh. And consents these presents be registered in the Books of Council and Session, or any other competent or ordinary register, to have the strength of ane decreet interponed thereto, that all execution necessary pass thereon upon ten days' charge only, constituting their Procurators, &c. In witness whereof they have subscribed these presents, written by David Cuthbert, writer there, at Inverness, day, year, and place foresaid, before these witnesses, David Fouller, late Bailie of Inverness; John Houstoun, merchant there; John Glen, goldsmith there; and the said David Cuthbert, and Alexander Dunbar, younger, merchant there. (Signed), A. Dunbar, Provost; F. Fraser, Bailie, James Stewart, Bailie, George Cuming, Thessaurer, James Kenedy. Signed, Da. Fouller, witnes; A. Dunbar, witnes; Jo. Houstoun, witnes; John Glen, witnes; D. Cuthbert, witnes."

CELTIC MYTHOLOGY AND RELIGION.

[BY ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.]

Inverness: A. & W. MACKENZIE, 1885.

THIS work is mainly a reprint of a series of papers which appeared in the columns of this magazine during 1883-4. The interest which Mr. Macbain's treatment of the subject excited during the serial publication has fully justified him in issuing the series, with some additions, in book form; and, doubtless, many readers will be pleased to have the opportunity of obtaining the work in a complete and handy shape.

The science of Comparative Mythology, itself the offspring of the science of language, is an intellectual product of the 19th century. Previous to the issue of the epoch-making works of Grimm, the German philologist, it can hardly be said that mythology, as a system of fixed principles, however elementary, had any existence. There were four favourite theories in vogue previous to that time—the Scriptural, tracing all myths back to Hebrew records—the Historical, insisting on the former real existence on the earth of all the gods and herds in human shape —the Allegorical, where the sole use of myths was "to point a moral," if they would not, as often happened, "adorn a tale"—and the Physical, which attributed the origin of myths to the adoration of the forces and objects of nature. The new science has proceeded cautiously in seeking for light from all quarters; and, as a consequence of the greater stress laid by independent inquirers on different sources of information, several "schools" have arisen under the common designation of Comparative Mythology. The two leading contingents of the science are respectively headed by Mr. Max Müller, whose inferences are mostly drawn from the study of languages, and by Mr. E. B. Tylor, with his dashing lieutenant, Mr. Andrew Lang, whose inquiries are chiefly directed to savage customs and beliefs and the deciphering of ancient monuments. The myths of every known people have been more

or less fully dealt with, thus placing at the disposal of the Comparative Mythologist a mass of material demanding very rare powers of discrimination and analysis to turn it to proper account. Mr. Macbain has prepared himself for the arduous task of interpreting and arranging the myths of the Celtic race, by an extensive study of the more important works on philology, mythology, and anthropology, which have appeared not only in English, but also in French and German. In a subject teeming, as it does, with such laborious detail, it is only by means of an enthusiasm, begotten by the pursuit of congenial studies, that any one could long sustain the burden of the task which the author set before him. Those who have perused the "Scoto-Celtic Studies" which Mr. Macbain contributed to the *Transactions of the Inverness Gaelic Society* last year, containing excursions in the allied fields of archæology and philology, in which the minute accuracy of the scholar is associated with the generalising faculty of the man of science, will at once pronounce on the singular aptitude he has shown for the competent discussion of Celtic Mythology and Religion—a subject which, so far as its strict scientific treatment is concerned, has barely had its fringes touched by any previous British author. To follow others after a beaten track has been made, is easy enough; but where there are no pioneers to point the way, or only a few, as in this case of foreign origin and alien sympathies, it adds considerably to the difficulties of an undertaking which is intrinsically of a laborious character. One has to read only a few pages of the introduction to this work to find that Mr. Macbain has sworn allegiance to no master; he takes the measure of the two contending schools; and he refuses to be bound to resolve all Celtic myths either into a series of remarks about "the weather" (as Mr. Lang caustically characterises Max Müller's theories), or "to boil them down," under anthropological directions, to such an extent as to take all the poetry out of them and reduce them to a prosaic pulp. But, while dismissing from his mind the prejudices which the avowed adoption of any particular hypothesis would involve, the author holds himself free to allow of the modifications of his conclusions by reference to facts established by the subsequently published investigations of others. His preface bears evidence of this, since he there announces his conversion to Mr. Lang's view of the priority, in certain cases, of

the popular or fairy tale to the religious myth, or, in Mr. Macbain's own felicitous phrase, that the myth is sometimes merely a "sublimated" folk-tale. The French work of M. D'Arbois de Jubainville on the "Irish Mythological Cyde and the Celtic Mythology," issued after the present work was in type, also receives marked recognition, and deservedly so, as the production of the most representative Celtic scholar of France and the Editor of the "Revue Celtique." Under its former editorship (M. Gaidoz), a preliminary paper on Celtic Mythology, by Mr. Macbain, was noticed thus in its review columns, which it may not be out of place to reproduce, as showing the opinion of the author's competency held by one of the first European authorities on Celtic questions:

"A brilliant study by Mr. Alex. Macbain on the Celtic Mythology, its principal characters, and the method it demands. Mr. Macbain follows Max Müller in establishing a distinction between Mythology and Folk-lore. We should have to make some reserves on this question; but this is not the place." ("Revue Celtique," April, 1885.)

As stated in the preface, Mr. Macbain has since seen fit to abandon the distinction animadverted on by the French reviewer.

The author's aim is fourfold. He brings his scholarship to bear on the elucidation of (*a*), the rich treasury of ideas stored in the traditions of the Celtic Race; (*b*), the comparative place held by Celtic beliefs in relation to the whole European religious cycle; (*c*), Druidism cleared from the mist and confusion in which its treatment by many previous writers had enveloped it; and (*d*), the Celtic Olympus, as shown by bringing to a focus the light bearing upon it from many scattered sources. To say that each of their subjects has been exhaustively treated would be at once seen to be at variance with the fact of the present work extending to little more than 100 pages; but the amount of information conveyed is in unusual disproportion to the extent of space covered, while this strict exclusion of diffuseness is not gained by want of attention to clearness of statement and abundance—but not over-abundance—of illustration. As a specimen of Mr. Macbain's concise, yet lucid, style of writing, in which one sentence frequently contains matter that might be readily expanded into pages without even a suggestion of 'padding,' take the following:—"There is no incongruity in at once being philosophic and superstitious; the human mind is very hospitable in its entertainment of quite opposite opinions,

especially in moral and religious matters; for there is a wide difference between theories of the intellect and practices prompted by the emotions." (P. 47.) In his exposition of the general subject of myths, he guards himself well against a failing to which so distinguished a mythologist as Max Müller is prone—the natural desire to push his favourite science beyond its legitimate bounds. Having demonstrated the identity of the origin of both ancient myth and modern science in "man's attempt to interpret his surroundings"—a far-reaching generalisation—Mr. Macbain works out the dependence of myth on (1), language, with regard also to allegory and analogy; and (2), explanations of the names of nations, countries, and places. The application of the solar myth theory to the nursery rhyme of the "four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie," gives a *reductio ad absurdum* to the over-zealous advocates of the utter dependence of myth on language; while the local derivation of the name of the River Ness from the Goddess Nessa, may serve as showing how useful mythology may be in tracing the workings of the minds of the early inhabitants of Scotland in the naming of places or in the popular explanation of these names. The section headed "Spread of Myth," appears to have been written under the preponderating influence of Max Müller's ethnic theories which Mr. Lang has recently shown to be quite inadequate, since similar myths would, naturally, spring up among savages similarly situated. The well-authenticated accounts of travellers among the haunts of present day savages have, in the hands of Tylor, Lang, and others, led to the exhibition of the untenable character of a doctrine which regarded the more prominent myths as the exclusive property of the Aryan nations. From hints in his preface, it may be inferred that this section would require "reconstruction" to bring it into harmony with Mr. Macbain's more recent information.

The exigencies of space forbid anything but the barest outline of that to which the greater part of the volume leads up—the constitution of the Celtic Olympus. The difficulty of treating this subject may be estimated from the fact that there are no native accounts of it. The sources of information, generally "scrappy" and hard to piece together into an intelligible whole, are stray notices of Greek and Roman writers, ancient monuments and inscriptions, names of places (such as the prevalence of Dee,

meaning goddess), and, "last but not least," the old heroic and folk tales, and these principally Irish. The epic literature of Ireland falls into three divisions—the mythological, the Cuchulainn, and the Ossianic. This is the chronological order. The completeness of Irish history, beginning with "the first 'taking' of Ireland by Caesair and her attendants forty days before the flood," has become proverbial. From such sources, Mr. Macbain, who afterwards gives an ingenious and amusing analysis of the "Bardic Tales of Ireland," has exhumed the leading deities of the Celtic race. As with the Greeks and Romans, their gods were believed to have originally colonised the country. So Dagda Mor (the "good god"), is the Gaelic Jove; Manannan, son of Lir, represents Mercury; Luga of the Long Arms (for rays of the sun), Apollo; Bridget, the fire goddess, afterwards utilised, by a common practice, as the Christian St. Bridget, with others, of whom details are given. With such a paucity and obstinacy of material, it is matter for wonder that Mr. Macbain has succeeded so well in this part of his task. His independent agreement, as to general results, with the conclusions of M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, attests the caution with which he has depicted the long-hidden features of the Celtic deities, and thus performed a distinct service to our race, as well as contributed an interesting chapter in comparative mythology. It it to be hoped that his scientific method and philological acquirements will yet find even more fitting scope in the preparation of a work dealing with many relative questions that still remain unsettled in the same line of study.

IMPRESSIONS IN BENDERLOCH.

PERHAPS no district of the West Highlands is more beautiful than that part of Argyleshire between Loch-Creran and Loch-Etive, known as Benderloch—or the hill between the Lochs—so named from the mountainous ridge called Sedaig Hill, or Ben-Lora, which rolls away in broken summits from the steep cliff of Dunvalauree above Ledaig, till it joins the mountains of Glen-Etive. On either side of it is a loch, and in front the salt waves of Loch-Linnhe rush in, fresh with the briny smell of the Atlantic, and clash themselves on the steep rocks of Beregonium, or the shingly shores of Ledaig and Ardmuchnish Bays.

Only seven miles from Oban, and three from the Railway Station of South Connel, our abode in Benderloch, thanks to the famous and much-dreaded Connel Ferry, was as far out of the world as some far-off Isle of the sea-girt Hebrides; and to those who, like ourselves, prefer rest and quietness to a fashionable holiday resort, even to much-belauded, tourist-haunted Oban, Benderloch, owing to the scarcity of lodgings, and the Shian and Connel Ferries, is simply perfect. It is surrounded on all sides by the beautiful hills of Morven and Kingairloch, and in the distance the Glencoe range, and the mountain peaks of Ben-Nevis and Ben-Cruachan, both crowned with snow before we left the district, give grandeur and dignity to the landscape. The neighbourhood is rich in antiquarian remains, and there are delightful walks, hill-climbing, and boating; and in all directions the most wonderful views, with marvellous effects of light and shadow, cloud and sunshine.

Tourists from Oban go to see the famous Falls of Lora, which make Connel Ferry so disagreeable, where the waters of Loch-Etive rush with great force through a narrow passage and over a rocky ridge, some forty-eight feet high, into Loch-Linnhe, and the waters of Loch-Linnhe, with all the force of the returning tide, rush back again into Loch-Etive, the wind-driven waves from the sea loch meeting the falls; and, in certain states of wind and tide, making the ferry at Connel a magnificent mass of broken water and seething foam, but quite impassable for the unlucky traveller.

To return to the tourists, however, the more adventurous of them cross the falls, doubtless to inspect the vitrified fort of Beregonium, but they seldom go further, so Selma and its neighbourhood are absolutely solitary.

As you walk towards Selma from North Connelsun, past the long bleak stretch of Connel Moss, on which so many interesting antiquarian remains have been found, you see Ben-Cruachan on your right, and on your left, beyond Loch-Linnhe, the mountains of Mull and Morven. The first object of interest is Ledaig Post-office, the residence of Mr. John Campbell, the well-known Gaelic poet. Mr. Campbell is a naturalist and a florist as well as a poet, and is learned in all the antiquarian and folk-lore of the district, and we know no pleasanter place to pass a cheery autumn afternoon than the courteous old poet's beautiful garden, under the steep cliff of Dunvalauree. This garden, of which many years ago Mr. Campbell received a grant from the factor, was only so much waste land on the loch shore and the rock face, but the care and industry of the poet and his family have transformed it into a perfect paradise, where many rare plants, most uncommon in out-door gardens in Scotland, come into bloom year after year in perfect health and beauty. Here, we are told by the writer of "Benderloch," ripe strawberries have been found out of doors in the last week of May, and here the poet himself has told us he has gathered a rose on Christmas morning; and certainly, when we saw the Post-office of Sedaig in a wet and stormy September, it was bright with roses and clematis, and a perfect bower of delicate shrubs and scenery.

If you are fortunate enough to make the post-master's acquaintance, and with old-fashioned Highland courtesy he extends a cordial welcome to all, you may go in and see for yourself one of the smallest and quaintest post-offices in Her Majesty's dominions, through which, by the way, we were told by Mr. Campbell there pass a fair number of telegrams, and often as many as a thousaud letters a week, which says something surely for the education and intelligence of the crofters, of whom, for there are few large houses, the sparse and scattered population consists. In his pretty parlour, where the red roses pass in at the windows, the poet has a little library, of which many a wealthier man might be proud, for not a few of his well-chosen books are presentation copies, the authors of which are numbered among his friends. Here he will show you the urn found in the cliff of Dunvalauree, the red agate used as a charm-stone for cattle in more credulous days, and an old weapon of the stone-age which was used till within quite recent times as a charm for the ailments of horses. He has also a very curious charm-stone long applied

to for the cure of human ills; the people, applying for cure of an illness, held the stone in their hands till a damp oily substance oozed from it, and in this, possibly aided by a good deal of credulity, lay its efficacy. It was for generations in a family in the district, whose descendant, imbued no doubt with nineteenth century scepticism, gave it to the poet in exchange for a goodly gift of tobacco! Outside in the garden there is part of a hand quern, and Mr. Campbell also possesses a piece of the old spindle once in use in the district, and some bones and oyster shells from a lake-dwelling found on Connel Moss,

But, to return to the postmaster, in his pretty garden in the cliff on the loch-shore there is a cave, three walls of which are natural rock, and one partly masonry, and partly a growing tree-trunk, and in this he has a curious old table made of a slab of wood, from the trunk of an old tree on which The Bruce is said to have rested after his battle with the followers of Lorne, near Dalmally. The cave is lighted by a window, and through this the waves broke in the memorable storm of November, 1881—and carried out to sea all the furniture of the cave, but fortunately all the things were washed up at various points of the shore, and restored to their places. Churches, in so scattered a district as Benderloch, are of course a long distance away from many of the inhabitants, and so the poet, who has a wonderful natural gift of preaching and teaching, holds a Sunday evening service in his cave every week. The service, which is partly in Gaelic and partly in English, is half a Sunday school and half an address, and is gladly attended by old and young; and anything more solemn or more picturesque than the simple little service in the quaint rock chapel cannot be imagined. But we could spend hours in the poet's garden, so we must pull ourselves up sharp in our stream of gossip, and turn eastwards to Selma to see something of the inhabitants of the district, for without a glance at the people a place is lifeless, and in these days when the crofters are so prominently before the public, even the superficial impression made by them on a passing visitor may have its value.

The village of Selma consists of some half-dozen houses, and has three shops—two general merchants' and a shoemaker's. Old Selma is a picturesque row of fisher cottages, under the shadow of Beregonium, on the Loch shore. It is to be feared Old Selma is more picturesque than comfortable, however, for last winter the sea swept into the cottages one stormy night, destroyed food and furnishings, and forced the inhabitants to run for refuge to the safer and higher houses of New Selma. The Parish Church is some miles away, and the Free Church is two miles off, in the direction of Loch Creran, but the parish clergyman holds some-

times a pleasant and well-attended service in Gaelic and in English in the School-room at Selma.

The people are all crofters, and are simple in their habits, and particularly kindly and courteous in their manners, even the smallest children giving you a friendly nod and smile as you pass.

The cottages are clean and tidy, though small, and most of them have a patch of garden ground. The men, who are sober and industrious, hold crofts, the largest of which is ten acres; at this time of year you see no absolute poverty, but in winter the struggle to make both ends meet is often a very hard one. There is little or no drunkenness, for, though the people are not teetotal, they do not often keep whisky in their houses, and only use it at such times as weddings, funerals, fairs, harvest homes, and New Year's Day, and even on these occasions the fun now-a-days seldom degenerates into licence, a decided improvement on the good old times, when, if all tales are true, festivity was carried to excess, and a West Highland funeral was apt to be as wet as the climate, so unsparing was the allowance of whisky, and so great the thirst of the mourners.

There is no branch of the Land League in Benderloch, but the men take an intelligent interest in politics, and appreciate greatly the boon of the county franchise. They are not discontented, but they tell you plainly that, while crofts are so small and rents so high, it is impossible to provide for their families in comfort, and lay by money for a rainy day. The land is poor, and the grazing for a cow is now nearly double what it was before the Government grant of money for the improvement of Highland estates. At that time we were told the twenty-five years' loan, at the rate of £6 13s. 4d. on capital and interest, naturally raised the rents, until the money was repaid to the landlords, and in many cases, for one reason or another, the rents were never lowered again to the old sum of £3 for a cow's grazing, so that, with no better land, rents are now often twice as high as in the old times. The people also say that were a croft twenty instead of ten acres, and somewhat lower rented, a crofter could keep a few sheep, four cows, and possibly a horse, and have steady work all the year round; whereas now there is a great daal of compulsory idleness, and the milk of two cows is not sufficient to make it worth while to send the dairy produce across the ferry to Oban, the ferries being a great drawback to the crofters of Benderloch. That they must be, indeed, a serious nuisance, we can well prove from personal experience, as, owing to a violent storm, and the strong flow of the falls, we were detained three hours and a-half at North Connel on our homeward journey, and had the pleasure of seeing the train puff off to

the South full in sight, but hopelessly out of reach. Even when crossing was barely possible, it was far from pleasant; and to have taken across a boat-load of farm produce, or of live stock, on such a day would have been out of the question, so that it is easy to see what a serious drawback the Shian and Connel Ferries are to the agriculturists of the district. The want of fences is also a grievance, for horses and cattle often go a great distance across country, trampling and eating the crops as they pass. Kelp is free, and after the September gales it was pretty to see the crofters possessed of horses and carts, bringing up loads of the shining, brown sea-weed for themselves and their friends. Labour is difficult to be had, and each family is usually to be seen at harvest-time picturesquely busy about the cutting and in-gathering of the crops on the croft. A right of common grazing ground on the grass near the shore is included in the rent of the crofts, and a common herd is kept by all the crofters to look after the cows there, and paid among them in money and in food. Ten of them have a horse or sheep, but most of them have two cows and a number of plump pigs and fowls. At the fisher cottages the boats look small to an East Coast eye, and not well suited for rough weather, and unless the fish is taken to Oban during the short tourist season, there is not much sale for it. This year the crops, though late, were fair, but the weather of late September and early October coming just as cutting began, left them in a condition that must mean a most miserable harvest for the poor crofters. The wind and hail ruined both the cut and standing crops, and the rain seemed to threaten disease among the potatoes, which had promised so well.

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THE CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.*

[BY PROVOST MACANDREW.]

WHAT I have undertaken to do to-night is to give some account of the Christian Church as it existed in Scotland in the earliest Christian times, and before it fell under the influence and authority of the Bishop of Rome. The Christianity of Scotland came from Ireland, and at the outset of our enquiry it is necessary to consider when and by whom the Irish were converted. The Roman world became officially Christian about 321, and at that time Britain, up at least to the Southern wall, was a Roman province, and presumably it became Christian as the rest of the Empire did. We know that a Christian Church existed among the provincial Britons at the time the Romans took their departure, and continued to exist among those Britons who were not subdued by the Saxons. But whether the Christianity of the Roman Province extended itself among the unsubdued Caledonians to the North, or among the inhabitants of Ireland, is a matter as to which we have no certain light. About 397, thirteen years before the final abandonment of the province by the Romans, St. Ninian, a bishop of the Britons, built a Church at Whithern, in Galloway, and is said by Bede to have converted the Southern Picts; and the Southern Picts are said by Bede to have been those living

* Read at the opening meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

between the Friths of Forth and Clyde and the Grampian range. Whether Bede is right in this is a matter about which I shall have something to say farther on; but if the Picts to the south of the Grampians were converted by Ninian, they appear soon to have lapsed into paganism. Again there are evidences of a tradition in Ireland that Ninian went to that country and preached Christianity, and he is commemorated there under the name of Monen—the term of endearment "mo" being very frequently prefixed to the names of saints—while, at a later period, the monastery at Whithern, supposed to have been founded by Ninian, was undoubtedly resorted to by Irish ecclesiastics for instruction. Bede states that about 430, Palladius was sent by Celestine, the Roman Pontiff, to the Scots (that is the Irish) that believed, to be their first bishop, and from this it might be inferred that Christianity had made some progress in Ireland before that. In the 8th century there is no doubt the Irish believed that they had been converted by Saint Patrick; and that a saint of this name did go to Ireland about the year 432, and become at least a main instrument in the conversion of the Irish, is beyond doubt. There remains a confession or account of himself by St. Patrick, and a letter by him to Coroticus, the British prince then reigning at Dumbarton, which those competent to judge accept as genuine. From these it appears that he was born in the Roman province of Britain, that his father was a deacon, and also a decurio or "bailie" of a Roman provincial town, that his grandfather was a presbyter, that his father lived in "Bannavern of Tabernia," that in his youth he was carried as a captive to Ireland and remained there for six years, that he then escaped and returned to his parents, and that he afterwards went back to Ireland as a missionary, and in or about his 45th year was ordained a bishop. In his confession he says that he converted many in Ireland who had hitherto worshipped unclean idols, that he had ordained many clerics, and that the sons of the Scoti, and the daughters of princes, were seen to be monks and virgins of Christ. All this seems to be authentic, but it is singular that Bede, while he mentions Palladius, makes no mention of Patrick, and that, when about 100 years after his death, the Irish and Scottish Church came in contact with the Church of Rome, and had to defend

their peculiar customs, they do not appeal to the authority of Patrie. Columbanus, in his controversy with the Clergy of Gaul, does not mention him, nor does Colman of Lindesfarne, in his controversy with Wilfred, in presence of King Oswy, appeal to his authority, and Adamnan only once mentions him incidentally as "Patrinus the Bishop." In the Irish annals there is frequent mention of a saint who is called *Sen*, or old Patrick, and who is said in one place to be the tutor of Patrie, and in another to have been the same as Palladius, and the later lives of St. Patrick are evidently made up of the acts of two distinct persons who are confounded.

It is certain, however, that about the year 432 Christianity was firmly established in Ireland, and it would appear that the type of Church then established did not differ in any respect from the Church in other parts of the Western World. It was a Church with three orders of clergy—bishops, priests, and deacons —and in which the bishops had the rule, if not over distinct districts or dioceses, at least over the churches which they had themselves established. The conversion of the Irish, it will be seen, was almost contemporaneous with the final departure of the Roman Legions from Britain, and with the arrival of the Saxons. Soon after the time of Patrick all intercourse between Ireland and the outer world seems to have ceased for upwards of 100 years, and during this time there grew up in Ireland a Church constituted in a manner entirely different from that founded by Saint Patrick, and exhibiting features which do not appear to have distinguished the Christian Church in any other part of the world at any time. And after this Church had fully developed itself in Ireland, it manifested an extraordinary missionary zeal which lasted for several centuries, and spread its establishments from Iceland to Italy, and covered the continent of Europe with bands of Scottish monks, apt scholars, and eager teachers. It was to this burst of missionary zeal that our ancestors owed their conversion in or about the year 565.

It may be well to consider for a moment what the political condition of Scotland was at this time. About the beginning of the century, Fergus Mor M'Erc, of the Royal Family of the Scots of Dalriada, in Ireland, had led a colony of Scots into Scotland,

and established himself in Argyleshire; his descendants had somewhat extended their dominions, and had crossed the mountain range separating Argyleshire and Perthshire—but about the time of which we now speak, Brude, the King of the Picts, had attacked them and driven them back within that range which from that time formed the boundary of the Scottish Kingdom during the whole time of its existence. The Picts held the whole country north of the Friths of Forth and Clyde; the Welsh or British Kingdom of Strathclyde, extending from Dumbarton to the River Derwent, was maintaining a struggling existence against the Saxons, and Galloway was inhabited by a race of Picts, who remained distinct, and retained the name of Picts, until long after the time of David First. It is usually said that the Picts in Scotland, north of the Friths, were divided into two nations, the Northern and the Southern Picts, and that the mission of St. Columba was to the Northern Picts. I venture to suggest, however, that this is a mistake. The statement rests on the authority of Bede, who, as I have mentioned, says that Ninian converted the Southern Picts. But in Bede's time King Oswy had extended his dominions up to the Grampians, and thus for a time created a division between the Picts subject to his authority, and those beyond the mountains who remained independent, and thus probably misled Bede. He heard or read that Ninian had converted the Southern Picts, and assumed that they were those subject to the Saxons; but I think it is obvious that the Picts, with whom St. Ninian came in contact, were those of Galloway, and they would naturally, in his time, be designated as Southern Picts, as distinguished from the Picts dwelling beyond the Northern Wall. The statement in the Saxon Chronicle is as follows:—

"A. 565. This year Ethelbert succeeded to the kingdom of the Kentish-men, and held it fifty-three years. In his days the holy pope Gregory sent us baptism, that was in the two and thirtieth year of his reign; and Columba, a mass-priest, came to the Picts, and converted them to the faith of Christ; they are dwellers by the northern mountains. And their king gave him the island which is called Ii [Iona]; therein are five hides of land, as men say. There Columba built a monastery, and he was abbat there thirty-seven years, and there he died when he was seventy-two years old. His successors still have the place. The Southern

Picts had been baptised long before: Bishop Ninia, who had been instructed at Rome, had preached baptism to them, whose church and his monastery is at Whitherne, consecrated in the name of St. Martin: there he resteth, with many holy men. Now in Ii there must ever be an abbat, and not a bishop; and all the Scottish bishops ought to be subject to him, because Columba was an abbat and not a bishop.

"A. 565. This year Columba, the presbyter, came from the Scots among the Britons, to instruct the Picts, and he built a monastery in the Island of Hii."

Be this as it may, however, it is quite clear that the Picts never were divided politically into two nations. We have lists of their kings, and they never had more than one king at a time, and there can be no doubt that Brude M'Mailchon, who was converted by Saint Columba, reigned over the whole Pictish race north of the Friths—his seat being at Inverness. His successor appears to have had his capital at Abernethy, and there is some ground for the conjecture that the Pictish kings may have been chosen alternately from two families, the one having its possessions and settlements south of the mountains, and the other north of them, but so far as I have been able to trace, there is no authority for holding that there was any political separation except during the thirty years that the Saxons held dominion up to the Grampians. I think, therefore, that we may safely hold that Saint Columba's mission was to the whole Pictish nation ruled by Brude, as his Church undoubtedly was established among them.

The reason of Saint Columba leaving Ireland is by one tradition said to have been that he was excommunicated, and sentenced to perpetual exile by a Council of the Irish Clergy on account of his having been the cause of the bloody Battle of Cuildreanhne. But this is contradicted by all the facts of the Saint's life—for he repeatedly went from Iona to Ireland, and undoubtedly retained the rule over all the monasteries which he had founded in Ireland, and a most powerful influence in that country till his death. Adamnan mentions, however, that a sentence of excommunication was unjustly passed on him, but that it never took effect, or was recalled at the Council at which it was pronounced. His removal from Ireland, therefore, need not be attributed to any other cause than the missionary zeal which had taken possession of him and his contemporaries at that time; but it may have

had a partly political object, for at that time his kindred, the Scots of Dalriada, were being hard pressed by King Brude; they were Christian, and he may have feared that they would be destroyed, and resolved to make an effort to save them. And it is a fact that from his time for very many years there was peace between the Picts and the Scots.

Whatever the impelling cause, in 565 Saint Columba sailed from Ireland and landed in Iona, and, finding it a suitable place for his purpose, he established there a monastery of monks on the model of that which he and others had previously established in Ireland, having obtained a grant of the island, according to Bede, from Brude, but, according to other accounts, from the King of the Scots of Dalriada. From thence he went to the Court of King Brude, then at Inverness; and he appears soon to have gained him over to the faith, and to have always retained a great influence over him. During the remaining years of his life he seems to have laboured mainly among the Picts, and before his death he had converted the whole nation and established his Church securely among them; and so vigorous was it that, within less than forty years after Columba's death, it undertook the conversion of the Northumbrians, and established a Church among them which existed, under the primacy of Iona, for thirty years, when it retired before the advancing Church of Rome.

As I have said, the Church which developed itself in Ireland, and of which the Scottish Church was long a branch, had certain peculiarities which distinguished it from all other Churches. To state these distinctions in a word, it may be said that the Church was a monastic tribal Church, not subject to the jurisdiction of Bishops.

Monasticism was first introduced from the East, but it was well-known in the Roman Church before the time of St. Patrick, and we have seen that he says that through his means the sons of the Scoti and the daughters of princes became monks and virgins of Christ; but in the Roman Church monasticism was an order within the Church, existing along with a secular clergy, and subject to the jurisdiction of the bishops. In the Church which developed itself in Ireland, and was introduced into Scotland, on the other hand, the whole Church was monastic, and subject to

the jurisdiction, not of bishops, but of abbots, who were not necessarily, and, in point of fact, seldom were bishops, and while the Episcopal Order and the special functions of the Episcopate in the matter of ordination and the celebration of the mass with Pontifical rites, was recognised, the bishop was not a prelate, but a functionary and official of the Church, living as a monk in the monastery, and subject to the abbot. This peculiarity of the Church was for long a battle ground between Presbyterians and Episcopalians, and founding on a passage in Fordun, it was maintained by the advocates of Presbyterianism that the Church of St. Columba was a Presbyterian Church, in something of the sense in which that word is applied to the present Churches in Scotland—but this contention is now exploded. In the sense of equality among the clergy, either in the matter of power or of functions, the Church was entirely different from the Presbyterian Churches. The abbot, although he might be only a presbyter, ruled over the whole community with absolute power. On the other hand, while the bishops had no jurisdiction, they were recognised as a distinct and necessary order of clergy, with certain functions which the presbyter could not assume, and the Church had thus the three orders of clergy, and that regular succession of Bishops, which are looked on by some as essential requisites of a Church. The respect in which St. Columba himself held bishops is shown by an anecdote told by Adamnan as follows :—

"*Of Cronan the Bishop.*—At another time, a stranger from the province of the Munstermen, who, in his humility, did all he could to disguise himself, so that nobody might know that he was a bishop, came to the saint; but his rank could not be hidden from the saint. For next Lord's day, being invited by the saint, as the custom was, to consecrate the Body of Christ, he asked the saint to join him, that, as two priests, they might break the bread of the Lord together. The saint went to the altar accordingly, and, suddenly looking into the stranger's face, thus addressed him:—'Christ bless thee, brother; do thou break the bread alone, according to the Episcopal rite, for I know now that thou art a bishop. Why hast thou disguised thyself so long, and prevented our giving thee the honour we owe to thee?' On hearing the saint's words, the humble stranger was greatly astonished, and adored Christ in His saint, and the bystanders in amazement gave glory to God."

We find too that when a mission was sent to a distance, the leader was ordained a bishop, so that he might be able to ordain local clergy, and in this case the office of abbot and bishop was generally combined. The three abbots who ruled at Lindesfarne, while the Church there was subject to Iona, were ordained bishops at Iona.

The tribal organization of the Church seems to have been a counterpart of the tribal organization of the people among whom it arose. There seems to have been no head of the Irish Church. Each saint bore rule over all the monasteries founded by him, and his disciples, and the abbot of the head monastery succeeded to this jurisdiction. Thus the Abbot of Iona, which had the primacy among the foundations of Columba, ruled over all the monasteries founded by him in Ireland and Scotland, and this continued till the community at Iona was broken up. The monks belonging to the foundations of one saint thus formed an ecclesiastical tribe, and in the same way the monks in each monastery formed a subtribe. There was, too, a regular law of succession to the headship of a monastery. We find mention of lay tribes and monastic tribes in the Brehon laws, and elaborate rules are laid down for the succession to an Abbacy. Thus the succession was first in the tribe of the patron saint, next in the tribe of the land, or to which the land had belonged, next to one of the finé manach, that is, the monastic tribe, or family living in the monastery, next to the anoit Church, next to a dalta Church, next to a compairche Church, next to a neighbouring cill Church, and lastly to a pilgrim. That is, if there was a person in the monastery of the tribe of the patron saint fit to be abbot, he succeeded; if not, then the succession went to one of the tribe from whom the land had been acquired, and if there was no such, then it went to all the others in succession, the Churches mentioned being connected in various degrees with the foundation, the headship of which was vacant. According to this rule, we find that for more than a hundred years the Abbots of Iona were all of the tribe and family from which Columba himself was descended.

The peculiarity which, however, appears to have attracted most attention from the Roman clergy, when the two Churches came in contact in the seventh century, was the time at which the

Scottish clergy celebrated the festival of Easter, and their form of tonsure, and these were for long subjects of contention. The difference in the mode of calculating Easter is easily accounted for, as the Scottish Church adhered to the method which was common to the whole Western Church, previous to 457, when all connection between Britain and Ireland and the Continent ceased; and during the time of isolation a new method of computation was adopted by the Roman Church; but the mode of tonsure is not so easily accounted for. The Columban Monks tonsured the front of the head from ear to ear, while in the Roman Church the crown of the head was tonsured. The former mode of tonsure was that adopted at one time by the Eastern Church, and it may point to some Eastern influence on the Irish Monastic Church at the time of its development.

(To be continued.)

LINES ON GENERAL GORDON.

Tha bratach bhröin an diugh 'n'ar tir
'S tha'n riogh'chd a caoidh gu truagh;
Is gaisgeach tréum n' an cath 's na'm blàr
Foidh ghlais a bhais na shuain.

Bho'n luchairt aird is àillidh dreach,
Gus'n tigh is isle th' ann;
Tha goimh a bhròin an cridh' gach neach
Is caraid caomh air chall.

'Bu ghrad a fhreagair thus' a ghairm
'Nuair dh'iarradh ort dol 'null;
Ach och! mo leòn, bu bhochd do dhiol,
'S cha b'ann a' reir do dhùil.

Is smal air cliù ar riogh'chd gu bràth
Mar dh' fhag iad thu 'san uair,
Ri aghaidh mhiltean naimh leat fein,
Gun chuideachadh sa chruas.

Cha b'ann sa chath, 's cha b'ann sa bhlar,
A fhuair do namh ort buaidh;
Ach foill an ti a fhuair do bhàigh,
'S thug do bhàs mu'n cuairt.

Is iomadh dilleachdan gun treoir,
Is deoraidh bochd is truagh;
Tha caoidh an aon fhear-cuidichidh
An saoghal falamh fuar.

Is dorcha dhuinne rùn an Ti,
A ghairm da riogh'chd thu 'n dràsd;
Tha aobhar aige anns gach ni,
Is bith'mid striochda dha.

Ledaig. JOHN CAMPBELL.

YACHTING AND ELECTIONEERING IN THE HEBRIDES.

I.

HAVING lately had the opportunity of a month's tour in the Hebrides and on the West Coast in a steam yacht, I think that a recital of the journey, with notes of the various places visited, may prove interesting to every reader of this Magazine.

Strome-Ferry was our starting-place proper, and, before fairly launching out upon the account of our trip, I must not forget to mention the ruins of the old Castle upon the north side of Strome Ferry. From the south side they are hardly distinguishable from the grey rock upon which they are perched, so much do they resemble it in appearance. In Mackenzie's *History of the Camerons* we are told that in 1472 Allan Cameron, XIII. of Lochiel became a vassal of Celestine, Lord of Lochalsh, and Constable of his Castle of Strome. On 6th March, 1539, the Castle of Strome, with the lands attached, was granted by James V. to Alexander of Glengarry and Margaret of the Isles, his spouse, in liferent, and Angus, their son and heir-apparent, in fee. In the early part of the seventeenth century, Donald, VIII. of Glengarry, in a skirmish with the Mackenzies of Kintail, took prisoner one Duncan MacIan Mhic Ghillechallum, and incarcerated him in Strome Castle. About a year after this, Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, gathered his forces and laid siege to the Castle, which at first defied all his efforts. An act of carelessness, however, upon the part of the women in the Castle destroyed the hopes of the defenders, and ultimately rendered the fortress an easy prey to the invaders. The women had been out at night for water, and, bringing it in in the dark, they inadvertently poured it into a vat containing the whole store of gunpowder, instead of into the proper water-vat, rendering the powder of course absolutely useless. Duncan MacIan Mhic Ghillechallum, who was still a prisoner in the Castle, heard of the state of

matters next morning, and, looking over the battlements, perceived, to his intense disgust, that the Mackenzies, despairing of being able to take the Castle, were preparing to raise the siege and depart. Seeing his hopes of release thus vanishing, Duncan formed a sudden and bold resolve. Flinging his plaid over the head of the man who stood next him, he jumped over the ramparts on to a large manure-heap just below. Before the Macdonalds had realised what had occurred, Duncan had picked himself up out of the mire, and was running with all his might towards Mackenzie's camp, which he reached in safety, and informed Kintail of the defenceless state to which the Castle had been reduced by the loss of the gunpowder. The chief, highly elated at the welcome news, at once recommenced the siege, and, seeing that the case was hopeless, the Macdonalds thought discretion the better part of valour, and gave up the Castle, on condition of their lives being spared and their being permitted to bring out their baggage. This being granted, the Castle was formally surrendered to Kintail, who blew up the building, of which nothing now remains but the moss-grown walls.

Our yacht was named the *Carlotta*, of 37 tons register. She carried a crew of eight, all told, including the steward, and was very comfortably fitted up, but, as we afterwards found, also very slow. The others on board were—Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., and the writer. We left Strome-Ferry about noon on Saturday, the 5th of September, 1885, and, steaming down Loch-Carron, entered Kyle Akin, "the Strait of Haco." At the entrance to this Strait, in the year 1263, the proud Norwegian King anchored his noble fleet of over a hundred war-galleys, to beard the Scottish Lion in his den, and establish the authority of the Norse Raven over the Western Isles and shores of Albyn. But a few short months and that gallant fleet was scattered and destroyed by the furious tempests that came as it were to protect our land from the invader, whilst Haco, leaving the flower of his golden-haired warriors dead upon the blood-stained field of Largs, sailed to Orkney, and there died broken-hearted—

> "And they buried him in Orkney, and Norsemen never more
> Set sail to harry Scotland, or plunder on her shore."

Upon a large rock jutting out into the Kyle are the ruins of Castle Moil, anciently known as Dunakyne, or Haco's Fort, said to have been erected by a Norwegian Princess for the purpose of levying a toll upon all ships passing through the Strait. She had a strong chain stretched across the Kyle, the ends being attached to iron rings fixed in the rock on either side. The Castle afterwards became a seat of the Clan Mackinnon. It now presents, from certain points of view, a very picturesque appearance, looking as if it had been split in half by some great convulsion.

Passing through the Kyle, where we saw several shoals of herring, we entered Loch-Alsh, and soon after steamed up Loch-Duich, without doubt the most beautiful of our Scottish sea-lochs. The day was lovely, and the shores of the Loch, fringed with wood and clothed with verdure, all reflected in the blue mirror below, presented a charming picture. In the distance towered in magnificent grandeur the snow-crowned mountains of Kintail, with the historic Tullochard, the gathering-peak of the Seaforth Mackenzies, rearing its proud crest to the skies. At the junction of Loch-Duich and Loch-Long, opposite the pretty little village of Dornie, we dropped anchor, and rowed across to inspect the picturesque ruins of Eileandonan Castle, the ancient feudal stronghold of the Mackenzies.

In 1263, after the battle of Largs, Walter Stewart, Earl of Menteith, is said to have built this Castle for the purpose of overawing the Western Islesmen. There is a tradition that Robert the Bruce was sheltered for some time in the Castle by John Mackenzie, II. of Kintail, until the exiled monarch was able again to gather an army and release Scotland from the bonds of the tyrant usurper.

In 1331, "Schyre Thomas," Earl of Moray, and Lord Warden of Scotland, under King David II., sent his "Crownare" or Lieutenant to Eileandonan to prepare the Castle for his reception, and to execute summary justice upon sundry lawbreakers in that part of the country. Wyntoun, in his *Chronicle*, describes the proceedings as follows:—

> "Off hys byddyng (than) alsa fast
> Till Elandonan his Crownare past,
> For till arest mysdoaris thare,

Quhare that mony that tyme ware,
And thare to ger hym purvaid be ;
For thiddyre swne to pass thowcht he.
This Crownare, wyth a cumpany
Off manlyk men, sowcht naroly
Thai mysdoaris here and thare,
That in hys rollys wryttyn ware.
All gat he noucht ; bot fyfty
That fleand ware, (al) wychtly
As (he) ouretuke wyth mekill payne,
Fleand the lauch, thai ware all slayne ;
And the hevyddis off thame all
Were set up apon the wall
Hey (on heycht) on Elandonan,
Agayne the come off the Wardan.
Off that sycht he was rycht blyth ;
And till his court he yhed rycht swyth,
And off the lave that entryde ware
Justyce he dyde evynlyk thare,
Bot hym mystryd noucht (to) call
Thame, that flowryd sa well that wall :
Feware thai ware noucht than fyfty
Hevyddis grynnand rycht wgly."

The spectacle of the fifty human heads, "grinning right ugly," which made the Warden "right blythe," was unhappily not an uncommon one in the "good old days."

In 1452, Euphemia Leslie, Dowager Countess of Ross, who had fallen in love with Alexander Ionraic, VI. of Kintail, sent for him to come to her Court at Dingwall, and there declared to him her passion. Finding, however, that her love was unrequited, she determined to have revenge, and accordingly had Kintail apprehended and lodged in prison. Eileandonan Castle was then under the charge of one named MacAulay, whose orders were not to leave the Castle, nor permit anyone to enter it without receiving Kintail's gold ring as a token. The vengeful Countess managed, by force or fraud, to gain possession of this ring from Mackenzie's page, and she at once sent a gentleman to Eileandonan with it, bearing also the message that Kintail was about to wed the Countess of Ross, and desiring MacAulay to repair to Dingwall forthwith, and leave the Castle in the messenger's hands. MacAulay, on seeing the ring, did not for a moment doubt the truth of the story, and accordingly gave the guardianship of the

castle over to the Countess's emissary, and went to Dingwall, where he found to his astonishment that Kintail was a prisoner instead of a bridegroom. He managed, however, to speak to the captive chief, who told him that his only hope of release was the arrest of the Countess's nephew, Ross of Balnagown. MacAulay, acting on the hint, collected a band of resolute clansmen and apprehended Ross near his own house. A pursuit was organised as soon as the abduction was discovered, but MacAulay, having sent Balnagown away under guard, defeated the pursuers at Bealach-nam-Brog, and proceeded with his men to Kintail. At Glenluing, a few miles from Eileandonan, the Mackenzies came across a band of thirty men sent by the Countess with provisions for the garrison. These men were taken by surprise and speedily secured, the Mackenzies donning their prisoners' tartans and taking the sacks of provisions upon their backs. Thus disguised, they went on to the Castle and gained admission without enquiry, the governor making sure that they were his own friends with the expected supplies. Once fairly inside, the Mackenzies threw down their burdens, drew their weapons, and seized the Governor and all his men, keeping them prisoners until Kintail was exchanged for the Governor and Balnagown.*

In 1539, Donald Gorm Mor Macdonald of Sleat, made a raid upon Eileandonan with fifty large boats, full of men. The sole defenders of the Castle at the time were the governor, his watchman, and Duncan MacGillechriost MacFhionnladh MhicRath. The latter was on the mainland when the Macdonalds arrived, but, noticing the invaders, he returned to the Castle with all his speed, and arrived at the gate in time to kill some of the Islesmen as they were landing. Entering the Castle, Duncan secured the gate with a second bar of iron inside, which resisted all the efforts of Donald Gorm and his followers, who then commenced shooting their arrows through the embrasures. By this means they killed the Governor, and the Castle was then only occupied by Duncan and the watchman, their ammunition being reduced to one barbed arrow. Donald Gorm came ashore at this stage, and was walking round the Castle endeavouring to discover a weak point

* *History of the Clan Mackenzie.*

for an escalade, when Duncan's well-aimed shaft penetrated his foot. Not noticing that it was a barbed arrow, Donald Gorm wrenched it out, and in so doing severed the main artery. It was found impossible to arrest the bleeding, and his men conveyed the Island chief to a sand-bank some distance away, where he soon breathed his last.

In 1550, the Castle was the scene of a cruel murder, when John Glassich Mackenzie, II. of Gairloch, was imprisoned in it, and poisoned by the wife of the Constable. This, it is said, was done by order of Kenneth, X. of Kintail.

During the Jacobite rising of 1715, Eileandonan was taken by the Government troops, but it was retaken by stratagem shortly before the Battle of Sheriffmuir. The incident is thus described: —"A neighbouring tenant applied to the Governor for some of the garrison to cut his corn, as he feared, from the appearance of the sky and the croaking of the ravens, that a heavy storm was impending, and that nothing but a sudden separation of his crop from the ground could save his family from starvation. The Governor readily yielded to his solicitations, and sent the garrison of Government soldiers then in the Castle to his aid, who, on their return, discovered the ruse too late; for the Kintail men were by this time reaping the spoils, and had taken possession of the Castle." Before the Kintailmen left to shed their blood for the Stuarts on Sheriffmuir, they had a farewell dance on the leaden roof of Eileandonan Castle. In 1719, after the battle of Glenshiel, General Wightman sent a detachment of soldiers, with orders to have it blown up. This command was carried out, and now the famous fortress presents only a picturesque ruin.

It was with mixed feelings that I wandered about through the ruins, now finding myself on the brink of a black precipice descending sheer into the sea, and now catching, through some loop-hole, a delightful glimpse of the beautiful scenery around. Feelings of regret for the magnificent race of men who once tenanted those deserted chambers, were mingled with feelings of thankfulness that I did not live in times when deeds of blood were of everyday occurrence, and when troublesome friends or enemies were quietly put out of the way by the dagger or the poison-cup, and their bodies thrown into the sea, or buried in some out-of-the-

way corner without requiem or coronach. Down in the still depths beneath I could see great fragments of masonry which had been hurled downwards by the force of the explosion which had demolished the Castle. In one octagonal tower I came across a black, dismal-looking well, some four feet in diameter. The green slime lay thick upon the inky water, and I must confess to an eerie feeling creeping over me as I cautiously approached the shelving and slippery brink. I was afterwards told that the water was not very deep, the well having been almost filled up some five years ago, but the appearance of it at the time of my visit gave one the idea of great depth. When cleared out, an old iron gate and two small brass cannon were found at the bottom of this well. The cannon would appear to have been fastened into the top of the wall by a pin underneath them.

Leaving the Castle, we rowed about three miles up Loch-Long, an offshoot of Loch-Duich. In no part is this Loch more than a quarter of a mile broad, and the entrance is too shallow at most states of the tide for vessels of any burden to pass through. The scenery at first is tame, but, as you proceed, each bend of the Loch reveals fresh beauties, and, towards the head, the shores almost rival those of Loch-Duich itself. After feasting our eyes upon the scene for some time, we returned to the yacht, weighed anchor, and steamed up to near the head of Loch-Duich, anchoring a short distance past Inverinate House, then the residence of Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey. At this spot we were to remain at anchor until Monday morning. Our cook was a very good piper, and, shortly after dusk, as we were at dinner, he commenced playing on deck. As the last notes of "Corn rigs and barley rigs" died away on the still night-air, we were astonished to hear a loud outburst of cheering from the shore, mingled with repeated cries of "*tuilleadh, tuilleadh*"—more, more. It was too dark to distinguish anything on shore, but from the voices we conjectured that the sound of the bagpipes on board the yacht had attracted a considerable number of the natives to the spot. The musician was greatly flattered at this unexpected tribute to his genius, and, after playing a few more tunes on board, he, with some of the other men, slipped quietly ashore and inaugurated a dance in a cottage, which lasted till the advent of the Sabbath put an end to the festivities.

Late in the evening, Sir Thomas Brassey's well-known yacht, the *Sunbeam*, fresh from the famous Norwegian trip, steamed up the Loch, and anchored two or three hundred yards away from us.

Next day Lady Brassey invited me to look over the *Sunbeam*, an offer of which I gladly availed myself. The *Sunbeam* is quite a floating palace, fitted up in the most luxurious manner. Her many saloons and sleeping-cabins are marvels of elegance and comfort, while the taste of Lady Brassey is displayed in the numberless pictures and curios which adorn the walls and tables in the different apartments. On deck, as below, everything is the perfection of neatness and tidiness. The funnel, when not in use, comes back upon a hinge, and lies horizontally upon the deck. The sides of the vessel are painted white. The crew numbers twenty-seven, and the yacht carries six boats.

The country around Loch-Duich is full of interesting and historical associations. Morvich, at the head of the Loch, was the scene of the famous "Pet Lamb's" depredations upon Winans' great deer forest. The animal which caused such a sensation throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and America, is, we believe, still alive, and is permitted elsewhere to wander about according to the dictates of its own sweet will. Opening up from the head of the Loch is Glenshiel, the scene of the Spanish Invasion of 1719, and of the famous battle at which the invaders were defeated by the Government troops under General Wightman.

In May, 1778, Kenneth Mackenzie, XIX. of Kintail, in return for the restoration, by George III., of the titles of Earl of Seaforth, Viscount Fortrose, and Baron Ardelve, raised a regiment of 1130 men for His Majesty's service. Five hundred of these were raised from among his own immediate vassals, and about four hundred from the estates of the Mackenzies of Scatwell, Kilcoy, Applecross, and Redcastle. Some gentlemen from the South, to whom Seaforth gave commissions in the regiment, brought with them about two hundred men, of whom forty-three were English and Irish. The Macraes of Kintail, who were ever faithful and devoted followers of the Seaforth family, were so numerous in the regiment that it was known more by their name than by that of the Mackenzies themselves. This corps, in June, 1778, was inspected at Elgin by General Skene, and then

embodied under the name of Seaforth's Highlanders, or the 78th Regiment. It is now the 72nd, and considered to be one of the finest regiments in the British Army.

When William, fifth Earl of Seaforth, was obliged to remain in France for several years for his complicity in the Rising of 1715, the rents of his lands were regularly collected and sent to him by a faithful steward, named Murchison. This man was able, with the aid of Seaforth's clansmen, to keep possession of the Earl's forfeited estates until they were restored to his Lordship in 1726. The tenantry are said to have sent their exiled Chief various gifts in proportion to their circumstances. One year Murchison remitted no less than £800 of rent to his master in France, while at the same time the tenantry paid another rent to the Commissioners of the forfeited estates.

These things happened in Kintail's palmy days, when a clannish feeling of attachment bound the heart of landlord and tenant—or rather chief and clansman—together; when deer forests and "irrepressible Americans" were unknown in the Highlands; when the people possessed their lands without fear of summary eviction; and when the land yielded sufficient to pay the rent, to furnish a gift to an exiled landlord, and to support the tenant and his family in ease and comfort. Alas! those days are gone! In 1831, the population of the parish of Kintail was 1240; in 1841, it had decreased to 1186; in 1851, to 1009; and in 1881, to 688. These figures need no comment—they tell their own sad tale. The parish which in 1778 turned out 500 able-bodied Highlanders for the service of their King and country, could not now turn out 100! The avarice of grasping and degenerate chiefs has worked the ruin of the people who were the means of making them chiefs, and the spots, where hundreds of happy and contented people once spent their peaceful lives, are now preserves for deer and pastures for sheep! No human foot, save that of the sportsman, the gillie, and the shepherd, is permitted to intrude upon the vast desolations which are the curse and disgrace of our land; but the time is coming, slowly but no less surely, when the land will once more be the people's; when wild animals will no longer be deemed of more account than men; and when a retributive Justice shall have swept the

present system of landlordism off the face of a country which it has brought to the verge of utter ruin.

HECTOR ROSE MACKENZIE.

(To be continued.)

ETYMOLOGY OF DUMBARTON.

DUMBARTON has always been said to mean the Fort of the Britons. George Chalmers *(Caledonia)*, Isaac Taylor *(Words and Places)*, James A. Robertson *(Gaelic Topography)*, and others, refer to this way of explaining the name, and do not suggest any other. Some years ago there occurred to me another explanation, which is now offered for the consideration of the reader. I have not seen it in print, and I have not heard it mentioned in conversation. I have gone past Dumbarton five times; once I was in the town for an hour, but I had not time to visit the Rock. The Rock rises to the height of 206 feet. Towards the top it is cleft into two summits, of which one is higher than the other; it is somewhat like a mitre; the cleft begins about half way up the Rock, so that the gap or fissure measures about one hundred feet from its commencement to the top of the higher summit. The Gaelic *bearn* means a notch, a gap; the verb *bearn* is to notch; *bearnta* is notched. Perhaps it was called Dunbearn, the Hill of the Notch, or Dunbearnta, the Notched Hill. The houses which afterwards were built near its foot were called Dunbearnta-ton; shortened and softened into Dunbarton. The hill gave its name to the town, and then the town gave its name to the hill. Before *b* the *n* was changed to *m*. The Celt has a very quick eye for natural objects, and looking at the pinnacle-shaped hill, cleft from above downwards for one hundred feet, leaving a gap which is, perhaps, fifty or sixty feet wide at the top, he could hardly avoid calling it Dun (hill), Bearnta (notched). Was the name given by Gaelic Celts or by Kymric Celts? On looking at Price's English-Welsh Dictionary (1857), I find that gap, or cleft, or notch, is not represented in Welsh by *bearn* or any word like it. Assuming that the name referred to the gap, it has been given by the Gaelic race. The usual readers of the *Celtic Magazine* are not likely to grumble at space being given to antiquarian matters, but perhaps some stranger may glance at this page and ask what is the use of troubling about things belonging to the long ago. I answer him in the words of Mr. Gladstone:—"It is a degradation to man to be reduced to the life of the present. He will never put forth his hopes, his views, and his efforts towards the future, with due effect and energy, unless, at the same time, he prizes, and holds fondly clasped to his heart, the recollections of the past." (Address to the Edinburgh Town Council, November, 1885, on handing over to their care the market cross, which he had rebuilt.) It is, perhaps, a little strange that they who named the hill did not call it Craig-bearnta. The word *bearn* is met with in Craigie-barns, a hill near Dunkeld; also in Pyrenees. I do not wish to be thought very positive, but my private opinion is that Dumbarton has nothing to do with the Britons, but that it is the town near the hill with the cleft top. I apologise for making this note so long, but it is not every day that a person has the chance of pointing out a mistake that has been believed in for a thousand years, from the time of the venerable Bede even unto this day.

Devonport, Devon. THOMAS STRATTON, M.D. (Edin.)

THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

(Continued.)

THE TROUBLES BETWEEN THE EARLS OF HUNTLY AND MORAY.

WHILST the North of Scotland was thus in a combustion, the Spanish Blanks were discovered, and Mr. George Carr, Doctor of the Laws, was apprehended in the Isle of Cumbrae, and brought back to Edinburgh, 1592. Afterward, the year of God, 1594, the Popish Earls, Angus, Huntly, and Errol, were, at the earnest suit of the Queen of England's ambassador, forfeited at a Parliament held at Edinburgh the penult of May, 1594. Then was the King moved to make the Earl of Argyll, his Majesty's Lieutenant in the North of Scotland, to invade the Earls of Huntly and Errol. Argyll, being glad of this employment (having received money from the Queen of England for this purpose), makes great preparation for the journey, and addresses himself quickly forward; thinking thereby to have a good occasion to revenge his brother-in-law, the Earl of Moray's death; so on he went, with full assurance of a certain victory, accompanied with the Earl of Tullibardine, Sir Lachlan Maclean, and divers Islanders, Mackintosh, Grant, and Clan Gregor, Macneill of Barra, with all their friends and dependers, together with the whole surname of Campbell, with sundry others, whom either greediness of prey or malice against the Gordons, had thrust forward in that expedition; in all, above 10,000 men. And, coming through all the mountainous countries of that part of Scotland, they arrived at Ruthven of Badenoch, the 27th of September, the year 1594, which house they besieged, because it appertained to Huntly; but it was so well defended by the Clan Pherson (Huntly's servants) that Argyll was forced to give over the siege and to address himself towards the Lowlands; where the Lord Forbes, with his kin, the Frasers, the Dunbars, the Clan Kenzie, the Irvines, the Ogilvies,

the Leslies, the Munroes, and divers other surnames of the North, should have met him as the King's Lieutenant, and so join with his forces against Huntly.

Argyll came thus forward to Drummin, in Strathdown, and encamped hard thereby, the 2nd of October. Huntly and Errol, hearing of this great preparation made against them, lacked neither courage nor resolution; they assemble all such as would follow them and their fortune in this extremity. Errol came unto the Earl of Huntly to Strathbogie with 100 or 120 of resolute gentlemen; and so, having there joined with Huntly's forces, they march forward from thence to Carnburgh, and then to Achindown, with 1500 horsemen, the 3rd of October; parting from Achindown, Huntly sent Captain Thomas Carr and some of the family of Tillieboudie (Gordon), to spy the fields and view the enemy. These gentlemen, meeting by chance with Argyll's spies, killed them all, except one whom they saved and examined, and by him understood that Argyll was at hand. This accident much encouraged the Earl of Huntly's men, taking this as a presage of an ensuing victory; whereupon Huntly and Errol do resolve to fight with Argyll before he should join with the Lord Forbes and the rest of his forces; so they march towards the enemy, who, by this time, was at Glenlivet, in the mountains of Strathavon.

The Earl of Argyll, understanding that Huntly was at hand, who (as he believed) durst not show his countenance against such an army, he was somewhat astonished, and would gladly have delayed the battle until he had met with the Lord Forbes; but, perceiving them to draw near, and trusting to his great number, he began to order his battle, and to encourage his people with the hope of prey, and the enemy's small forces to resist them. He gave the commandment and leading of his vanguard to Sir Lachlan Maclean and to Achinbreck, which did consist of 4000 men, whereof 2000 men were hagbutters. Argyll himself and Tullibardine followed with all the rest of the army. The Earl of Errol and Sir Patrick Gordon of Achindown, accompanied with the Laird of Gight, Bonnietoun Wood, and Captain Carr, led the Earl of Huntly's vanguard, which consisted of 300 gentlemen; Huntly followed them with the rest of his company,

having the Laird of Cluny (Gordon), upon his right hand, and Abergeldie upon the left hand; and, as he began to march forward, he encouraged his men, shewing them that there was no remedy, but either to obtain the victory, or to die with their weapons in their hands, in defence of whatsoever they held dearest in this world. Argyll, his army being all footmen, and assailed, had the advantage of the ground; for they were arrayed in battle upon the top of a steep, rough, and craggy mountain, at the descent whereof the ground was foggy, mossy, and full of peat-pots, exceeding dangerous for horse. Huntly's forces consisted all in horsemen, and were constrained to ride first through the mossy ground at the foot of the hill, and then to ride up against that heathy, rough mountain, to pursue the enemy, who did there attend them. Before that Errol and Achindown gave the first charge, Huntly caused Captain Andrew Grey (now Colonel of the English and Scottish in Bohemia) to shoot three field-pieces of ordnance at the enemy, which bred a confused tumult among them, by the slaughter of MacNeill of Barra, an Islander, and one of the most valiant men of that party. Huntly's vanguard, seeing the enemy disordered, presently gave the charge; the Earl of Errol, with the most part of the vanguard, turned their sides towards the enemy, and so went a little about, directly towards Argyll, leaving Maclean and the vanguard upon their left hand, being forced thereto by the steepness of the hill, and the thick shot of the enemy; but Achindown, with the rest of his company, did gallop up against the hill towards Maclean; so that Achindown himself was the first man that invaded the enemy, and the first that was slain by them, having lost himself by his too much forwardness. The fight was cruel and furious for a while. Achindown's servants and followers, perceiving their master fall, raged among their enemies, as if they had resolved to revenge his death, and to accompany him in dying. Maclean, again playing the part of a good commander, compassed Huntly's vanguard, and enclosed them betwixt him and Argyll, having engaged themselves so far that now there was no hope of retreat; so that they were in danger to be all cut to pieces, if Huntly had not come speedily to their support, where he was in great danger of his life, his horse being slain under him; but being presently horsed again

by Invermarkie, he rushed in among the enemies. Thus the battle was again renewed with great fury, and continued two hours. In end, Argyll with his main battle began to decline, and then to flee apace, leaving Maclean still fighting in the field; who, seeing himself thus destitute of succours, and his men either fled or slain, retired in good order with the small company he had about him, and saved himself by flight; having behaved himself in the battle, not only like a good commander, but also like a valiant soldier. Huntly and his horsemen followed the chase beyond the brook of Aldchonlihan, killing the enemies, till the steepness of the next mountains did stay them, being inaccessible for horsemen. Argyll's ensign was found in the place of battle, and brought back with them to Strathbogie. The Earl of Argyll lost in this battle his two cousins, Archibald Campbell of Lochnell, and his brother, James Campbell, with divers of Achinbreck's friends, MacNeill of Barra, and 700 common soldiers. Neither was the victory very pleasing to the Earl of Huntly, for, besides that the Earl of Errol, the Laird of Gight, and the most part of all his company were hurt and wounded, Sir Patrick Gordon of Achindown, his uncle, a wise, valiant, and resolute knight, with 14 others, were there slain. All their hurt men were carried that night to Achindown, where most part of them stayed until they were recovered. This battle was fought on Thursday, the 3rd day of October, 1594.

The Lord Forbes, the lairds of Buchan and Drum, assembled all their friends and followers, with intention to join with Argyll; but, hearing of his overthrow, they conclude to join with the Dunbars, and the rest of the forces coming from the provinces of Moray and Ross, and so to invade the Gordons when they came from the battle, thinking it now an easy matter to overthrow them, and to revenge old quarrels. To this effect the whole surname of Forbes, with most part of the Leslies and the Irvines, met at Druminour (the Lord Forbes's dwelling) and so went on, thinking to overtake Argyll, and to cause him return and renew the battle against the Gordons and their partakers; but, as they marched forward, a gentleman called Irvine was killed with the shot of a pistol, in the dark of the night, hard by the Lord Forbes, the author of which shot was never yet known until this day; for

presently all their pistols were searched and found to be full. This unexpected accident bred such a confusion and amazement in the minds of the Forbeses and their followers, being now all afraid of one another, that they dissolved their companies, and returned home. The rest of the clans in the North, such as the Dunbars, the Frasers, the Munroes, and the Clan Kenzie, being convened at Forres in Moray, were stayed by the policy of Dunbar of Moyness, who was then tutor to the Sheriff of Moray, and favoured the Earl of Huntly, Sir Patrick Gordon of Achindown having married his mother.

Whilst the Earl of Argyll was thus employed against Huntly, the King came to Dundee, where he expected the issue of that battle; which, when he had heard, His Majesty took journey north toward Strathbogie. In this voyage His Majesty, by the instigation of Huntly and Errol's greatest enemies, permitted (though unwillingly) divers houses to be thrown down, such as the house of Strathbogie, which appertained to Huntly, the house of Slaines, in Buchan, appertaining to the Earl of Errol, the house of Culsamond, in Garioch, appertaining to the Laird of Newton Gordon, the house of Bagays, in Angus, appertaining to Sir Walter Lindsay, and the house of Craig, in Angus, appertaining to Sir John Ogilvy, son to the Lord Ogilvy. In this meantime that the King was at Strathbogie, the Earl of Huntly, with divers of his friends, went into Sutherland and Caithness; and, when His Majesty returned into Edinburgh, Huntly left the Kingdom, and travelled through Germany, France, and Flanders; having stayed abroad one year and five months, he was recalled again by the King; and, at his return, both he, Angus, and Errol were again restored to their former honours and dignities, at a Parliament held in Edinburgh in November, 1597; and further, His Majesty honoured the Earl of Huntly with the honour of Marquis, the year 1599. All quarrels betwixt him and the Earls of Argyll and Moray were taken away by the marriage of Argyll's eldest daughter, to George, Lord Gordon, Huntly's eldest son, and by the marriage of Lady Anne Gordon, Huntly's daughter, to James, Earl of Moray, son to him that was slain at Dunibristle.

(To be continued.)

ST. KILDA.

III.

THE moral character of the St. Kildeans has always been high. In 1758, when Mr. MacAulay visited the Island, he found the people simple, hospitable, polite, and untainted with vice. He saw no cases of drunkenness during his stay, but he noticed that the men were excessively fond of tobacco, for which they would barter away their cows, sheep, grain, and feathers. Swearing and theft were unknown when Martin visited St. Kilda. The children were baptised by the steward or his deputy. The first illegitimate birth in the Island occurred in 1862, and since then only two other cases have been recorded. Towards the end of the 17th century, one of the natives, named Roderick, practised an impious but well-executed imposition upon his fellow-islanders. This man, who pretended to have been sent by John the Baptist to rule over St. Kilda, kept up the deception for some years, but was at length exposed, disgraced, and banished, after committing many shameful crimes under the cloak of religion, by the steward, Mr. Martin, and the Rev. John Campbell, minister of Harris.

From the time of the Rev. Mr. Buchan's instalment as minister of St. Kilda in 1705, there has been almost a continuous succession of ministers until now. The present incumbent, the Rev. John Mackay, has held his lonely post since October, 1865. Since the year after the Disruption, the Free Church have taken charge of St. Kilda, and it is said that the Sustentation Fund is augmented by £10 every year from this little Island congregation.

An incidental reference to the building called the Staller's House was made last month. This curious erection is of very doubtful origin, some alleging it to have been the work of a devout hermit; others that of a bold man who headed an insurrection against the steward of St. Kilda, and, possessing himself of the Island of Boreray, built upon it this habitation for himself

and his accomplices. The building is about eighteen feet high, and so contrived as to be almost invisible from most points of view, its top being nearly level with the surface of the earth around it. The base is circular, each successive tier of stones being smaller than the one below it, until the orifice at the top admits of being covered with a single stone. In the middle of the building was a large hearth, and round the inside wall there was formed a paved seat, capable of holding sixteen people. There were also four stone beds in the thickness of the wall, to each of which there was a separate entry from the outside. The roof of the house fell in many years ago, and has never been replaced.

Some of the older writers upon St. Kilda refer to an old fort which stood upon the Island which forms the southern side of the Bay of St. Kilda. This building was called Dun-Fhir-Bholg. It consisted of large, nearly square, stones, neatly put together with a knowledge of masonry not found among the St. Kildeans at the time of Mr. MacAulay's visit. In 1758 there were three chapels in St. Kilda, one dedicated to Christ, one to St. Columba, and the other to St. Brendan. They were all built of stone, and, at the time of Mr. MacAulay's visit, were in fairly good preservation. Not a vestige of them now remains.

The St. Kildeans observed six holidays annually. These were the feasts of Sts. Columba and Brendan, Christmas, New Year's day, Easter, and Michaelmas. On the two first-mentioned days, according to Mr. MacAulay, all the milk in the island was delivered up to the steward or his deputy, who thereupon divided it equally and impartially between every man, woman, and child in the Island. On Christmas and New Year's day, the St. Kildeans ate the best food they could afford, drank liberally, and danced with great vigour. Easter was observed in a solemn and quiet manner, while Michaelmas was a sort of Derby-day. On that day a procession was formed on the shore, all the people who had horses being mounted, without saddle or bridle, except a wisp of straw to guide the horse's head. The procession went as far as the houses, when the horses returned to the shore for those people who had been left behind, and this went on until everyone in the Island had taken part in the proceedings. It was also the

custom at this festival to prepare in each family a large loaf of bread, which was dedicated to St. Michael, and divided among the members of the family.

Mr. MacAulay mentions a large, square, white stone, on the face of a hill between the village and the north-west side of the Island, on which the inhabitants used to pour libations of milk every Sunday to a deity called Gruagach. A little above this stone was a small green plain, where the St. Kildeans used to pray for blessings upon their cattle, and where they used to sanctify them with salt, water, and fire, when removing them from one grazing to another. Below this plain there was another one of much the same character, which the people would never convert into arable ground, believing it to be the chosen abode of some divinity, whose name they had forgotten, and that any attempt to disturb it would at once be punished by the loss of their boat, or some other heavy calamity. Sacrifices were offered to the God of the Seasons upon an eminence called Mullach-geal. In a glen on the north-west side of the Island there existed a stone house, called Airidh-mhor, which was said to have been the dwelling of a renowned Amazon or female warrior. The building was very similar in form to the Staller's house, but was not so large. It has now almost entirely disappeared.

Martin mentions two curious taxes which were levied in St. Kilda in his time. The first of these was called the pot-penny. Each family possessed an iron pot, and, when a party of the Islanders went away upon any expedition, they took with them one of these pots, the owner of which received a small tax from every family in the Island. The other tax was the fire-penny, which was levied by the possessor of the only flint and steel in St. Kilda, whenever any of his neighbours required the use of these articles. Martin, however, pointed out to the people that fire could be obtained from the rock-crystals upon the sea-shore, and from that time the tax was evaded, and fire obtained from these crystals by any man who required it, without his being obliged to go to the owner of the flint and steel for it.

The present inhabitants of St. Kilda are representatives of the Clans Macqueen, MacCrimmon, Macdonald, Mackinnon, Ferguson, and Gillies. Constant intermarriage has naturally led to a

deterioration of the race, and, though outwardly strong and healthy looking, the St. Kildeans are exceedingly liable to rheumatism. Their wants are few. They strongly feel the absence of any doctor, and of a schoolmaster who can teach English as well as Gaelic. Add to this a substantial pier, and a strong boat, and you have the sum total of the primitive St. Kildeans' wants and wishes. We hope that ere long these wishes may be gratified, and that, to quote the proprietor's own words, he will "treat exceptionally these lonely people, surrounded as they are by the melancholy main," and endeavour to alleviate the hardships of their position, by granting their modest and well-founded demands.

As an instance of the almost complete want of communication between St. Kilda and the outer world until very lately, it is related that for three years after the death of King William, the worthy pastor of St. Kilda continued to pray for him every Sunday, until he accidentally heard of the monarch's decease!

We must now bid farewell to St. Kilda, and, in doing so, trust that this little sketch of its people and their habits will awake in the reader's breast a new-born interest in that lonely storm-dashed Atlantic Isle, where the people form a little commonwealth of their own, undisturbed by the doings of the great outside world, while around them,

> "—— wind and wave and sea birds' cry,
> With wassail sound in concert vie."

H. R. M.

THE late Rev. Dr. Macdonald of Ferrintosh visited St. Kilda in the year 1822. He went one day, when there, to see a well which had the reputation of possessing some remarkable virtue. The Rev. gentleman had for his guide a little boy, of the name of Donald Mackinnon, who afterwards left his lonely native island,

and for some time resided in the parish of which the "Apostle of the North" was pastor. But Donald ultimately settled in the Isle of Harris, where he resided in 1875. On nearing the well, the minister heard some peculiar sound, and, on asking his guide what it was, the latter replied, "It's the noise of the water of the 'Well of Virtue' gushing out of the rock." On reaching the well, the minister drank heartily of its cooling water. "And at length," says Mackinnon, "he asked me the name of the well; for he seemed to have forgotten it, and I told him that it was called the 'Well of Virtue.' He then took a book out of his pocket, and began to write something in it. I did not know then what he was doing, for I knew nothing of writing, as I had never seen any; and, thinking that the holy man was going to do me some bodily harm, I ran home to my father's house in great terror, and hid myself under a bed. But the blessed man's thoughts were at that time taken up with quite a different theme—he was composing a song, and a very long one it was. The following verses are all I remember of it. As to how long I remained under my father's bed I cannot tell, but one thing I do remember, namely, that it was with great coaxing the minister and my father induced me to leave my hiding-place." The song was composed to the well-known Gaelic air, "Mairi Bhan Og," and called "Tobair nam Buadh." The above, as well as the three stanzas of the song referred to, I took down from Mackinnon's mouth some twenty years ago, and I now send the whole as a contribution to H. R. M. to complete his notes on St. Kilda.

'S tu Tobar nam Buadh tha shuas 's ghleannan,
'S neo thruaillidh fallain do stor;
Chuala mi d'fhuaim mas d'fhuair mi faisg ort,
'S gur fuaran gasd' thu tha beo.
Sruthadh bho chearnaidh ard tha creagach,
Do lan co-fhreagar gach uair;
'S mar rinneadh le cach, le'm laimh bheir mis ort
Mar ainm "Sàr uisge uam Buadh."
'S tu 'n tobar tha fiorghlan, aotram, soillear,
Gun aon ni foilleil fo d' ghruaidh,
Tha sìr shruthadh sios gu fial o chruinnich
Am fearrann air thus o'n chuan,
Gun rodadh, gun traoghadh, a ghna ro mhilis,
A ghna cuir thairis gach uair;

'S mur tig ort crith-thalmhain 'sgealbas creagan,
Cha 'n fhalbh thu 'm feasd gu la luain.

Ged tha thu 'n gleann fàsail, cail-eigin folaicht',
A'n ait nach fuirich mor shluagh,
Cha tig iad na'd choir le onfhais mara,
Mor stoirm is feallsanachd cuain.
Tha spreidh agus daoine daonan faisg ort,
Is oigridh thaitnich gun ghruaim,
Is gheabhtar an taobhs iad daonan 's treisead—
Sid chum na Hiortaich cho buan.

* * * * * * * * *

I am sorry that I did not succeed in recovering more of this beautiful song. It is very probable that the Doctor himself did not keep a copy of it, otherwise it would have appeared in Dr. Kennedy's "Apostle of the North." MAC IAIN.

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

IX. WILLIAM MACLEOD of Harris and Dunvegan, succeeded Alexander. We have already seen that, in 1541, on the resignation of his father, certain lands were granted to William as heir-apparent upon the occasion of his marriage with Agnes Fraser, daughter of Hugh Fraser, fourth Lord of Lovat. He was served heir in special to his father; and, in virtue of a precept from chancery, he was, on the 15th of May, 1548, infeft in the whole of the family estates, except Troternish, Sleat, and North Uist, in which latter he had been infefted during the life of his father. The ancient hereditary estates of the family, namely, Harris, Dunvegan, Minginish, Bracadale, Duirinish, Lyndale, and Glenelg, had descended to William under a destination to the heirs whomsoever, of his father, making this extensive property a *female* fief, while at the same time he was a vassal of the Crown, under a different destination, in the lands of Troternish, Sleat, and North Uist, which made these a *male* fief. At this time, Troternish, the ownership of which was constantly in dispute, frequently changed masters, and though the legal rights to Sleat and North Uist were then undoubtedly vested in William Macleod, these lands were occupied by the Macdonalds. When William Macleod died in 1552-3 without male issue, the two properties vested in him by different destinations were separated; that which was a female fief going to his only child, Mary, then an infant; the lands of Troternish, Sleat, and North Uist, being a male fief, going to his brother and heir male, Donald, second son of Alastair *Crottach*, who at the same time seized the other portions of the family estates to the prejudice of his niece,

MARY MACLEOD, whose history in this connection must now be noticed at considerable length. In 1552-3, James, Earl of

Arran, Regent of Scotland, made a gift to George, Earl of Huntly, of the ward, non-entry, relief, and marriage of this wealthy heiress, in terms of the following document. We have modernised the orthography:—

"A letter made to George, Earl of Huntly, Lord Gordon and Badenoch, etc., Chancellor to our Sovereign Lady, his heirs, and assigns, one or more, the gift of the ward and non-entries, maills, ferms, profits, and duties of all and sundry the lands underwritten. That is to say, the lands of Harris, Dunvegan, Trotternish; the lands of Sleat and North Uist; the lands of Duirinish, the lands of Bracadale, the lands of Minginish, the lands of Glenelg, and all other lands and annual rents which pertained to umquhile William Macleod of Dunvegan, with the castles, towers, fortalices, mills, multures, woods, fishings, "annexis connexis," both property and tenantry, with tenants, tenantries, service of free-tenants, advocation, donation, and gift of patronage of the kirks, benefices, and chaplainaries of all and sundry the fore-named lands and their pertinents, if any be, of all years and terms bygone, and that the same has been in our Sovereign Lady's hands or her predecessors thereof by reason of non-entries or ward since the decease of the said umquhile William, or any others his predecessor's last lawful possessors thereof, immediate tenants to our Sovereign Lady, or her predecessors of the same, and such-like of all years and terms to come; aye and while the lawful entry of the righteous heir or heirs thereto, being of lawful age, with the relief thereof, when it shall happen, together with the marriage of [Mary] Macleod [daughter] and heir of the said umquhile William, and failing of [her], by decease, unmarried, the marriage of any other heir or heirs, male or female, that shall happen to succeed to the said umquhile William, or to any others his predecessors in the lands and heritage foresaid, with all profits of the said marriage, with power, etc. At Edinburgh, the 11th day of February the year of God 1552 years.—Per signaturam."*

The Queen Regent, among the other punishments inflicted by her on the Earl of Huntly for his negligence in the pursuit of John Moydertach of Clanranald, after the battle of Blar-nan-leine, compelled him to relinquish this grant of the wardship and marriage of Mary Macleod; but Huntly attempted, while in disfavour in 1555, to dispose of the grant to the Earl of Argyll, who agreed to pay him twelve hundred merks, five hundred of which were to be paid at

* Register of the Privy Seal, vol. 25, fol. 27.

the following Michaelmas, within Saint Anthony's Aisle, in the Kirk of St. Giles, Edinburgh, and the remainder was to be paid on Saint Andrew's day, good security being in the meantime provided for the full implement of the bargain. The document was witnessed by Gilbert, Earl of Cassillis; John, Earl of Sutherland, and several others, and subscribed by the Earls of Argyll and Huntly.* This transaction was, however, never carried out, for the Queen Regent, disapproving of Argyll's support of the Protestants at the time, compelled Huntly to divest himself of his interest in the heiress by a special deed of assignation to the Queen Regent herself. She afterwards bestowed the prize upon James Macdonald of Isla, who, though married to Agnes Campbell, the Earl's sister, took part against Argyll, in order to secure possession of the wealthy heiress of Dunvegan. The document is dated the 27th day of June, 1559, and declares that the assignation is made to James Macdonald of Dunyveg and the Glens, his heirs and assigns, "and that for certane greit soumes of money" paid and delivered by him.

William Macleod, who, as we have seen, died without male issue, was succeeded, as chief of the clan, and nominal proprietor of the lands of Troternish, Sleat, and North Uist, by his next brother,

X. DONALD MACLEOD, and he seized, apparently with the full consent of the clan, the lands of Dunvegan, Glenelg, and the others which then legally belonged to his niece, Mary Macleod. He was not, however, permitted to remain long in possession, for he was soon after assassinated by John Og Macleod of Minginish, at Kingsburgh, in Troternish. His murderer, John Og Macleod, who, failing Donald's only remaining brother, Tormod, would have become himself heir to the chiefship and the family estates legally vested in his brother, Donald. To succeed to this position was undoubtedly the object of the young assassin; for at the same time that he murdered Donald, he was doing all he could to get at his brother, Tormod, then attending the Glasgow University, with the object of assassinating him also, and clearing

* *General Register of Deeds*, vol. i., p. 230. Recorded on the 18th of November, 1555.

the way for his own succession. It, however, appears that John Og was able to keep possession of the estates of the heiress and of Dunvegan Castle until his death in 1599. On the death of Donald,

XI. TORMOD MACLEOD succeeded him in all his legal rights, and, as head of the clan. Gregory so well describes the relationships of parties at this period that we cannot do better than quote him at length, afterwards giving the documents on which he founds, but does not print. He says—In this reign (Queen Mary's), the Earl of Argyll contrived to extend his influence to the North Isles, and over two of the most powerful tribes in that quarter, the Clan-Donald of Skye and North Uist, and the Clan-Leod of Harris, Dunvegan, and Glenelg. The mode in which this object was attained is so characteristic of the policy of the house of Argyll that it seems to merit some detail in reference to the rapid increase of the power of that noble family.

William Macleod of Harris, chief of the "Siol Tormoid," was the undisputed proprietor of the estates of Harris, Dunvegan, and Glenelg, under a particular destination, which, on his death in 1553, caused these extensive possessions to descend to his daughter and heiress, Mary. He was, at the same time, nominal proprietor of Sleat, Troternish, and North Uist, the possession of which, we have seen, the Siol Tormoid had unsuccessfully disputed with the Clan-Donald. On the death of William Macleod, his claim to the last-mentioned was inherited by his brother and heir male, Donald. The Siol Tormoid was now placed in a position which, though quite intelligible on the principle of feudal law, was totally opposed to the Celtic customs that still prevailed, to a great extent, throughout the Highlands and Isles. A female and a minor was the legal proprietrix of the ancient possessions of the tribe, which, by her marriage, might be conveyed to another and a hostile family; while her uncle, the natural leader of the clan, according to ancient custom, was left without any means to keep up the dignity of a chief, or to support the clan against its enemies. His claims on the estates possessed by the Clan-Donald were worse than nugatory, as they threatened to involve him in a feud with that powerful and warlike tribe, in case he should take any steps to enforce them. In these circumstances, Donald Macleod seized, apparently with the consent of his clan, the

estates which legally belonged to his niece, the heiress; and thus, in practice, the feudal law was made to yield to ancient and inveterate custom. Donald did not enjoy these estates long, being murdered in Trouterness by a relation of his own, John Og Macleod, who, failing Tormod, the only remaining brother of Donald, would have become the heir male of the family. John Og next plotted the destruction of Tormod, who was at the time a student in the University of Glasgow; but in this he was foiled by the interposition of the Earl of Argyll. He contrived, notwithstanding, to retain possession of the estates of the heiress, and of the command of the clan, till his death in 1559. In the meantime, the feudal rights of the wardship, relief, and marriage of the heiress of Harris, were eagerly sought after by various powerful individuals. They were first bestowed, in 1553, by the Regent Arran, upon the Earl of Huntly, who afterwards proposed to sell his interest in the heiress and her property, to the fourth Earl of Argyll, for a large sum of money. But Huntly, having fallen into disgrace with the Queen Regent, as formerly mentioned, was compelled to relinquish his bargain with Argyll, and to resign into her hands the claims he had acquired from Arran to the guardianship of Mary Macleod. The Regent, while endeavouring in 1559, to secure the assistance of James Macdonald of Isla against the Protestants, of whom the fifth Earl of Argyll was one of the principal leaders, committed the feudal guardianship of the young heiress to that chief. In 1562, we find that the person of the young lady had, by some accident, come into the custody of Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, who, having refused to give her up to her lawful guardian, James Macdonald, was at length compelled to deliver her to Queen Mary, with whom she remained for some years as a maid of honour, being no doubt one of the Queen's celebrated *Maries*. Macdonald seems now to have made over his claims to Argyll, who finally exercised the right of guardianship, by giving Mary Macleod in marriage to his kinsman, Duncan Campbell, younger of Auchinbreck. But previous to the marriage, the Earl, sensible of the difficulty which would attend any attempt to put an individual of his clan in possession of the territories of the Siol Tormoid, even although he had the law in his favour, entered into the following arrangements, the most judicious that

could be devised for making the most of his position at the time. His first agreement was with Tormod Macleod, who had been for some years in actual possession of Harris and the other estates of the Lewis, and had already given to the Earl (for the good offices of the latter) his bond of service for himself and his clan. It was arranged that Macleod should renounce, in favour of Argyll, all claim he had to the lands of the Clan-Donald; that he should likewise pay the sum of one thousand merks towards the dowry of his niece. Argyll, on the other hand, engaged to procure from Mary Macleod, and any husband she might marry, a complete surrender of her title to the lands of Harris, Dunvegan, and Glenelg; and to obtain for Tormod a crown charter of that estate. His next agreement was with Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat; and in consideration of that chief paying five hundred merks towards the dowry of Mary Macleod, and of his likewise giving his bond of service for himself and his clan to Argyll, the latter engaged to make him his vassal in the lands of Troternish, Sleat, and North Uist, to which the Macdonalds had at present no legal claim. Argyll's agreement with Tormod Macleod was actually carried into effect; but circumstances seem to have interfered with the final completion of his contract with Macdonald. It is evident, however, that, although in the case of the Siol Tormoid, at this time, ancient custom prevented the feudal law of succession from being carried into effect in its full extent, yet the Earl of Argyll did not surrender his legal claims without indemnifying himself amply for the sacrifice.*

The following is the contract, modernised in orthography, entered into between the Earl of Argyll and Norman Macleod, with consent of his guardian, Hector Maclean of Duart, in 1559-60 and referred to by Gregory:—

"At Dunoon, the first day of March, the year of God 1559 years: It is accorded, agreed, and finally accorded, betwixt a noble and potent Lord Archibald, Earl of Argyll, on the one part, and Tormod Macleod, son to [umquhile] Alexander Macleod of the Harris, as principal in this contract, and Hector Maclean of Duart as principal favourer and tutor to the said Tormod, on the other part, in manner, form, and effect, as after follows: That is to say,

* *Western Highlands and Isles*, pp. 203-207

forasmuch as the said Earl has redeemed and obtained the said Tormod out of the captivity and enemies' hands, wherein he was with the Frenchmen; yet the said Earl obliges him to fortify, help, and set forward the said Tormod to win and enjoy the heritage and rooms that pertained to his father and brother of Harris, with the pertinents Tewedes [?] and Glenelg, and all other bounds whereof they have old title of heritage in special, and shall be a good lord and master to the said Tormod in all his actions and just causes; and to the effect that the same may come the better forward, has delivered the said Tormod to the said Hector to be helped and fortified; for the which cause the said Tormod, by these presents, gives and grants his bond of manrent, his faithful and true service, with all his kin and friends, and his heirs and successors of the Harris, to the said Earl, his heirs and successors, of Argyll, perpetually; also shall not marry but with the advice of the said Earl, whose counsel he shall take in marrying a wife; and being established in his rooms of the Harris and Tewedess, shall pay the value or estimation of the avail of the ward and marriage of the Harris and the labours and travels of the said Earl to him and to the said Hector, to be divided as the said Earl thinks cause betwixt him and the said Hector Maclean; and in case the said Tormod fail in any part of the premisses, he is content to be counted unworthy to enjoy the room of a gentleman for ever in Scotland, but to be perpetually defamed; and also the said Hector to be perpetual enemy to him, dissolving the bond of kindness that is betwixt their houses, in all times to come; and also the said Tormod not to pass to the North Isles, but with the advice and licence of the said Earl at his passage there; and in case his friends come to him, that they ratify and approve this bond, before his departing to the North."

The reference to Tormod being captive with Frenchmen, is explained by the probability of his having been captured by some of the French Auxiliaries, who, during the Regency of Queen Mary of Guise, were employed in maintaining the internal peace of Scotland.

At Edinburgh, on the 21st May, 1562, in presence of the Queen and Lord of the Privy Council, appeared Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, "who being commanded by letters and also by writings direct from the Queen's Grace, to exhibit, produce, and present before Her Highness, Mary Macleod, daughter and heir of umquhile William Macleod of Harris, conform to the letters and charges direct thereupon; and declared that James Macdonald

had an action depending before the Lords of Session against him for deliverance of the said Mary to him, and that therefore he could not goodly deliver her; notwithstanding the which, the Queen's Majesty ordained the said Kenneth to deliver the said Mary to Her Highness, and granted that he should incur no skaith therethrough at the hands of the said James, or any others, notwithstanding any title or action they had against him therefor. And the said Kenneth, knowing his dutiful obedience to the Queen's Majesty, and that the Queen had ordained him to deliver the said Mary to Her Highness in manner foresaid, he on no wise could disobey; and therefore delivered the said Mary to the Queen's Majesty, conform to her ordinance foresaid." For some years after this, Mary Macleod was a member of the Queen's household, as appears conclusively from several entries in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland in 1562 and again in 1564-5.

The following contract, between Argyll and Tormod Macleod, appears to be supplementary to that dated 1559-60, and already quoted :—

"At Edinburgh, the twenty-fourth day of February, the year of God, 1566, it is appointed, agreed, and finally ended, betwixt one right noble and mighty Lord Archibald, Earl of Argyll, for himself and having the right of the ward and relief of all lands which pertained to umquhile William Macleod of Dunvegan with the marriage of Mary Macleod, only daughter and apparent heir to the said umquhile William, and also accepting the burden upon him for her on that one part: And Tormod Macleod, brother and heir male and of tailzie to the said umquhile William, and also heir male to umquhile Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan, his father, of the lands of Troternish, Sleat, and North Uist, on the other part in manner following: That is to say: Forasmuch as the said noble Lord, having the right to the gift of the ward, relief, and marriage foresaid, shall do his diligence to obtain the said Mary Macleod to be heritably infeft as heir to the said umquhile William, her father, and failing thereof as heir to the said umquhile Alexander, his goodsir, of all lands untailzied contained in the charter made to the said umquhile Alexander by our Sovereign Lord that last deceased, viz:—the Lands of Glenelg, Minginish, Bracadale, Lyndale, Duirinish, Harris, and Hirta [St. Kilda], if the old charter and seisins may be had, and failing thereof shall do diligence to get to the said Mary, of our said Sovereign and her successors, a new

infeftment, with charter and precept of seisin, with supplying of all faults, of lands untailzied specified in the charter granted by our said Sovereign's umquhile father to the said umquhile Alexander of before, and the said Mary being heritably infeft therein [he] shall cause her, with consent of her curators or spouse, if she any shall happen to have for the time, infeft again in the most sure manner, the said Tormod and his heirs heritable in the said whole untailzied lands to be holden of our said sovereign and her successors either by resignation or confirmation, as he shall think most expedient, and please to devise, after the form of her said infeftment; and also the said noble Lord, as having the right to the ward, relief, and marriage foresaid, shall provide the said Mary Macleod of a husband and party agreeable to her estate; and so being married, [he] shall cause her, with consent and assent of her said future spouse, ratify and approve the said infeftment to be given to the said Tormod of the said untailzied lands; and also the said Earl shall at the time of the said ratification discharge the said Tormod and his heirs of all maills, ferms, profits, and duties of the said untailzied lands of all years and terms byegone intromitted with by him during the time of the said ward; which infeftment being past and ended upon the said Earl's expenses, in manner foresaid, the said Tormod shall incontinent thereafter make himself to be heritably infeft in all lands and annual rents contained in the charter tailzie of his said umquhile father as heir of tailzie to him; and immediately thereafter shall infeft the said noble Lord and his heirs therein heritably to be holden of our said Sovereign and her successors either by resignation or confirmation at the option of the said Earl as freely as the said umquhile Alexander, his father, held the same of before; the said Earl obtaining our sovereign or her successor's consent thereto; and also the said Tormod shall content, pay, and deliver to the said Mary and her said spouse future, the sum of one thousand pounds money in contentation of his part of the tocher; and, further, the said Tormod shall renounce all right, kindness, title, interest and possession, together with the by-run profits, maills and duties which he had, has, or may claim to the said tailzied lands or bailliary thereof, for him, his heirs, and successors forever, and shall pretend no right thereto in times coming for any cause by-gone; and also the said Tormod, being infeft as said is, shall deliver to the said noble Lord all old evidents which he has or may have of any of the lands tailzied above written made to any of his predecessors of before." [Then follows the usual clause agreeing to the registration of the deed, etc.]

By a contract dated the third day of March, 1566-7, Archi-

bald, fifth Earl of Argyll, undertakes to obtain for Donald Macdonald of Sleat heritable infeftment in the lands of Troternish, Sleat, and North Uist, to be held of himself on payment by Macdonald to him of one thousand merks Scots, and five hundred merks towards the dowry of Mary Macleod. Macdonald was also to give his bond of manrent to Argyll "in the best and straitest form that the said Earl will devise," and he was "to fortify and assist" Tormod Macleod "in his causes and defenses lawful and honest in time coming when he shall be required thereto by the said noble Earl." It would appear from this that the Macdonalds of Sleat were afterwards left in undisputed possession of the lands in question, otherwise this bond of friendship would have been an absurdity.

In 1572, James VI. granted Mary Macleod a charter, dated 15th of September in that year, of all the paternal estates of the family, including part of the lands and the bailliary of Troternish,* but the inclusion of the latter is supposed to be merely a clerical error.

In 1573, the heiress of Macleod married Duncan Campbell, younger of Auchinbreck, a kinsman of the Earl of Argyll, when it was proposed to convey all the lands described in the charter of the previous year to her uncle, Tormod Macleod, by a Charter of Sale, as appears from an unsigned and undated Charter of Sale preserved in the Dunvegan Charter Chest, and quoted in the "Transactions of the Iona Club." This mode was found beset with some legal difficulties, however, and Tormod was finally infeft and seised in all the lands named in the Royal Charter in 1572 in favour of his niece, upon a Charter of Resignation under the Great Seal, dated 4th of February, 1579-80, and proceeding upon the resignation of Mary Macleod, with consent of her husband, Duncan Campbell, heir-apparent of Auchinbreck, in favour of her uncle, Tormod Macleod, who was infeft in the whole family estates in July following.

(To be continued.)

* Register of the Great Seal, Book 33, No. 9. The Charter is also printed p. 150, *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis.*

THE STATE OF THE HIGHLANDS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

III.

IN our last we parted with Mr. Knox on his arrival in Portree, the country around which, he tells us, though mountainous, is well inhabited, raises much grain, and many cattle. "Here the late Sir James Macdonald had marked out the lines of a town, and government, it is said, promised to assist him in the work with £500, but the death of that gentleman put an end to these promising appearances, and matters remain *in statu quo*." At the bottom of the bay he found "a church, an appearance of a village, some small craft, and many fishing-boats," and he was much impressed with the agreeable landscapes on both sides, and the excellent pasture in the vicinity of what we now know as the somewhat lively village of Portree, so called from the fact that James V. of Scotland, and several of his nobility, landed there while on a tour to the Hebrides in 1540.

Mr. Knox did not remain long in Portree, finding nothing to interest him, except Mr. William Macdonald, an experienced trader and well acquainted with fishing, who offered to accompany him to the Western portion of the Island. At the time, "the inhabitants of Skye were mostly engaged upon the roads in different parts of the Island, under the inspection of the gentlemen and tacksmen, and accompanied each party by the bagpiper. Many of these people had to travel eight miles from home, and the greatest part of them were at a loss for lodgings, excepting that which the cold earth and the open sky afforded. Yet, after all these labours and inconveniences, no effectual roads, and much less effectual bridges, can be made through these bogs and rocks." A road had just been begun from Portree westward, and he passed two or three hundred men at work. Having arrived near Skeabost, he turned westward across the hills in the direction of Bracadale, the Loch of which name, he informs us, was "edged with excellent cornfields, and well inhabited," and here was "a church, a school, a corn mill, and, what is very uncommon in the

Highlands, a surgeon." Compare this with its present condition! Here he found one of those circular buildings called Duns, the diameter of which to the outside was 60 feet, 42 within, and the height of what remained of it was 18 feet. Mr. Knox was introduced to Mr. Macleod of Ullinish, a gentleman, who, "from his great probity, and the respect in which he is held, has, in some cases, the duty of a sheriff imposed upon him by the inhabitants, to whom he is a father." Before proceeding further on his way to Dunvegan, Mr. Macleod strongly urged a short visit to the estate of Colonel Macleod of Tallisker, which stood on the coast, some miles eastward. They went by sea, and, before they could land at the bay of Tallisker, "Mr. Macleod, though extremely corpulent, had, with his usual politeness, reached the beach, from whence we were conducted, through a small but rich valley, to the seat of plenty, hospitality, and good-nature." The mountains in the neighbourhood abounded in "deer, hare, and wild fowl; the fields in grain, hay, and pasturage; the gardens in fruits and vegetables; the rivers in trout and salmon; the sea in herrings and white fish. Such, with the additional circumstance of a well-stocked cellar, are the felicities of this very remote and almost inaccessible corner. While these furnish many of the choicest luxuries of life, Tallisker and his lady enjoy the good will of the people around." Next morning Mr. Knox was accompanied by Mr. Macleod of Tallisker to Ullinish. They soon after arrived at Dunvegan Castle. Mr. Knox informs us that "this estate has been greatly diminished of late years, on account of debts; and much remains to be discharged. Notwithstanding this circumstance, the proprietor raised no rents, turned out no tenants, used no man with severity, and in all respects, and, under the most pressing exigencies, maintained the character of a liberal and humane friend of mankind." Having described the situation of the Castle, and related some interesting incidents connected with Dr. Johnson's visit while on his Hebridean tour, our author informs us that, at the date of his visit, Macleod of Macleod himself was in India, where he held the rank of Major-General in the army, but his return was sincerely wished for by all, from the highest to the lowest, on his estate. The Castle was inhabited at the time by "Major Alexander Macleod

and his lady, a daughter of the celebrated Flora Macdonald, who protected the young Pretender through all his hairbreadth escapes," after the battle of Culloden. In those days, the gentlemen of Skye did not appear to be over particular regarding the sacredness of the Sabbath day, for we are told that, being at Dunvegan Castle, "upon a Sunday, our company became, after church-time, very numerous, and was composed chiefly of gentlemen who had been in the army. My object was to push the subscription, which I endeavoured to represent as a very becoming supplement to the service of the day, in which the company readily acquiesced; among whom was the clergyman, who, though his income is only £40 per annum, bestowed his mite with great good will." It is interesting to find that the population of Skye was nearly as large then as it is in 1885. Mr. Knox says, "though several vessels have been loaded with emigrants from this Island since 1759, the number of inhabitants amounts at present to 15,000; some of the gentlemen of the Island affirm that there are 16,000 or upwards." Of these, he informs us, 7000 lived upon the Macdonald estates. He further says that the most fertile parts lay upon the coast, "but many thousand acres of good arable ground might be realised upon the declivities of the inland hills," by the use of lime, draining, enclosing, and other improvements. The average crops in the Island were 8000 bolls annually, while the exports of black cattle, "the largest and best in the Highlands," were 4000, realising from £2 to £3 each. He tells us that, among other valuable minerals, there were some appearances of coal in the neighbourhood of Portree, and in some other parts of the Island, "but the vein does not exceed four or five inches, and the quality is bad. No proper trials have, however, been made, by boring to the depth where good coal is usually found." At the time there was only one solitary shop in the whole Island, the honour of its possession falling to Portree.

Mr. Knox took passage in an open boat from Skye to Benbecula. On the voyage he experienced a severe storm, so that they were unable to cross, and had finally to make for Rodel, in Harris. He greatly admired the skill and bodily strength of the crew, and regretted, even in the deplorable situation in which he was placed, "the bad policy of obliging such men to abandon

their country, and to fly to distant regions, for a mere livelihood." The Island of Harris, with a number of small ones, including St. Kilda, was purchased eight years before our author's visit, from the Laird of Macleod, by his relative, Captain Macleod of the *Mansfield* East Indiaman. This gentleman was most enterprising. He constructed an excellent harbour at Rodel, and built a store-house for salt, casks, and meal, and a manufactory for spinning woollen and linen thread, and twine for herring-nets. He also introduced some East-country fishermen, with Orkney yawls, with the view of teaching the inhabitants to fish. He re-built Rodel Cathedral, erected a school and an inn in the district, and did a good deal of plantation, which vastly improved the appearance of the place. He also introduced the model of a press, corn, and fulling-mill. In 1786 he proposed to try fishing on the coast of Harris, near his own house, but was ridiculed by his tenants, who maintained that no fish could be got there, but the proprietor persisted in his experiment, and got, between the 10th of March and the 15th of April, no less than 4400 large cod and ling; between 400 and 500 skate; and immense quantities of dog-fish, large eels, and boat-loads of cuddies. After describing the manner in which Mr. Macleod behaved to the people of Harris, how he encouraged the fisheries, placing men in every loch, bay, or creek, and providing them with boats, allowing them cottages and potato-ground rent-free, furnishing them with all necessaries at cost price, and taking their fish in payment at the full market price, Mr. Knox says that his conduct "ought to be a model for some proprietors in the Highlands, who, blinded by the representations of factors, and misled by their influence, have never permitted their tenantry to raise their heads, and are continually crushing them by new impositions upon their industry and upon every appearance of improvement; by which they are stripped of the fruits of their labour, to which the improver, and not the master, has, in common justice, the best right. The consequence of this squeezing system has invariably proved a fictitious, instead of a real rent-roll well paid; and thus each party impoverishes and distresses the other." This is the old, but ever new, story.

A. M.

(To be continued.)

PUBLICATIONS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF DUGALD BUCHANAN, with his Spiritual Songs, and an English Version of them. By the Rev. A. SINCLAIR, A.M., Kenmore. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart. 1885.

THE fact that this is the twenty-second edition of the Poems, and the second edition of Mr. Sinclair's admirable little work, amply testifies to the fact that the good old sappy Poet of Rannoch has lost none of his charm for the pious and cultured people of the Highlands. To speak of the Poems themselves in the face of the fact that we have already mentioned would be perfectly superfluous. Where is the Highland fireside at which the hallowed and spiritualising influence of Dugald Buchanan's poetry has not been felt? Nor is the appreciation of their high poetic aroma at all on the wane; indeed, the admiring sentiments excited by their pious teaching and melifluous melody, has only been intensified the more they are subjected to the severer criticism of our own times. That Mr. Sinclair has done his work in a thorough manner, and with a sympathetic spirit, is evident from every page of the work. The biographical reminiscences are carefully selected; the Gaelic version of the Poems is most correctly edited; and the English translation, though necessarily far behind the original in point of moving power and lofty expression, is at the same time a very faithful representation of the sentiments of the author. The printer has done his part with taste, and no less so has the binder. The book is outwardly neat and handy, inwardly tasteful and correct, and it therefore follows as a matter of course that the work is one which Highlanders ought to possess and prize. Not only as a moral teacher, but as a poet, we regard Buchanan as by far the best of the Gaelic bards of modern times.

THE SACRED SONGS OF THE GAEL: A Collection of Gaelic Hymns, with Translations. By L. MACBEAN. Part I. Price Sixpence. Music in both Notations. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart. Glasgow: Porteous Brothers.

IT often baffles outsiders to understand the deep-rooted objection entertained by the great majority of the Highland people to the use of hymns in public worship, while much talent and genius have been exercised in the production of spiritual songs by some of their most accredited religious teachers. The explanation lies in the distinction the average Highlander observes between the form proper of the services of the sanctuary and that of the religious exercises of every-day life, and not in an aversion to hymns. The Gaelic hymnists, who generally were the respected and accepted exponents of divine truth, were in sympathy with this distinction, and did not design their hymns for use in churches, nor was such necessary in order to give them an effective and permanent place in the hearts of the people. The Highlander is essentially possessed of a musical and poetic, as well as of a religious temperament, and he naturally cherishes a deep atttachment to his native melodies and songs, whether secular or sacred. It may be true that one or two thin volumes of either kind of song, and the Gaelic Bible, form the sole library in many of the Island and Highland cottages; but then these books are better known and valued all the more that they are few in number, a fact not without its advantages. In compiling the "Sacred Songs of the Gael," Mr. MacBean has met this condition of things with a stimulus for the wider use of already well-known hymns, and has preserved melodies, all of considerable, and some of them of great, merit. The book, which is uniform with the "Songs of the Gael" and the "Celtic Lyre" series, is the first part of a selection from the works of the Rev. Peter Grant, Dugald Buchanan, the Rev. Dr. Macgregor, John Maclean, and Rob Donn. The verses are selected with care, and strung together so as to preserve a natural sequence and completeness in small compass; while the translations into English bring out the wonted

graces of Mr. MacBean's pen. Translations are generally of secondary importance, but to be readable they require aptitude and ability, and few who remember Mr. MacBean's translation of Dugald Buchanan's poems, will dispute his claim to both. The tunes, as a rule, are those to which the hymns were composed, or with which they have been long associated, and they are genuinely Highland. Where a selection had to be made, the choice, a very difficult matter, is good. The whole represents many phases of character and feeling. To a few, simple harmonies have been arranged by Mr. H. W. Murray, of the Andersonian College, Glasgow. The eye does not readily fall on errors in spelling, or on evidences of anything but the most careful editing. In a note the compiler says, "This is, so far as known, the first collection of Highland sacred melodies published, but the vein of such music has been found so rich and interesting, that if this publication is well received, a second part will shortly be added." Both on account of its being the first of its kind, and because of its merits otherwise, we extend to it more than a passing welcome, and hope the fulfilment of the condition laid down in the above note will encourage the speedy issue of a second part. The mutual dependence of words and music on each other has been so often illustrated that it is obvious, if our hymns are to be long preserved as a living, working power, they must be placed before the public, accompanied by music as in this book, and we have no doubt the labour so well expended here will receive appreciative recognition. The printer has left little to be desired, and though much pressure has been put on his space, the work is neatly and tastefully executed.

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR JANUARY, 1886.

I Mhios.] AN FHAOILTEACH, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

● AN SOLUS UR—5 LA—7.44 M. | ○ AN SOLUS LAN—20 LA—7.45 M.
☽ AN CIAD CHR.—13 LA—0.24 F. | ☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.—27 LA—1.31 M.

M.	DI.		*A'ghrian.* E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	*An Lan An Lite.* MAD.	*An Lan An Lite.* FRASG.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* MAD.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* FRASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	H	A' Bhliadhn' ùr.	8.47 E	11.14	11.48	9. 5	9.39
2	S	Breith Rob Ruaidh, 1735.	3.48 L	0.19	0.20	10.10	10.11
3	☽	*Didonaich an dèigh na Bliadhn' ùire.*	8.47 E	0.46	1.11	10.37	11. 2
4	L	Breith Ban-tighearn' Anna Halket, 1622.	3.50 L	1.34	1.57	11.25	11.48
5	M	Breith Thòmais Phringle, 1789.	8.46 E	1.77	2.35	0. 8	0.26
6	C	An t-Seann Nolluig.	3.52 L	2.54	3.10	0.45	1. 1
7	D	[6] La nan Tri Righrean.	8.45 E	3.28	3.44	1.19	1.35
8	H	Breith Phrionns Ailbeart Victor, 1864.	3.55 L	4. 1	4.17	1.52	2. 8
9	S	An Fhéill Fhaolain.	8.44 E	4.35	4.51	2.26	2.42
10	☽	*I. Donaich an d. La nan Tri Righrean.*	3.58 L	5. 6	5.23	2.57	3.14
11	L	Diluain an t-Sainnseil.	8.42 E	5.39	5.58	3.30	3.49
12	M	Bàs Shir Iain Mac Mhuirich, 1829.	4. 2 L	6.16	6.37	4. 7	4.28
13	C	Breith Shir Phàdruig Hume, *Ridir*, 1641.	8.40 E	6.58	7.22	4.49	5.13
14	D	Bàs Dheòrsa Husband Bàird, OLL. D.,* 1840.	4. 5 L	7.47	8.15	5.38	6. 6
15	H	Bàs Eanraic Mhic-Coinnich, 1831.	8.38 E	8.46	9.19	6.37	7.10
16	S	[17] Latha na h-Eaglaise-brice, 1746.	4. 9 L	9.59	10.37	7.50	8.28
17	☽	*II. Donaich an d. La nan Tri Righrean.*	8.36 E	11.13	11.48	9. 4	9.39
18	L	Breith Iain Ghill' Iosa, OLL. Lagh., 1747.	4.13 L	0.19	0.21	10.10	10.12
19	M	Bàs Thòmais Ghillespie, 1774.	8.33 E	0.52	1.19	10.43	11.10
20	C	Ciad Pharlamaid Shasunn, 1365.	4.17 L	1.46	2.11	11.37	0. 2
21	D	Breith Dheòrsa Ghillespie, 1613.	8.30 E	2.36	3. 2	0.27	0.53
22	H	[23] Bàs Iarla Mhoiridh, 1570.	4.21 L	3.26	3.49	1.17	1.40
23	S	Posadh Dhiùc Dhunéideann, 1874.	8.27 E	4.12	4.37	2. 3	2.28
24	☽	*III. Donaich an d. La nan Tri Righrean.*	4.25 L	5. 1	5.23	2.52	3.14
25	L	Diluain an t-Sainnseil, S.C.	8.24 E	5.46	6. 8	3.37	3.59
26	M	Bàs Cheannard Ghòrdan, 1885.	4.30 L	6.30	6.54	4.21	4.45
27	C	An Fhéill Chomain.	8.20 E	7.18	7.44	5. 9	5.35
28	D	Bàs Righ Deòrsa III., 1820.	4.34 L	8.11	8.41	6. 2	6.32
29	H	Ciad Pharlamaid leasaichte, 1833.	8.16 E	9.15	9.51	7. 6	7.42
30	S	Bàs Righ Tearlach I., 1649.	4.39 L	10.33	11.11	8.24	9. 2
31	☽	*IV. Donaich an d. La nan Tri Righrean.*	8.13 E	11.49	0.19	9.40	10.10

* OLL. D. (Ollamh ri Diadhachd)—DD.

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THE CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

[BY PROVOST MACANDREW.]

(Continued.)

SUCH, then, was the Church established by St. Columba in Scotland in its outward aspect and organization. Of its internal economy and of the daily life of its members, as exhibited in the parent Monastery of Iona, we can, by careful reading, obtain a tolerably clear picture from Adamnan's life of the founder, written by an abbot of Iona, about eighty years after St. Columba's death. And, as Iona was the parent monastery, it was no doubt the pattern and example of the others. The monks in Iona lived together as one family, each having his separate house or bothy, but taking their meals in common. They lived in strict obedience to the abbot, they were celebate, they had all their property in common, and they supported themselves by their own labour. There are numerous notices of them labouring in the fields, bringing home the corn, milking cows, and so forth, and they had a mill and a kiln. Their food seems to have consisted of milk, bread, fish, the flesh of seals, and beef and mutton. They had numerous services in the church, they were much given to reading and repeating the Scriptures, and particularly the Psalms, and they were diligent scribes. There are repeated notices of their labours in writing;—the last labour in

which St. Columba was engaged was copying the psalter,—and, naturally, they became the teachers of the community. They were also much given to hospitality, for there are frequent notices of the guest chamber, and of the arrival of guests, and of additions made to the meals on account of such arrivals.

From this monastery, as a home, Columba's mission was conducted. As we have seen, he got a grant of the Island of Iona, either from the King of the Picts or the King of the Scots; and his method seems to have been to go in the first instance to the King or Chief of the territory in which he arrived, to interest him in his mission, then to obtain a grant of a village or rath, or dune with surrounding land, and then to establish a monastery, under the protection and patronage of the chief: in fact, to establish and endow his Church. Of this method we have an account in the Book of Deer, the contents of which, philologically, were so ably dealt with by Mr. Macbain last season. The monastery of Deer was, perhaps, the very last of the Columban foundations which retained anything of its original character, and in this relic of it which has come down to us we have the legend of its establishment, which admirably illustrates St. Columba's method.

Columeille, and Drostan, son of Cosgrach, his pupil, came from Hi, as God had shown to them, unto Abbordoboir, and Bede, the Pict, was Mormaer of Buchan before them, and it was he that gave them that town in freedom for ever from Mormaer and toisech. They came after that to the other town, and it was pleasing to Columeille because it was full of God's grace, and he asked of the Mormaer, to wit, Bede, that he should give it to him, and he did not give it, and a son of his took an illness after (or in consequence of) refusing the clerics, and he was nearly dead (lit. he was dead, but if it were a little). After this the Mormaer went to entreat the clerics that they should make a prayer for the son, that health should come to him; and he gave an offering to them from Cloch in Tiprat to Cloch pette meic Garnait. They made the prayer, and health came to him. After that Columeille gave to Drostan that town, and blessed it, and left as (his) word "Whosoever should come against it, let him not be many yeared (or) victorious." Drostan's tears came on parting from Collumeille. Said Columeille, "Let Déar be its name henceforward."

Having thus established a community, they were placed under

the superintendence of a subject abbot to prosecute their work of bringing the tribe among which they were established to a knowledge of the truth, and from the monastery thus established there branched out cill churches, anoit churches, and all the other subordinate establishments which I have mentioned, and there went forth pilgrims and teachers, and sometimes colonies of monks, to establish other monasteries. Columba's idea of the method of spreading Christianity seems to have been—first the establishment of a separate Christian community in the midst of the people to be converted, the leading by the members of this community of a pure and self-denying Christian life, practising the precepts which they taught, and exhibiting the effect on their own lives of a belief in the doctrines which they preached; and next, the reading and teaching of the Scriptures, and the preaching of its doctrines. That his influence long survived him, and that a pure and holy life was long characteristic of the clergy of his Church, is amply testified by Bede, who never mentions any of the clergy of the branch of the Church of Iona, which existed, as I have said, for 30 years in Northumberland, without—while deploring their ignorance and perversity in not observing Easter at the proper time—praising their chaste and self-denying lives. Thus he says of Colman, the last of the three abbots and bishops of this Church, who ruled at Lindesfarne, and who returned to Iona on the King and people adopting the Roman time of celebrating Easter:—

"The place which he governed shows how frugal he and his predecessors were, for there were very few houses besides the church found at their departure; indeed, no more than were barely sufficient for their daily residence; they had also no money, but cattle; for if they received any money from rich persons, they immediately gave it to the poor; their being no need to gather money, or provide houses for the entertainment of the great men of the world; for such never resorted to the church, except to pray and hear the Word of God. The King himself, when opportunity offered, came only with five or six servants, and having performed his devotions in the church, departed. But if they happened to take a repast there, they were satisfied with only the plain and daily food of the brethren, and required no more; for the whole care of those teachers was to serve God, not the world—to feed the soul, and not the belly."

And again of Aiden, the first of these bishops, he says:—

"I have written thus much concerning the person and works of the aforesaid Aidan, in no way commending or approving what he imperfectly understood in relation to the observance of Easter; nay, very much detesting the same, as I have most manifestly proved in the book I have written, "De Temporibus;" but, like an impartial historian, relating what was done by or with him, and commending such things as are praiseworthy in his actions, and preserving the memory thereof for the benefit of the readers; viz., his love of peace and charity; his continence and humility; his mind superior to anger and avarice, and despising pride and vainglory; his industry in keeping and teaching the heavenly commandments; his diligence in reading and watching; his authority becoming a priest in reproving the haughty and powerful, and at the same time his tenderness in comforting the afflicted, and relieving or defending the poor. To say all in a few words, as near as I could be informed by those that knew him, he took care to omit none of those things which he found in the apostolical or prophetical writings, but to the utmost of his power endeavoured to perform them all."

As I have said, the Columban monks naturally became the teachers of the community, and there are numerous notices of persons of distinction residing in the monasteries for the purpose of being instructed. Oswald, the King of Northumbria, when driven into exile, lived for several years in Iona, and was there instructed. The clergy had a great reputation for learning, and Bede tells us that many of the nobles and princes of the English resorted to them for instruction. In what their learning consisted is an interesting question. That they wrote Latin well is evidenced by writings which have come down to us, and we are told that when Columbanus, in the year 590, went to Gaul, he was able to converse freely in that language. It would also appear that he had some knowledge of Greek, for he talks about the meaning of his own name in that language. It does not appear, however, that, previous to their coming in contact with the outer world, they had any knowledge of Roman or Greek literature, or of the writings of any of the fathers of the Roman, Greek, or Eastern Churches. And Bede more than once, as in the passage I have read about Aidan, mentions that they taught only what was contained in the Scriptures. The literary remains of the Church

which have come down to us, consist entirely of the lives of saints, with the exception of an account of the holy places, written by Adamnan, from information given to him by a bishop of Gaul, who was driven to Iona by stress of weather, and resided there for a winter—some letters of Columbanus to the Pope, and to a Council of the clergy of Gaul; and there are some hymns and poems attributed to St. Columba, but whether any of them are authentic seems doubtful. That he wrote poetry, and was a friend and patron of bards, is beyond all doubt, and Bede mentions that writings of his were said to be in existence in his time. It would rather appear, therefore, that as the lives of the Columban clergy were an effort to translate its teaching into practice, so their learning consisted in a knowledge of the Bible, the transcribing of which was one of their chief occupations.

Their architecture was of the simplest and rudest, and if their general state of culture were to be judged by it, we should pronounce it of the lowest. Their churches were constructed of wattle work of branches, covered with clay. We frequently hear of the cutting of branches for the building or repair of churches;—and Bede tells us that when Aidan settled at Lindesfarne he built a church there, after the manner of his country, of wood thatched with reeds. The monks, as has been said, lived in "bothies," and these seem to have been erected by the occupants, and to have been of slight construction. In the Irish Life of St. Columba, we are told of his asking, when he went to a monastery for instruction, where he was to set up his bothy, and in another place mention is made of a bothy being removed from one side of a river to another. But, as we should commit a grievous error if we judged of the general intelligence aud culture of our own peasantry by the houses in which they live, so we should commit a like error if we judged of the culture of these monks by their churches and dwellings. That they had examples of more substantial and elaborate structures we know, and the poorness of their buildings was probably only one mode of expressing the highest thought that was in them, that taking for themselves no more of this world's goods than was necessary for existence, they should teach and illustrate their religion not by stately edifices, but by pure and holy lives.

In metals they seem to have been skilful workers. Adamnan tells us that, on one occasion, St. Columba had blessed a certain knife, and said that it would never injure man or beast, and that thereupon the monks had the iron of which it was made melted, and a number of other tools in the monastery coated with it. The ceard or artificer seems to have been a regular official in the monasteries, and specimens which have come down to us in the decoration of shrines, cases for books, bells, &c., show that they had acquired a proficiency in art work of this description which has never been surpassed.

Another branch of art in which they have never been excelled was the ornamentation and illumination of their Bibles and service books. The only manuscripts which have come down to us, and which can be traced to the hands of Columban monks in Scotland, are the Book of Deer and one of the manuscripts of Adamnan's life of St. Columba, and these are not highly ornamented. But there are numerous examples in Ireland, some of the more elaborate of which can be almost traced to the hands of St. Columba, and there can be no doubt that the art which produced the Irish specimens was the common property of both Churches, if, indeed, some of the books now existing in Ireland were not actually produced in Iona. One of these books was seen in Ireland by Geraldus Cambriensis, who accompanied some of the first Norman and Welsh invaders in the twelfth century, and he thus describes it:—

"Among all the miracles in Kildare, none appears to me more wonderful than that marvellous book which they say was written in the time of the Virgin [St. Brigit] at the dictation of an angel. It contains the Four Gospels according to St. Jerom, and almost every page is illustrated by drawings illuminated with a variety of brilliant colours. In one page you see the countenance of the Divine Majesty supernaturally pictured; in another, the mystic forms of the evangelists, with either six, four, or two wings; here are depicted the eagle, there the calf; here the face of a man, there of a lion; with other figures in almost endless variety. If you observe them superficially, and in the usual careless manner, you would imagine them to be daubs, rather than careful compositions; expecting to find nothing exquisite, where, in truth, there is nothing which is not exquisite. But if you apply yourself to a more close examination, and are able to penetrate the secrets

of the art displayed in these pictures, you will find them so delicate and exquisite, so finely drawn, and the work of interlacing so elaborate, while the colours with which they are illuminated are so blended, and still so fresh, that you will be ready to assert that all this is the work of angelic, and not human, skill. The more often and closely I scrutinise them, the more I am surprised, and always find them new, discovering fresh causes for increased admiration."

And art critics of our own day speak of the work in terms of equal commendation.

Such was the first Christian Church established among us, and such the mode of life and state of culture of its clergy. It existed in full vigour among us for about two hundred years, and then, partly from external causes, and partly from internal, it began to decay; but it was not finally superseded by a system of diocesan episcopacy under the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, until the time of King David the First. To trace the process of its decay would be interesting, but this paper has already extended to too great a length.

YACHTING AND ELECTIONEERING IN THE HEBRIDES.

II.

ON Monday, 7th September, we began the serious business of our trip—electioneering. Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh was then pursuing his candidature for the representation of the County of Inverness, and he had deemed this the best and easiest method of addressing near their homes the voters in the Western Isles and on the West Coast. On that day, accordingly, we left Loch-Duich for Benbecula, where a meeting had been called for four o'clock in the afternoon. I came on deck just as we were passing through Kyle Rhea, and, leaving the pretty Bay of Kirkton, Glenelg, on the left, we soon passed the village of Isleornsay, and the old ruined Castle of Knock, once a residence of the Macdonalds of Sleat. The next object of interest was Armadale Castle, the modern family seat of Lord Macdonald. This beautiful Gothic building was erected about 1815 by Sir Alexander Wentworth Macdonald, second Lord Macdonald of Sleat. As we rounded the Point of Sleat, a beautiful scene burst upon the sight. The whole range of the Cuchullin Hills unfolded itself before our eyes. The jagged peaks of Sgur-nan-Gillean were wreathed in ever-changing, but almost transparent mists, now creeping down the sides of the mountain, and anon uplifting and giving us a glimpse of the fantastic pinnacles which formed the summit. The view on all sides was grand. Behind us were the mountains of Kintail, Glenelg, Morar, and Arisaig, in distinct and endless varieties of outline; on our right, the bold coast of Skye, from Dunvegan Head to the Point of Sleat; on our left, the picturesque islands of Eigg, Muck, Rum, and Canna; while, in the distant front, the whole of the Long Island, from Harris to Barra, was visible. As we skirted the western coast of Skye, we saw numbers of whales disporting themselves quite near to the yacht, whisking their great tails, and spouting up briny fountains on every side; while porpoises also were in abundance. Large flocks of guillemots

hovered round our little vessel, ready to pick up anything which might be dropped overboard, whilst now and then a solan goose would swoop down upon some luckless fish and sail high overhead with its glittering prize.

The Captain took advantage of a light breeze to hoist the mainsail and two jibs, which made a considerable difference in our rate of speed. Leaving the flat Island of Soay upon our right, we soon passed the opening of Loch-Bracadale, and then made across the Little Minch for Benbecula. It was about six o'clock P.M., when we again neared land. Our Captain had doubts as to whether the land straight ahead of us was Benbecula or the Island of Wiay. It afterwards turned out to be the latter. The whistle was sounded for a pilot, but without effect, and, after half-an-hour of anxious manœuvring, we managed to enter the Sound of Benbecula, where we cast anchor. We then set off in the boat to try and discover Creagorry. After about half-an-hour's hard rowing, we descried another boat coming to meet us, and, as the two boats neared each other, the melodious strains of the bagpipes were borne along to us by the breeze. As soon as the other boat was within hailing distance, its occupants raised cheer after cheer, and the piper in its bow played with might and main a weird and beautiful Hebridean air. When within a few yards of us, the people in the other boat saluted by holding up their oars, whilst one enthusiastic individual tossed his cap high in air as he shouted, "Three cheers for Fraser-Mackintosh." The other boat then turned about, and preceded us towards the landing-place on the Benbecula side of the South Ford. As we entered the narrowest part of the Sound, a dense crowd was observed upon the South Uist side of the Ford, whilst another waited on the Benbecula side. The boatmen who preceded us kept cheering vociferously all the way, and soon an answering cheer burst from the crowds on both sides of the Ford. As we touched the little quay, dozens of willing hands were stretched forth to help us ashore, whilst cheer after cheer for the People's Candidate arose from the multitude which lined the shore, echoed no less heartily from the South Uist side. It was a good sign of the enthusiasm displayed that these people had waited patiently from four o'clock till seven, and some of them much longer, to give a hearty welcome to their

future Member of Parliament. Led by an ecstatic individual, who, in the exuberance of his joy, kept dancing something between the Highland Fling and a sailor's hornpipe, escorted on either side by the worthy priest of Benbecula, Father Mackintosh, and his genial colleague from the other side of the Ford, Father MacColl, and followed by a crowd of some two hundred people, we wended our way some two miles and a-half to the school, where a most hearty meeting passed a vote of confidence in the candidate. The earnest faces of the audience, as they listened to the speakers' words, were lighted up with an enthusiasm and a look of determination which boded ill for the prospects of Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh's opponents. Local references were keenly relished, and any bit of humour was at once observed and appreciated.

By the time the meeting was over, it was quite dark, but a dog-cart had been procured for us, and we were driven down to the quay, and across the Ford, now, by the receding tide, almost dry, to Iochdar, on the South Uist side, where we found that the people, after waiting several hours, had concluded there would be no meeting there that night, and gone home. By means of a message, however, a good meeting was soon formed, presided over by the genial Father MacColl of Ardkenneth, which passed a vote of confidence in Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh at the unearthly hour of 11.30 P.M. This concluded our day's, or rather our night's, work, but we had still to regain the yacht, whose lights we could faintly see at the east end of the Ford. The boat which had brought us from the yacht was nowhere to be seen, and we conjectured that it had gone back to the vessel to avoid being stranded by the ebbing tide. There was a chance, however, that it might have managed to remain afloat in one of the channels which, even at the lowest states of the tide, connect both ends of the Ford. As many of our readers may be unacquainted with the locality, it may be well to give some description of it.

The Island of Benbecula is separated from South Uist by a narrow strait about half-a-mile in width, called the South Ford, which, at low tide, is capable of being crossed on horse or foot. It is never perfectly dry, however, being intersected by a number of channels which, being lower than the surrounding sands, are

not affected by the tide, and across which the traveller, if on foot, has to wade. The South Ford is comparatively free from danger, owing to its narrowness, but the North Ford, separating Benbecula from North Uist, has rather a bad reputation, several sad accidents having occurred there within recent years.

The owner of the conveyance which had taken us across from Benbecula kindly offered to drive us towards the east end of the Ford, and as near to the yacht as it was possible to get, and we accordingly set forth, preceded by two men on foot, bearing lanterns, to lead the way. Four or five miles out at sea the lights of the yacht kept moving round and round, as the vessel swung with the tide. Our horse jogged quietly along, now splashing through a stretch of water left by the tide, and now traversing an expanse of firm sand. Far behind us the horse's hoof-marks and the wheel-tracks glittered with phosphorescent light, and at intervals the silence of the night was broken by the shrill whistle of our guides, endeavouring to discover the whereabouts of the yacht's boat. At last we reached the edge of the Ford at low tide, where we stayed for some time whistling and shouting to attract the attention of those on board the yacht, whose lights appeared about a mile distant, only to be answered by the plash of the waves upon the sand, and the melancholy cry of a startled sea-bird as it circled above our heads. The tide had now begun to flow, and our driver was getting alarmed about his safety. After a hurried consultation, he resolved to drive back before the tide, whilst we went into the house of one of our guides on the South Uist side, until a boat could be procured. This we did, and soon found ourselves comfortably ensconced beside a good peat-fire, whilst our two guides and the wife of one of them went out to get a boat ready. It turned out afterwards that the boat, a large, one-masted fishing-craft, was high and dry a considerable distance above high-water mark, and how those two men and one woman managed to launch it is a mystery to me yet. However that may be, about three o'clock A.M., one of the men came in with the welcome news that the boat was ready, and a few minutes more saw us seated in it. One of the men then came running down with a live peat in his hand—for what purpose I cannot say. It might have been to give light, but it only served, so far as I could

make out, to make darkness visible. At last everything was ready, our boatmen got in, and the boat was, after sundry unpleasant bumps, shoved off into deep water. The men bent their backs to the oars, and pulled manfully for some minutes, but it soon became apparent that there was some hitch in the proceedings—we had not progressed a single yard. An examination revealed the fact that the rope, by which the boat had been fastened to a rock on shore, had never been cast off! The emphatic Gaelic expletive to which the discoverer of the mistake gave expression was, I am convinced, anything but a blessing, but the matter was soon rectified, and we again set off, this time without hindrance. A fresh breeze which sprung up enabled us to use the sail, and in a very short time we were pitching and rolling alongside the yacht. Fifteen minutes more saw our boatmen departing with mutual and cordial expressions of good will, and by four A.M. I was making myself comfortable in my berth.

On Tuesday morning, 8th September, we steamed for Loch-Eynort, South Uist. The breeze of the earlier part of the morning had freshened into a tremendous gale, and our little vessel had a tough job getting round the coast. When off Ushinish Light-house, we encountered a succession of very heavy seas. The waves came dashing over the bows, and along the decks, until they poured over the stern. For fully an hour the yacht, with all her steam on, did not progress fifty yards, and the Captain seriously thought of putting back and running for Loch-maddy, an idea which he only abandoned after considerable pressure on the part of Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh. At last we managed to get round the Point, and, after much knocking about, entered the comparatively smooth waters of Loch-Eynort, and cast anchor. In the entry to this Loch there is a rock, on which a frigate dispatched by Cromwell to subdue the inhabitants of Uist is said to have been wrecked. We soon after rowed up to the head of the Loch, an intricate channel, in the midst of deluges of rain and a severe but favourable gale, where we were met by the Rev. Father Mackintosh, Bornish, and a conveyance from Lochboisdale. The first meeting was to be held at Stoneybridge, whither we immediately drove. When about a mile from the school, where the meeting was to be held, we were met by a large crowd of people,

headed by Mr. Alexander Macdonald, Chairman, and Mr. Patrick M. Walker, Secretary of the local branch of the Highland Land Law Reform Association, the latter gentleman bearing a flag, with the inscription, *Ciad mile failte*, "A hundred thousand welcomes." A procession was formed, which escorted us to the school, where a most hearty meeting was held. The people in this district, under the able leadership of Mr. Walker, a young man of great promise, are most enthusiastic Land Law Reformers, the Stoneybridge branch of the Association numbering some five hundred members. Mr. Walker has himself suffered in the cause of the people, having undergone a term of imprisonment, along with his father and brother, for alleged complicity in a case of deforcement some time ago. Though quite a young man, he is recognised by the people of South Uist as their leader and master-hand in the Land Agitation, and his imprisonment has only endeared him the more to his neighbours, who regard him as a martyr in their behalf. After the meeting, we were entertained in his father's house, one of the neatest cottages I have seen on the West Coast. It seemed to us deplorable that such worthy ladies as Mrs. and Miss Walker should have had to undergo the indignity and vexation of Mr. Walker, senior, and two of his sons, being all taken to prison at Lochmaddy. Mr. P. M. Walker afterwards accompanied us to Dalibrog, where our next meeting was to be held that evening.

The crofters' land about Stoneybridge is very poor, and it is with the greatest difficulty that crops are raised at all. Those people who talk about the laziness and indolence of the Highland crofters should go and see for themselves the astonishing amount of hard work which is expended upon these wretched plots of land. Month after month, and year after year, the crofter goes on digging, manuring, sowing, and reaping—a never-ending life of toil—his reward often being another pound added to his rent. Soon after leaving Stoneybridge we made for the old shore road to Ormiclate, and, passing through a gate, drove across a beautiful stretch of *machar* land—that is, a flat expanse of sandy soil near the sea—thickly covered with grass—upon which some of the finest black cattle I have ever seen were grazing. A question asked of Mr. Walker elicited the fact that this beautiful land was

held by Mr. Ranald Macdonald, the factor for Lady Gordon Cathcart, and residing at Cluny Castle, Aberdeenshire, and that a part of it once appertained to the Stoneybridge crofters!

At the farm of Ormiclate we stopped to inspect the remains of the old Castle, once a seat of Clanranald. The coat of arms, much effaced by time, is still to be seen upon the wall. The neglected state of this fine ruin, together with the mean and filthy surroundings, are disgraceful. A cabbage-garden had been formed close up to the outer wall,—bad enough; but infinitely better than the former application of the ground—a sheep fank—whilst the interior of the building had been used as a cattle-pen, and was a mass of filth. The present occupant, who has of course no power, being merely a grieve, expressed his regret at the wretched state of the place. The Castle was destroyed by fire over one hundred years ago. Mr. Walker gave me the following story of how the fire originated. The Macdonalds had taken a deer from Ben-More, a hill some distance off, and were engaged roasting it whole over the fire. The deer was a very fat one, and the grease dropping from it caught fire and ran all about the place, setting the whole chamber in flames. Before the progress of the fire could be arrested, the Castle was reduced to a blackened shell.

The site of Ormiclate was well chosen, standing on a slight eminence, in the centre of vast plains of *machar*. In front lies the Atlantic, smiling, when we saw it, under the influence of a brilliant sun, with the roar of the surf, modified by the distance; and to the back the horizon is bounded by the chain of grand mountains, including the noble Mount Hecla, forming the eastern coast of South Uist; both sea and mountain, in their ever-varying forms, always and ever objects of beauty and attraction from the Castle.

Leaving Ormiclate, we drove on to Dalibrog, passing the farm of Milton, the birthplace of Flora Macdonald, on the way. The site of the old house is rather exposed, but prettily situated on a green hillock. A good part of the walls remain. The splendid herds of cattle on the fine farm of Askernish, unhappily retained in the proprietor's hands, were objects of our admiration, as we drove along. Near the Dalibrog School we were met by a

crowd of over a hundred people, headed by two pipers playing lively airs, and a man bearing a large flag. On arrival at the school, we were welcomed by the Rev. Father Macdonald, and, after a most enthusiastic meeting, we drove away to Lochboisdale, followed by hearty rounds of cheers, again and again renewed, until we were out of hearing. At Lochboisdale we found the yacht waiting for us, but, as it was rather late, we stayed on shore,—and here I must leave the reader for the present.

HECTOR ROSE MACKENZIE.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

IT was towards the close of Tormod's rule, in 1577, that the massacre of the Macdonalds of Eigg, the most cold-blooded and atrocious act in the Highland history, was perpetrated by the Macleods. Dr. Skene publishes a document in the appendix to the third volume of *Celtic Scotland*, by which the date of the massacre of Eigg is fixed. This document is entitled a "Description of the Isles of Scotland," and Dr. Skene says that it "must have been written between 1577 and 1595, as the former date is mentioned in connection with the cruel slaughter of the inhabitants of Eigg by the Macleods, and John Stewart of Appin, who died in 1595, is mentioned as alive at the time it was written. It has all the appearance of an official report, and was probably intended for the use of James the Sixth, who was then preparing to attempt the improvement of the Isles, and increase the Royal revenue from them." This sufficiently fixes the date of the document. The following is the reference in it to the Island of Eigg—

"Eg is an Ile verie fertile and commodious for all kind of bestiall and corns, speciallie aittis, for eftir everie boll of aittis sawing in the same ony yeir will grow 10 or 12 bollis agane. It is 30 merk land, and it pertains to the Clan Rannald, and will raise 60 men to the weiris. It is five mile lang and three mile braid. Thair is mony coves under the earth in this Ile, quhilk the cuntrie folks uses as strengthis, hiding thame and thair geir thairintill; quhairthrow it hapenit that in March, anno 1577, weiris and inmitie betwix the said Clan Renald and McCloyd Herreik, the people, with ane callit Angus John McMudzartsonne,* their capitaine, fled to ane of the saidis coves, taking with thame thair wives, bairnis, and geir, quhairof McCloyd Herreik being advertisit landed with ane great armie in the said Ile, and came to the cove, and pat fire thairto, and smorit [smothered] the

* This Angus was fourth son of the brave John Moydartach, Chief of Clanranald. See Mackenzie's *History of the Macdonalds*, p. 402.

haill people thairin, to the number of 395 persones, men, wyfe, and bairnis."

This, we think, will finally settle the date and the authors of this unparalleled atrocity.

The following description of it, by Professor Jameson, is from the *New Statistical Account for Inverness-shire*, under the "Parish of Small Isles," pp. 146-148. Professor Jameson writes :—

"A party of the Macleods having landed upon the small island of Eilean Chastel, behaved so outrageously to the women who were there tending cattle, that their friends instantly pursued and put several of them to death. This so enraged the clan of Macleod, that they determined to take revenge, by ravaging the Isle, and putting to death the murderers of their brothers. The Islanders, sensible of their weakness, prepared to shelter themselves upon the first appearance of an enemy. Soon afterwards a number of boats were seen approaching the Isle; when the trembling inhabitants retired in despair to this cave, their only refuge. The Macleods soon landed and traversed the whole Island; but as they could discover no human being, they concluded that the Macdonalds had made their escape to the Mainland, or to some of the adjacent islands. Disappointed and enraged, they were about to leave Eigg to return to Skye, when, unfortunately, one of the horde observed the mark of footsteps on the snow; and thus they were enabled to discover the cave where the wretched inhabitants had taken refuge. Shrieks of despair were interrupted for a little by a proposal of the Macleods that, if the murderers were given up to punishment, the other lives should be spared. This was only a cruel aggravation of their sufferings, as the Macleods were the aggressors. Connected, as the Macdonalds were, by the dearest ties, they were determined to perish together rather than to give up one of their number. The Macleods, with the most savage barbarity, instantly kindled great fires at the mouth of the cave, which soon suffocated the whole of the miserable inhabitants.

"One often listens even to such a tale, as to the description of a battle, without much interest; but the view of the scene never fails to awaken a keener sympathy—the circumstances are brought nearer to the mind, and seem to be passing before us. We stood on the very ground where this tragedy was acted, and felt our sensibility increased by the sequestered and dreary place in which the deed was done. But even this interest was faint when compared to that we felt when, after creeping a considerable way

through a low and narrow entrance, half-covered with brushwood, we found ourselves at last within a large and gloomy cave, the extent and height of which we could not distinguish, and perceived the gleams of the lights we carried reflected from the bones and skulls of the unhappy Macdonalds. The force with which the truth and all the circumstances of this dreadful tale struck at this moment upon our minds, and the strange variety of sensations excited by an event so extraordinary, it is not easy to find words to express.

"The entrance of the cave is low and narrow for about 12 feet, the breadth 14 feet, and in length it extends inwards nearly 213 feet. The air was damp and raw. Our lights struck faintly on the black sides of the cave, without dispelling that deep and solemn gloom which harmonized so well with the melancholy story. The projecting masses of rock were dimly illuminated, while the skulls and scattered bones catched a strong light. Our figures, too, touched with the paley flame, showed the features, or an outstretched arm, while the parts of the body removed from the light were lost in the gloom. The whole scene was admirably adapted for the canvas; but it would require a very rare talent in the painter who should attempt it."

According to the Skye tradition of this story, it is related that the Macleods, having shown some disrespect towards the Eigg women, were seized by the Macdonalds, bound hand and foot, and set adrift in their own boat, which was carried by wind and tide to the entrance of Loch-Dunvegan, and there picked up by Macleod himself, as he was returning in his galley from Orkney. Then followed the expedition to Eigg, with the terrible result already narrated.

It is said that the sanguinary engagement between the Macdonalds and Macleods at Waternish took place shortly after the Eigg massacre, but it is impossible now to fix the date quite accurately, and it is more than probable that the Battle of Waternish took place between the Sleat Macdonalds, who held North Uist, and the Siol Torquil or Lewis Macleods, who occupied Waternish, than between those who were parties to the massacre of Eigg.

A number of the Macleods, we are told, were assembled in the Church at Trumpan, when a party of the Macdonalds suddenly surrounded and set fire to the building, destroying all the unfortunate inmates except one young woman, who escaped

through a narrow window, as the tradition states, with the loss of one of her breasts, which was torn off as she dragged herself through the opening still to be seen in the old ruin of the church. The boats of the enemy had, however, been observed by the people in other parts of the country, and before long the Macdonalds were attacked by a body of infuriated Macleods, who exacted a terrible revenge for the burning of their church and kinsfolk. The bodies of the slain Macdonalds were ranged in line beneath a stone wall near the battle-field, and the wall was then overturned upon them. Hence the battle was called *Blar-milleadh-garaidh*,—the battle of the destruction of the dyke. The author of the *Statistical Account* says that there are indistinct accounts preserved of another battle fought by these hostile clans, known as Blar Bhatternish, the Battle of Waternish. The Macleods were just about to give up the contest when the celebrated Fairy Flag of their chief was unfurled, which immediately caused the enemies to see triple the real number of Macleods opposed to them. The Macdonalds, on seeing this sudden and mysterious augmentation of their foes, became panic-stricken, and were completely routed.

Tormod Macleod is described as "a man of remarkable fortitude and resolution, of great integrity and honour," and as one who always adhered to the interest of Queen Mary.

He married, first, Giles, daughter of Hector Maclean of Duart by his first wife, Lady Janet Campbell, daughter of Archibald, fourth Earl of Argyll, with issue—

1. William, his heir and successor.
2. Roderick, who succeeded his brother William, was known as Rory Mor, and was knighted by James VI.
3. Alexander of Minginish, and of whom the families of Ferinlea, Oze, and others were descended.
4. Margaret, who, as his second wife, married Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat, without issue, he having been first married to the heiress of John MacTorquil Macleod of Lewis, with issue.
5. A daughter, who married Torquil Macleod of Lewis, and secondly, Ranald Macdonald, first of Benbecula, whose descendants, on the failure in 1725 of the direct line

in the person of Ranald, XIII. Chief of Clanranald, succeeded as heads of that family.

Tormod Macleod married, secondly, a daughter of the Earl of Argyll, by whom he had issue—

6. Florence, who married Lachlan Maclean of Coll, with issue. He died in March, 1584, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

XII. WILLIAM MACLEOD, who was served heir to his father, Tormod, on the 31st of July, 1585, and on a precept from Chancery, was infeft in all the ancient estates of the family, in November of the same year. In September he was requested by James VI. to go and assist Lachlan Maclean of Duart, whose lands had been invaded by Angus Macdonald of Islay. The Macleans were also assisted on this occasion by the Macneills of Barra, the Mackinnons of Skye, and the MacQuarries; while the Macdonalds were supported by the Macleods of Lewis, the Macdonalds of Clanranald, the Clan Ian of Ardnamurchan, the Macneills of Gigha, the Macallisters of Iona, and Macfies of Colonsay. The history of this feud is already so well known to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine** that it is quite unnecessary to write of it here at any length. The King at last interfered—using the chiefs of the Clan Campbell, who had charge of the seventh Earl during his minority, as intermediatories—with the result that Angus Macdonald of Islay agreed to liberate Maclean, who had become his prisoner, on being promised a remission for his own crimes, and on eight hostages of high rank being placed in his hands by Maclean for the performance of conditions which the Chief of Duart had been obliged to sign to secure his release. The hostages were given, and among them we find Alexander Macleod of Minginish, youngest brother of William Macleod of Dunvegan, and of his more distinguished successor, *Ruairidh Mor* of that ilk.

These hostages were afterwards ordered to be given up to the young Earl of Argyll or his guardians, for conveyance by them to the King himself, to be kept where he should appoint, until a final settlement was arranged of all the matters in dispute

* See also Mackenzie's *History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles*, pp. 189 to 196.

between the Macdonalds of Islay and the Macleans of Duart. These and their followers, as well as their principal supporters—Chief and people—were charged to keep the peace and abstain from all gatherings and conventions, so as not to hinder or disturb the King in his efforts to bring about a settlement of the disputes between them.

The Earl of Huntly, then his Majesty's Lieutenant in the North, was addressed by the King in a letter written with his own hand, dated at Edinburgh, 20th of April, 1587, in which His Majesty says:—"We have no doubt but the cruelties and disorders in the Isles these years bygone have greatly moved you, whereanent we intend, God willing, to take some special pains ourself, as well there as in the Borders, where we have been lately occupied." After having stated that he had communicated with the Earl in the preceding October on the same subject, the King proceeds:—"Always fearing that the Islesmen within the bounds of your Lieutenancy shall press to make some rising and gathering, before conveniently we may put order to the matters standing in controversy in the West Isles, we desire you effectuously that with all goodly diligence you send to Donald Gorm's son, Macleod of the Lewis, Macleod of the Harris, the Clan-Ranald, and others being of power in these parts, willing and commanding them to contain themselves in quietness, and that they forbear to make any convention or gatherings, to the hinder and disturbance of our good deliberation, for we have written effectuously to Angus Macdonald, and have spoken with Maclean, being here, for the same effect. And so, not doubting but you will do what in you lies, that all things remain quiet and in good order within the bounds of your charge, as you will do us special acceptable service, commit you in the protection of Almighty God."*

Shortly after, an Act was passed by which it was made imperative on all landlords and chiefs of clans to find securities for large amounts, proportionate to their wealth and the number of their followers, for the good behaviour of all their vassals. If, after having found the stipulated sureties, any of these chiefs failed in making immediate reparation for all injuries inflicted by any of their subordinates, for whom they were made to answer,

* *Invernessiana*, by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., pp. 245-6.

the aggrieved persons could proceed at law against the securities for the amount of the damage. The Superior was in that case not only to reimburse his cautioner, but had, in addition, to pay a large fine to the Crown. At the same time, many excellent provisions were made by this Act, usually known as the "General Band" for the more regular and easier administration of justice in the Western Isles.

William Macleod entered into a bond of manrent with Lachlan Mackintosh of Mackintosh, whose daughter he had married, in the following terms :—

Be it kenned to all, me, William Macleod of Dunvegan, to become bound and obliged. Like as by the tenor hereof, I bind and oblige me, my heirs, leally and truly, by the faith and truth in my body, to take, efauld, and true part, assist, maintain, and defend, and concur with Lachlan Mackintosh of Dunachton, Captain and Chief of the Clan Chattan, and his heirs, in all and sundrie their actions, causes, quarrels, debates, and invasion of any person or persons whatever, indirectly used or intended contrary to the said Lachlan and his heirs in all time coming, from the day and date hereof, so that I, the said William Macleod, and my heirs, shall be sufficiently and duly premonished and advertised by the said Lachlan Mackintosh and his foresaids, to the effect foresaid, and shall give faithful and true counsel to him and his heirs, by and attour concurrence, and take efauld part with him and his heirs (as said is) in all their just causes and actions as said is. And sicklike I shall not hide, obscure, nor conceal, by any colour or engine, directly or indirectly, any skaith, displeasure, nor harm, meant or concert, in contrar the said Lachlan Mackintosh and his foresaids by any whatsomever person or persons, the same coming to the knowledge and ears of me, the said William Macleod and my heirs, but immediately after trial thereof in all our best manner, with all expedition and haste, shall advertize, report, and make foreseen the said Lachlan Mackintosh and his heirs thereof. As also to concur, assist, maintain, defend, and take faithful part with them against all mortals (the King's Majesty excepted allenarly). And this my bond to stand firm and stable in all time coming after the day and date hereof. In witness of the whilk, I have subscribed these presents with my hand, in manner under written, at Culloden, the 15th day of January, 1588, before witness.

(Signed) WILLIAM M'LEOYD
offe Dunvegane.

He married Janet, daughter of Lachlan Mackintosh, XVI.

of Mackintosh, by his wife Agnes, daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, X. of Kintail, without issue. He died in October, 1590, when he was succeeded by his next brother, the famous Ruairidh Mor, afterwards knighted by James VI., and of whom in our next.

(To be continued.)

MADUINN NA SABAID.

Nach àluinn, maiseach, tosdach, ciùin,
'Tha 'ghrian ag éiridh suas;
'S na gathan tlàth 'tha 'teachd bho 'gnùis
'Cur aoidh air tìr, 'us cuan!
Dh' fhuadaich i 'n dorchadas air chùl,
'Us dhùisg i 'mach le buaidh;
Sin mar a dh' éirich Rìgh nan dùl
Bho chumhachd bàis 'us uaigh,
Air maduinn chaoimh na Sàbaid naoimh
Le saorsa bhuan d' a shluagh.

Do'n neach 'tha saoithreachadh gu cruaidh,
Fo' iomadh cuibhreach sgìth,
Tha 'mhaduinn so gu sèimh ri luaidh
Air teachdaireachd na slth,
Mar eàrlais air an fhois 'tha shuas
Nach tig gu bràth gu crìch,
Am measg nan sluagh a tha bith-bhuan,
Far nach tig bròn g' an claoidh,
An t-Sàbaid chaomh am measg nan naomh,
Nach tig gu ceann a chaoidh.

Tha gniomh do làmh an diugh, a Thriath,
A' taisbeanadh do rùin,
Na neamhan shuas 's an talamh shios
Ag àrdachadh do chliu.
Air son do chaoimhneis shaibhir, fhial,
'S do mhaitheis do gach dùil,
Gun aois, gun chaochladh ort gu sior,
'S bha thu mar sin bho thùs;
Bho linn gu linn bidh òran binn
Air glòir do rìgheachds' ùr.

Cò thuigeas òirdhearcas do neairt,
'Thug beatha do gach cré,
'S na miltean saoghal 'tha fo' d' reachd
Air feadh a' chruinne-ché.
Tha 'n gluasad uile fo' do smachd,
'S an earbsa riut gu léir,
'S na cumhachdan a dhealbhadh leat
Gun tàmh a' cur 'an ceill
Do chliù mar Righ os cionn gach ni
A rinneadh leat gu treun.

Ge mòr do chumhachd, 's àrd do ghlòir,
Eisdidh Tu glaoidh nan bochd;
'S ann uat a thig gach neart 'us treòir,
'S Tu mhaitheas dhuinn ar lochd.
Do làmh a' sgaoileadh maoin do stòir,
'S gach dùil a' feitheamh ort,
Gach tràth Thu 'g ullachadh dhuinn lòin,
'S do shùil gun suain, gun chlos;
'S bho d' chòmhnuidh shuas tha 'ghnath do chluas
Ri ghlaodh do shluaigh a bhos.

Tha mhaduinn so 'n a dhearbhadh ùr
Dhuinn air do chaoimhneas caomh,
Tha 'n cruinne-cé le iomadh cliù,
A' seinn duit air gach taobh;
'S an dream a dh' earbas riut an cùis
Freagraidh Tu iad gu caoin,
Cha chuir Thu dòchas neach air chùl,
'S cha mheall Thu air a h-aon;
'S air bàs 'us uaigh gu 'n toir iad buaidh
'Us gheibh iad duais gu saor.

N. MacLeoid.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—FOURTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.—On Tuesday evening, 12th January, 1886, the Fourteenth Annual Dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness took place in the Caledonian Hotel—Allan R. Mackenzie, Esq., younger of Kintail, Chief of the Society, in the chair. The croupiers were Mr. Duncan Campbell, Ballifeary, and Mr. George J. Campbell, solicitor. There was a fair attendance, but nothing like that of former years. The speeches, with one or two exceptions, were weak. The proceedings were enlivened, however, by the singing of several Gaelic and Scotch songs by some of those present, and by the choice selection of Highland bagpipe music contributed by Pipe-Major Paul Mackillop. A spirited reel was engaged in by several gentlemen during the evening; and, taking them all in all, the proceedings, while not nearly up to past years as regards speaking, were of an interesting and enjoyable character.

THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

(Continued)

THE TROUBLES BETWIXT THE FORBESES AND THE GORDONS IN THE YEARS 1571 AND 1572.

THE two families of Gordon and Forbes were of great power and authority in their country, both of them valiant, wise, and wealthy; both harbouring deadly feud, long rooted between them. The Gordons then lived with great concord and unity among themselves; and, by the tolerance of their Kings, had, for many years, governed the people adjoining unto them, whereby they became wealthy and of great power, and purchased strength among themselves, together with the attendance and following of other men towards them. When, on the contrary, the Forbeses were at war one with another, they daily impaired their own strength, with their own slaughters, and, in end, wrought their own harm by pressing to strive against the Gordons. These two surnames did live together at this time, rather in secret emulation than open envy; because they had (in way of reconciliation) by marriage intermingled their families together; but their hid and long-rooted rancour did now burst forth, not only by following contrary factions during these civil wars betwixt the King's party and the Queen's, but chiefly because that John, Master of Forbes (eldest son to the Lord Forbes), had repudiated and put away his wife, Margaret Gordon, daughter to George, Earl of Huntly, which he did by the instigation of his uncle, Black Arthur Forbes, who mortally hated the Gordons. This Arthur was a man of great courage, ambitious, and ready to undertake anything whatsoever for the advancement and reconciliation of his family. The Forbeses, from the first time of these civil discords in Scotland, did follow the King's party; the Gordons did always remain constantly faithful to the Queen, even unto the end.

The Forbeses, by persuasion of Black Arthur Forbes, had appointed both day and place of meeting, where they should assemble together, not only for their own general reconciliation among themselves, but also to enterprise something against the Gordons and the rest of the Queen's favourers in these parts; whereof Adam Gordon of Achindown having secret intelligence (his brother, the Earl of Huntly, being then in Edinburgh), he assembled a certain number of his kindred and followers to cross the proceedings of the Forbeses, who were all convened at Tillie-angus, above Druminour, in the beginning of the year of God 1572. The Forbeses perceiving the Gordons coming up towards them, against the hill where they then were, they did intrench themselves within their camp, which they had strongly fortified, dividing their army into two several companies, whereof Black Arthur Forbes commanded that which lay next unto the Gordons. Adam Gordon (far inferior in number to his enemies), presently, without any stay, fiercely invaded the first company; his brother, Mr. Robert Gordon, set upon the other: so, breaking their trenches, they ran desperately upon the spears of their enemies. After a sharp and cruel conflict, courageously fought a long time on either side, Black Arthur Forbes, with divers others, gentlemen of his surname and family, were slain; the rest were all overthrown, put to flight, and chased even to the gates of Druminour, the Lord Forbes's chief dwelling-place; few of the Gordons were killed, but only John Gordon of Buckie, father to John Gordon of Buckie, now living.

The Forbeses attempted nothing afterward in revenge of this overthrow, until the time that John, Master of Forbes (Black Arthur's nephew and chief of that family), hardly escaping from his enemies, hastened to Court, where the Earl of Mar, then Regent, had his residence, hoping by him to be relieved. The Regent gave him five companies of footmen and some horsemen, with letters to such of the adjoining nobility as favoured and followed that party, desiring them to associate and join themselves unto the Forbeses. These then being confederated and assembled together with certain other families of their affinity and neighbours, so advanced the spirit of this John, Master of Forbes, that he now thought himself sufficiently furnished against the forces of his

adversaries, and so presently went to Aberdeen, to expel Adam Gordon from thence, the year of God 1572, who, knowing the preparation of the Forbeses, and understanding the approach of the enemies so near at hand, assembled such of his friends and followers as he could soonest find at that time, and led them out of the town. He sent a company of musketeers, under the conduct of Captain Thomas Carr, to a convenient place where the Forbeses must of necessity pass, there to lie in ambush, and not to stir till the battle did join; then he sent certain of the Sutherland bowmen (who had retired themselves out of their country during the Earl of Sutherland's minority), and desired them to draw a great compass about, and so, to set upon the back of the Forbeses' footmen and musketeers; he himself, and his brother, Mr. Robert Gordon, with the residue of his company, stayed the coming of the Forbeses at a place called Craibstane, not far from the ports of the new town of Aberdeen. The Forbeses, being in sight of Aberdeen, began to consult among themselves what was best to be done; some were of opinion that the fittest and safest course was to go to Old Aberdeen, and there seat themselves, and from thence to molest the new town, and compel Adam Gordon to depart from New Aberdeen, by the aid and assistance of these experienced footmen which were sent from the Regent: but the Master of Forbes and his kinsmen would not hearken thereto, desiring present battle, which was then concluded; and so the Forbeses advanced with great courage against the Gordons, who received them with the like resolution. At the very first encounter, Achindown's musketeers, who lay in ambush, killed a number of the Forbeses; then both the armies joined with great violence. After a cruel conflict, with incredible obstinacy on either side, the Laird of Pitsligo (Forbes's) two brethren, with divers other gentlemen of the surname of Forbes, were there slain; Captain Chisholm, with the footmen (sent by the Regent to their support) were put to flight by the Sutherland bowmen, who pursued them eagerly with great slaughter. Among the rest, Captain Chisholm was slain, with three other Captains, which the rest of the Forbeses perceiving, they fled apace; many of the principals were taken, with their Chief and General, John, Master of Forbes, whose father was then very aged, lying sick at Druminour, expecting the

sorrowful news of this overthrow. Adam Gordon used this victory very moderately, and suffered no man to be killed after the fury of the fight was past. When all was ended, he returned to the Church of Aberdeen, and there gave thanks unto God for his happy success. Alexander Forbes of Strathgarnock (author of all the troubles betwixt these two families, and the chief stirrer-up of Arthur Forbes against the Gordons) was taken at this battle, and, as they were going to behead him, Achindown caused them to stay his execution. He entertained the Master of Forbes, and the rest of the prisoners, with great kindness and courtesy; he carried the Master of Forbes along with him to Strathbogie; and in end gave him and all the rest leave to depart.

The next ensuing summer after this conflict at Craibstane, Adam Gordon of Achindown, following his victory, entered the Mearns, and besieged the house of Glenbervie, putting all the Regent's party within that province into a great fear and tumult. The Earl of Crawford, the Lords Grey, Ogilvy, and Glamis, taking part with the Regent against the Queen, assembled all the forces of Angus and Mearns to resist Achindown, and to stop his passage at Brechin, where they encamped; but Adam Gordon, being advertised of their proceedings, left the most part of his men at the siege of Glenbervie, from whence he parted in the dead time of the night, with the most resolute men of his company, to invade these lords; and being come to Brechin, he killed the watch with divers others, surprised the town, set upon the lords, chased them, and made himself master of the town and castle of Brechin. The next morning, the lords understanding Achindown's small forces in regard of theirs, they assembled their men together, and came near unto Brechin to fight against him, who met them with resolute courage; but, as they were ready to encounter, the lords, not able to endure the first charge of their enemies, fled apace with all their companies. There were slain of them above 80; and divers of them were taken, amongst whom was the Lord Glamis, who was carried to Strathbogie, and, being detained there a while, he was set at liberty with the rest. This conflict was called the Bourd of Brechin. Then returned Adam Gordon back again to the siege of Glenbervie, and took it; from thence he went to Montrose, and took that town. In his return

from thence, he took the Castle of Dun, which appertained to the Regent's cousin, and so marched forward into Angus. The inhabitants of Dundee hearing of his approach, and despairing of their own abilities to resist him, they sent for help into Fife; but Achindown, having done his pleasure in Angus and Mearns, returned home into the North, being contented for that time with what he had already done against his enemies. By this good success of the Gordons, the Queen's favourers in all the parts of the kingdom were highly encouraged at that time.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR OF THE "GUELPH MERCURY" ON THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."—The *Guelph Mercury*, of 24th December, says :—"The crofters in the Highlands of Scotland will be well represented in the next British Parliament. They have returned Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh for Inverness-shire, Mr. Macfarlane for Argyleshire, Dr. Clark in Caithness, and Dr. Macdonald in Ross and Cromarty. We regret that Mr. Angus Sutherland has been defeated in Sutherlandshire by the Marquis of Stafford, son of the Duke of Sutherland. Mr. Sutherland, the crofters' candidate, made a gallant fight, and, considering the immense influence of the Duke, he ran the Marquis pretty close. Much of the credit for the victories achieved by the crofter candidates is due to Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine* and *Scottish Highlander*, published in Inverness. Mr. Mackenzie, both in the columns of the *Highlander*, and by his personal efforts, has worked for the crofters with an ability and devotion that entitles him to the everlasting gratitude, not only of the crofters themselves, but of all Scotsmen who have their interests at heart. In Inverness-shire, especially, his labours in the cause were almost superhuman, and he has the proud satisfaction of seeing these rewarded by the election of Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh. Mr. Mackenzie has many friends in Canada who will recollect his visit to our country some six years ago, and who will be glad to know that he has proved himself such an able, patriotic, and successful champion of his oppressed fellow countrymen in the Highlands."

[Mr. James Innes, proprietor and editor of the *Guelph Mercury* (daily and weekly), is a Canadian M.P., and represents one of the divisions of County Wellington, Ontario, in the Dominion Parliament. Last summer, he and Mrs. Innes made a tour through Great Britain, going as far North as Skye, Sutherland, and Caithness. He attended one of the principal crofter demonstrations in Sutherlandshire, on which occasion he delivered a stirring and able address on the Land Question, at the time reported in the *Scottish Highlander*.]

THE STATE OF THE HIGHLANDS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IV.

THE ISLAND OF LEWIS.

HAVING visited most of Harris without recording anything additional of striking interest, Mr. Knox proceeded to the Lewis, landing on the north side of the Bay of Stornoway. He describes this place as a comparatively low and pleasant country, fertile in grain and excellent grass. At the time, Stornoway had no quay worthy of the name, so that vessels had to load and unload upon the beach, or in the Bay, by means of boats, though its shipping amounted at the time to twenty-three decked vessels, chiefly employed in the fishing. He informs us that, in the preceding century, several Dutch families had settled in Stornoway, but were driven away during the war between England and Holland. Their example had, however, a good effect upon the people, who, "from thenceforward, have done more in the way of fishing and traffic than all the West Highlands put together." Fifty handsome houses had been built in the place within a few years of our author's visit, and new ones were then being built upon a regular plan, drawn out by the then Earl of Seaforth. The ground was "granted on perpetual feus, in lots of fifteen to thirty feet in front, and sixty behind, for a garden, which the inhabitants wish to have increased to double that size, partly on account of the room which their bulky fuel requires. If this could be complied with, the town would increase with great rapidity, and abundantly repay, in the improvement of the island, the concession of fifteen or twenty acres of ground."

Mr. Knox, who was accompanied by Captain Macleod, from Harris, put up in the Inn on his arrival at Stornoway, but, very soon after, they were called upon by Seaforth,* who insisted upon

* This Seaforth was Francis Humberston-Mackenzie, who succeeded his brother, Colonel Thomas Frederick Mackenzie-Humberston, in 1783, and died, the last male representative of his race, in 1815.

their accompanying him to the Lodge. Seaforth, he informs us, had then in contemplation "to rebuild the church, and erect a gaol and town-house," and Mr. Knox was so taken with the whole surroundings, that he exclaims:—"When the church and spire shall be built, with a small spire also upon the town-house, and other ornaments which Seaforth's fertile imagination may easily conceive, this place will merit the pencil of the first landscape painter in the kingdom, and be a considerable acquisition to the many beautiful prints which distinguish the present age." From this it would appear to anyone who has visited Stornoway in our time, that Mr. Knox was not difficult to please in the matter of scenery.

He was anxious to visit Loch-Roag, on the west side of the Island, and Seaforth, with a Captain Mackenzie, whom Mr. Knox designates Seaforth's "brother-in-law," and Captain Macleod, at once volunteered to accompany him. A boat, stored with all kinds of provisions, wines, spirits, and malt liquors, was soon got in readiness, and the party, in high spirits, started from Stornoway for the Birchen Isles, from which they were to walk to the head of Loch-Roag. Having got some distance on their way, it was agreed to go ashore and have dinner upon one of the Islands. A fire was soon kindled; every man taking part in the cooking arrangements, Seaforth himself cutting up, gutting, washing, and putting into the kettle, one of two fine lythe which they had caught on their way. Captain Mackenzie attended to the kettle, and supplied the fire with heather, "which, being dry, made a fine blaze, and facilitated the business on hand." They had also caught a salmon on the trip, of which Captain Macleod took charge, cutting it in slices of about half-a-pound each; and, placing it in paper, he put it on the gridiron, cooking it to the great satisfaction of those who partook of it. Mr. Knox's department was pulling heather to keep the pot boiling. When everything was nearly ready to be served up, "Seaforth spread a large table cloth upon the ground; opened his hampers and canteen; laid the knives, forks, and plates; took out his stores of cold tongue, tame and wild fowl, roast beef, bread, cheese, butter, pepper, salt, vinegar, pickles, etc., also wine, spirits, ale, and porter," upon which, it need hardly be said, the party made an excellent *al fresco* dinner. During

the night the weather changed from a calm to a perfect storm of wind and incessant rain, so that Mr. Knox and his friends were quite unable to visit Loch-Roag, and had to find their way back to Stornoway, over mosses and moors, rendered almost impassable by the drenching rain and storm.

Even at that time, the fishing industry had become pretty extensive in the Lewis, and at Stornoway Mr. Knox found large piles of cod and ling, well cured. Here, however, the inevitable factor turns up, who has "long monopolized" the fishing of the Island. He "pays the fishermen £13 per ton for the ling, and gets, when sold upon the spot, £18. When to these advantages we add the various emoluments arising from his office, and his traffic in grain, meal, cattle, etc., his place is better than the rent of many considerable estates in the Highlands. The father of the present factor procured a lease of that office, *with all its appendages*, for a number of years, six or seven of which are yet unexpired; and it is said that he retired with a fortune of £20,000, a part of which he has laid out upon an estate where he now resides. Of the black cattle, as well as the white fish, he seems to have had a complete monopoly, as appears from a paper that was put into my hands by one of the tacksmen, formerly in Lewis, but who has since taken a large farm elsewhere. A copy of this curious paper will convey a better idea of the condition of those people, whose lot it is to live under the despotic sway of certain factors, than any declamation which human feelings can incite." So says our author, writing, not in 1886, but in 1786.

We give the documents, which speak for themselves. They are all given in foot-notes by Mr. Knox, and are as follows :—

"Copy Warrant Alex. ————, factor to Seaforth,—

"DONALD,

"You are to intimate to the whole tenants in your district, who pay rent to the factor, that they must sell no cattle this year, until the rents are paid, to any person who has not the factor's orders to buy; and, if anyone attempt to buy with ready money, you are to arrest these cattle, and not allow them to be carried out of the country, until the whole rents are paid up. This, on your peril, I desire may be done immediately, and any person who dares to sell after these orders are made public, you are to acquaint me thereof. Tell John Morison, in Nether Shathu, that it is expected he will buy up a good many stots and droving cows this year for us.

If he does, it will be obliging, and the service will not be forgot. Write to me when you have obeyed these orders.

(Signed) "ALEX. ————.

"Extracted by John Morison, late tacksman of Little Berneray."

"Copy Receipt Alex. ————, 24th August, 1780.

"Received by me, Alex. ————, Clerk of the Admiralty Court of Lewis and Harris, from John Morison, Little Berneray, twelve shillings sterling, deducting therefrom three shillings allowed for salvage, as the value of a barrel of tar found at sea by Murdo Cook, in the year 1768. Witness my hand.

(Signed) "ALEX. ————.

"Extracted by John Morison, late tacksman of Berneray."

"That Mr. ————, as factor to Seaforth, was to be kept in firing by the tenants of Lewis, but, in place of this, and, in name of said peats, Mr. ———— served a good many of the inhabitants of Stornoway, to the value of forty or fifty pounds sterling yearly*, is also certified by John Morison, late tacksman of Little Berneray. If Mr. ———— refuse either the warrant or receipt, I shall produce the principals; and, as to the article of the peats, if he also refuse it, I shall send certificates from the people who have bought the peats of him. You'll please observe that there has been no arrears of rent in the Island since the year 1752, so that there was no proper apology for granting such warrants, as it only meant to secure the cattle to themselves, having forbidden any other person to buy, even with ready money."

At the time of our author's visit, the inhabitants of the Lewis were reckoned at 9,000. He informs us that, forty years before, the then factor farmed the whole Island, for which he paid Seaforth only £1000 per annum! But, at the time at which he writes (1786) "by means of improvements in agriculture, fisheries, and kelp, of which about 200 tons of an excellent quality is made, chiefly on the west side of the Island, with ground-rents of houses, and the rise in the price of cattle, the Island now pays £2500" of rent, besides Church and other dues.

Seaforth, whose principal residence was at Brahan Castle, on the Mainland, resided, for two or three months every summer, in the Lewis, where he enjoyed "more than Asiatic luxury, in the simple produce of his forest, his heaths, and his shores. His table is continually supplied with delicate beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork, venison, hare, pigeons, fowls, tame and wild ducks, tame and wild

* "Mr. Morison means that, besides the peats used by the factor in his own family, he had a surplus which he sold to the people of Stornoway."

geese, partridges, and great variety of moor fowl. Of the fish kind, he is supplied by his factor with salt cod, ling, and tusk; and by his own boat with fresh cod, haddock, whiting, mackerel, skate, soles, flounders, lythe," and other kinds. "These are caught in the bay immediately fronting his house, every day except Sunday, and thrown in a heap upon the ground near the kitchen, from which the cook supplies the table, and the rest are given to the poor. In salmon and trout he is supplied from the bay called Loch Tuath, which flows within a mile of his house on the north side." Fish of all kinds seem to have been remarkably plentiful in the Lewis in Seaforth's time. To ascertain its extent, he provided nets, and set out, accompanied by his family and a crowd of people, for the bay, with the following results, copied from a journal kept by himself:—

"August 17, 1786.—Hauled only the little pool once. Caught salmon, 29; trout, 128; flounders, 1468.

"August 18.—Hauled both great and little pool once. Great pool, 139 salmon; 528 trout; a few flounders. Little pool, 5 salmon, about 100 trout, and 500 flounders.

"August 25.—Hauled both pools once. Did not count the fish separately, but the whole were 143 salmon, 143 trout, and the flounders I did not count, but they were a great heap, about 700 or 800. Every day an immense number of herrings, sprats, and cuddies were caught."

From these he supplied himself, and gave the rest away. But these captures were made after rains that had succeeded a period of dry weather. "Such," with the produce of a garden, says Mr. Knox, "are the articles which a Highland laird or chieftain has at his table at dinner and supper."

He also says that, in the Hebrides and upon the western coasts of the Mainland, a gentleman could entertain at dinner, "twenty people with thirty or forty different articles, at an expense not exceeding fifteen or twenty shillings for eating, which in London would cost twenty pounds," and which only those of the first fortunes in England could command; while even then they could not procure such a variety in equal perfection. "The gentlemen in the Highlands have also the advantage in their wines and spirits, owing, however, in a great measure, to a melancholy cause. Many ships are wrecked and broke in pieces

upon their coasts every year, and the floating part of the cargoes is found at sea, or thrown upon the shore, where it is claimed by the proprietor or his factor." Of course!—they would claim the sun and the moon if they could but fall into the sea, and come ashore on their coasts!

WEST COAST OF ROSS AND SUTHERLAND SHIRES.

Mr. Knox took passage from Stornoway to Poolewe in a packet, which, he says, crossed once a fortnight in ordinary times, but once a week when Seaforth was in the Lewis. The vessel seems to have been in a very bad condition, and on this trip she was driven by a terrific storm to Gairloch, but was not able to get into a safe harbour there. After a good deal of knocking about, and having more than once made up his mind that he was lost, our author ultimately found himself the guest of Mr. Alexander Mackenzie of Lochend, now known as Inverewe, from whom he received much useful information respecting the country, its waters, and fisheries. Mr. Mackenzie was famed from sea to sea for his hospitality and good nature. At the head of Loch-Ewe, he informs us, "are the remains of an ancient furnace, where, as appears by a date, cannon were made in 1668. Mr. Alexander Mackenzie's grandfather lent 10,000 merks to the person or persons who carried on the works, for which he got in return the back of an old grate and some hammers. On the back of the grate is marked, 'S. G. Hay,' being Sir George Hay, who was at the head of a company here during the troubles that succeeded the death of James V." From this district our author found his way, by Loch-Maree and Kinlochewe, to visit Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie of Torridon. The latter part of the journey was commenced under heavy rain, and in the teeth of a strong wind. The track was composed mostly of swamps and gullies, and the horses which Mr. Knox and his companion rode, "about double the size of Lincolnshire sheep," did not appear to be well adapted for the road. Having crossed two rivers in safety, the party found themselves in a swamp, which for a time baffled all their efforts to pass through. "Every movement, as we advanced, required the utmost exertion of the poor animals to raise them-

selves out of the moss, and to gain another step. In this manner we spent a great part of the day, struggling through an uninhabited morass, without the appearance, in many places, of a path, though, from the declivity of the ground, and the vicinity of hills, whose sloping sides were covered with strata, an excellent road might soon be formed by a company of soldiers." There is a good road there now—between Kinlochewe and the head of Loch-Torridon. When about four miles from Mr. Mackenzie's house, they were met by a woman with a large wooden bowl of milk for their refreshment. "The wind and rain," says our author, "were so violent, that I could scarcely look up, much less stay to partake of the good woman's bounty; but my fellow-traveller fell behind, and took a good pull at it."

At the head of Loch Torridon Mr. Knox found a population of some 400 in number, which, he says, "as there are many thousand acres of unimproved sloping land, with permanent fisheries, might be increased very considerably." Here Mr. Mackenzie had built a large, modern curing-house for fish, the first of the kind that had been erected in Scotland. From Torridon our author took boat to Gairloch, "along an uninhabited shore, which rises gradually from the water, to no considerable height, and seems well adapted for the hand of the improver." Gairloch he found to be excellent for the fishing of cod, and in greater numbers than were found elsewhere on the West Coast. "Of this bounty the proprietor fully avails himself. All the fish taken by his servants are delivered to a contractor, who, besides paying a stipulated price to the tenants, engages to pay Sir Hector one halfpenny, or thereabouts, for each fish of a certain size. The fish are delivered once, or at most twice, every week; when those that have been taken first, and lain the longest without salt, may be supposed to be nearly in a state of putrefaction." In February and March, 1786, the number of fish taken by the natives, exclusive of those caught by strangers, was—cod, 18,000, and ling, 500. In this fishing forty-one boats were engaged. Mr. Knox points out that all the harbours were on the south "and almost uninhabited side" of the Loch. "A small harbour for boats and fishing-vessels could be formed at the head of the Loch, contiguous to the church, curing-house, etc., but the

proprietor does not seem inclinable to have a village so near his seat, though he seldom resides there." From Gairloch, Mr. Knox proceeded north through Poolewe, on to Gruinard and Dundonald, at both of which places he remained for a short time. He speaks highly of the improvements made at the latter place, the proprietor having, by means of planting and otherwise, doubled the value of his estate. In this connection he says, "I have generally observed that those families in the Highlands who remain upon their estates during the whole year, or the greatest part of it, enjoy a thousand comforts which are unknown to the votaries after false pleasures elsewhere. They are also freed from the cares and embarrassments that are the inseparable companions of the roving gentlemen, whose dependence is solely upon the rental of moderate Highland estate, encumbered with jointures and numerous families. Mr. Mackenzie never wanders abroad, and his home is a source of pleasure, the seat of ease, affluence, and health. He has lived to see the trees of his own planting become considerable. He is under the influence of no factor, and he oppresses no tenant; yet his rent-roll increases with his years, and his timber, if permitted to stand another age, will be worth many thousand pounds."

From Dundonald, Mr. Knox crossed to Leckmelm and Ullapool, and from thence on to Coigach and Lochinver. At Lochinver he says, the men complained "as usual" of the rise in their rents. "Our fathers," said they, "were called out to fight our master's battles, and this is our reward." They spoke with seeming indifference of the cause in which their fathers, and probably some of themselves, had been engaged, which they said they did not understand. From here he proceeded through Assynt, a parish which, he informs us, then contained a population of 2500 souls; the shores of Loch Assynt being then "well peopled." Now (1886) there is not a soul in the latter district, except a solitary gamekeeper or shepherd. Proceeding northward, Mr. Knox entered Sutherlandshire, passing Loch Laxford and Loch Inchard. The district between the Point of Assynt and Cape Wrath contained a population of "above 2000 people, or ten for each mile." This number our author thinks unreasonably few. Were he to visit it to-day, we question if he would meet

one-fourth the number. At Tongue House he saw a book which contained a correspondence, "from the year 1730 to 1740, between George, Lord Reay, and certain merchants of Glasgow, Renfrew, and Dunbar, relative to herrings caught by his Lordships's tenants upon this coast. It appears from their correspondence that herrings were then plentiful, that his Lordship sold them ready cured; and that the merchants sent vessels to take them away at a fixed price agreed upon by contract between the parties for a given number of years." From Loch Inchard to Durness, Mr. Knox informs us that he passed through a part of what was called "the Forest; but it might with greater propriety be called the Desert. Here are no trees, no houses, no people. We did not see a human creature till we came within sight of Durness; and very few cattle. The whole was rock or moss, generally covered with long heath. A few moor fowls rose now and then from among our feet. They were generally in pairs, and might easily have been shot. The deer keep mostly together, probably for their common defence, as well as to protect their young. Seven hundred and upwards appear sometimes in one body." He noticed that the hills were strewn with large stones, from one to three or four tons weight. Of these, thousands lay scattered over a tract of many miles. Science must have been in a backward state in those days, for our author says that the labour of raising them to such considerable heights "must have been great." He could not learn the use of these stones, "but it is probable," he says, "that they served to screen the persons who were on the watch to kill the wild boar, the deer, the fox, the eagle, and other animals, which, in old times, abounded in the Highlands." In this part of the journey (from Lochbroom), Mr. Knox was accompanied by "a half-pay officer," named Mackenzie, introduced to him by Mr. Mackenzie of Leckmelm. Half-pay officers do not appear to have been quite so particular as regards their dress at that time as in the present day, for Mr. Knox incidentally tells us that, though the tops of the mountains were covered with snow, he himself "was continually in a sweat, owing to the ascent of the hills, and many bad steps among the swamps, while Mr. Mackenzie, *who was not encumbered with boots*, travelled with all the agility and ease for

which his countrymen are remarkable." Mr. Knox and his companion soon arrived at Durness, where, we are told, there was a parish church, a manse, and a seat of the family of Reay. At Tongue he completes what he describes as the first part of his Journal; and there we have to leave him.

A. M.

THE LOCH-FYNE BARD.

THE friends and admirers of Mr. Evan MacColl, and their name is legion, will be glad to learn that he is not only hale and hearty in his old age, he being now 77, but that his popularity is as fresh as ever. We were favoured lately with a copy of the second Canadian edition of his collected English poems, of which we spoke in terms of highest praise when the first edition made its appearance. The present volume has been carefully revised and corrected, is very well printed, and neatly got up.

It is further interesting to note that Mr. MacColl has arranged for the issue of a completely new and revised edition of "Clarsach nam Beann," Mr. MacColl's well-known and ever-popular collection of Gaelic poems. As this work has been comparatively scarce for some years, and as the author's muse has not by any means been idle since the "Clarsach" was first published, Highlanders will look forward with great interest to the forthcoming work. Few of our Gaelic minstrels have been able to give poetic expression to their sentiments with greater fluency and musical sweetness than Mr. Evan MacColl.

AN OLD CHURCH PROCESS.

[BY KENNETH MACDONALD, F.S.A. SCOT.]

(Continued.)

THE Ministers, on the other hand, thought the provision too small, and hoped their Lordships would "grant the Ministers of Inverness stipends on which they may decently be subsisted, and not make their livings worse than their neighbour brethren." Their petition begins by stating that the stipend modified in 1665 was nine chalders of victual, 400 merks of money, with the vicarage and small teinds *ipsa corpora*, 200 merks payable by the town of Inverness out of their Common Good, and £40 for communion elements, while the present stipend was 168 bolls and £59 13s. 7⅔d. sterling, including the vicarage, but how the alteration from the decree of 1665 happened they could not declare. The stipend modified by the interlocutor complained of was 48 bolls, 1 firlot, 2 pecks, 2 lippies victual, half bear, half oatmeal, and £491 8s. 6d. Scots money to each Minister, exclusive of manses and glebes. There was in addition the decernitures against the Magistrates for 100 merks to each Minister for manse rent, and also to furnish the Communion elements. This stipend, the Ministers contend, is too small for such an important parish as Inverness, of which they say that few parishes in Scotland are more extensive, "although there was not a Royal Burgh in the heart of it," the number of parishioners, which in 1665 included no less than 4000 communicants, being now greatly increased by "the peace and security of the subjects, the trade and riches of the country." The free teinds, they allege, amount to over 35 chalders victual, and £1739 13s. 4d. Scots money, "a fund capable of bearing a suitable and competent provision, without hurting the Titular or prejudicing the Heritors." The town of Inverness, they say, "lies in the mouth of the Highlands, where two circuits in the year are held, and it is consistent with many of your Lordships' knowledge, who have

lived six days there together, that the rates of everything are higher and dearer than in any other town of the three districts of Scotland, as likewise that the confluence of strangers is much greater there than in the other three districts put together, exclusive of the great number of Her Majesty's forces quartered in that town and in the neighbourhood; that it is unnecessary to be very particular, the very name of the parish of Inverness, its circumstances, and situation, carrying a stronger conviction than a thousand ordinary arguments to call upon your Lordships' attention to give such an augmentation that the Magistrates of that town may have it in their power at all times and on all occasions to be supplied with the most able, faithful, and laborious Ministers that are to be found within the peal of the Church of Scotland to support and maintain the sacred and civil liberties of their country." The petition then goes on to show that the importance of the parish was recognised by "good Queen Anne," who obtained an erection of another church, and doted for a stipend £881 1s. 6d. (Scots) *in perpetuum*, a stipend to which the parishioners of Inverness had added £20 by voluntary contribution. The Magistrates of Inverness had also recognised the importance of the petitioners' charge, and the inadequacy of their stipend, when, on 12th October, 1720, they, "upon a narrative of the smallness of the stipends, and of their duty to provide for the comfortable living of the Ministers, that their thoughts might be wholly taken up with the work to which they were called, and that thereby, through the blessing of God, their ministry might be more successful in this corner, and thereby the glory of God advanced, did augment the stipend of each Minister to 1600 merks, attour their manses, and gave £200 by the year to a factor for uplifting the old stipend." The petition then goes on to show that if, when this arrangement was made with the town, the Ministers had elected to collect the old stipend themselves, their stipend would have amounted, with manse rent, to 1850 merks, and having established this, they thenceforth argue on the assumption that from 1720 their stipend *had* been of that amount, and conclude therefore that now, thirty-five years afterwards, however it "may be opposed from mercenary and pecuniary considerations," "there is convincing evidence of the necessity of an augmentation which cannot be destroyed by the

ingenuity of the defenders" (the landward Heritors), "by the price they are willing to pay for a peck of meal, or the low rate they are able to furnish a pound of beef." A good deal of the Ministers' argument is directed against the Heritors' contention that the value of the glebes should be taken into account in modifying a stipend, and in this connection it is stated that the glebe of the First Minister has a number of huts built on it, and yields a precarious rent of 300 merks by the year, but the rent is uncertain, as the greatest part of it "depends on the standing or falling of those huts." The buildings on the glebe of the First Minister must have been in a very bad state, indeed, if Mr. David Dalrymple, who signs the petition, was not adding some colour to his clients' story. The glebe of the Second Minister was set for 150 merks. The Ministers state that each of them had a manse, the Second Minister by Mortification, the first in the ordinary way, but both of them were given up to the town of Inverness, and the Heritors of the parish, on an agreement that £100 should be paid to each Minister yearly in the proportion of two-thirds by the town, and one-third by the landward Heritors. "It is acknowledged that the Magistrates have punctually paid their money, but little or nothing has been received from the landward Heritors, and yet they have so far benefitted by their neglect or refusal to pay that by the foresaid interlocutor they are exeemed and freed in all time coming"—a passage which, taken in connection with the opening sentence, already quoted, of the Magistrates' petition, shows that, notwithstanding the previous litigation between the Ministers and the town, no ill-feeling remained, and that, so far as the Ministers and the Magistrates were concerned, this suit was a friendly one.

The three petitions of the Magistrates, the Ministers, and the landward Heritors came before the Court on 26th February, 1755, and the parties were ordered to answer each other by 1st June following. This was intimated by Mr. Forbes to Provost Hossack, by a letter dated 27th February, on which there is indorsed, probably in the handwriting of the Town Clerk, "6th June. The Magistrates wrote an answer." Business was done in a leisurely fashion in those days, and done too in a manner which contrasts strangely with the mode in which it is done now. Were an important lawsuit, to which the town was a party, pending

now, every step taken, and every step contemplated, would form matter for discussion by the whole Council, but in 1775 things were managed very differently. Everything was then controlled by the Magistrates, a select body inside the select and self-elected body which constituted the Town Council, and the Council Record, as the minute book is called, contains no notice of these proceedings. Indeed, it would seem as if, although the Magistrates are constantly spoken of in the correspondence, the whole matter was managed by the Provost alone, for not only are all the letters from the Edinburgh agent addressed to him, and all the instructions of the Edinburgh agent given in letters signed by him, but, from incidental reference in some of the pleadings in the earlier process at the instance of Mr. Fraser and Mr. Macbean, it would appear as if he had still greater power in his hands, and that the fact of Mr. Murdoch Mackenzie, then the Minister of the Third Charge, being the son-in-law of Provost Hossack, had secured him in the continued payment, notwithstanding the embarrassed state of the town's finances, of the supplemental stipend, for which his colleagues vainly sued. A copy of the Magistrates' letter of 6th June, 1755, has not been preserved, but part of its contents are given in a memorandum by Mr. William Forbes, dated 10th July, 1755, which will be afterwards quoted.

Answers were not lodged for the Magistrates in terms of the order of 26th February, their advisers being of opinion that it was not necessary, but Answers were lodged for the Ministers and for the landward Heritors. The prints are dated 7th and 8th July respectively. Both documents are mainly argumentative, but they contain one or two statements which may bear reproduction. The Ministers say that the usual market price of victual does not exceed £5 per boll, or £80 per chalder, and that even were it, as the Heritors contend, £100 per chalder, the old stipend to be divided between the two Ministers (laying out of the calculation glebes and manses), was only £147 3s. 7d., which they maintain is insufficient. The glebes, they contend, ought not to be taken into account in fixing the stipend, "and least of all in such a case as the present, when one of the glebes at least appears to be a donation and mortification, the deed of which is produced." But if the glebes are to be computed, the Heritors' value is too high—

the true values being, Mr. Macbean's glebe, £16 13s. 4d. sterling, and Mr. Mackenzie's, £100 Scots, or at most £9 sterling. Then there is given a calculation showing that, taken at the true values, the stipend of the two Ministers, including glebes, is £154 13s. 4d., or £77 6s. 8d. each. By the interlocutor complained of, an addition of £22 4s. 5d. was made to the stipend, making that of each Minister £88 8s. 10½d. sterling. The Ministers "appeal to your Lordships as to the dearness of all kinds of vivres in the mercats of Inverness, as there are severals of your own number who have had occasion to know with what truth it is asserted that beef sells in any season of the year at three halfpence per pound, and to any body who knows the situation of that part of the country, as it has been for several years past, and is likely to continue, it is no mystery how living should be dear in the town of Inverness." "They hope you are sensible, as they themselves have good reason to be, of what importance it is in many respects, and particularly for the interest of His Majesty's Government, that the town of Inverness be supplied with able and sufficient Ministers, and that there should be such provision for them as will encourage those of the best abilities of the Church to come there, and enable them to live amongst a numerous people, composed of such a variety of different characters, conditions, and denominations, with such proper dignity and independence as is necessary to the success of their endeavours to promote either the civil or religious interests of those under their care."

The Answers for the landward Heritors, in referring to the Ministers' petition complaining of the smallness of the augmentation granted, say that "they (the Ministers) are abundantly well satisfied with what they have already obtained, and have presented this petition with no other view but to guard against any defalcation from the stipend already modified;" and, in dealing with the petition of the Magistrates, a neat, back-handed slap is given when it is said that "these gentlemen appear to be extremely well satisfied that your Lordships should give whatever augmentation the Ministers shall please to ask, providing no part thereof is to be made a burden upon their funds." In answering in detail the petition of the Ministers, no new fact is brought out, and the only thing worth quoting is the answer to an argument which

the Ministers based upon the stipend of the Third Minister, to which £20 had been added by voluntary contribution. On this point the heritors say:—"As the charity of well-disposed Christians was the original and proper fund for the maintenance of the Clergy, when they were sure of being rewarded according to their labours, the respondents have no objection that the stipends in question should in like manner be augmented out of that fund." In answer to the statement made by the Ministers, as to the price of victual in the parish, the Heritors allege that the chalder yields no less than £100 Scots, and this conversion they offered to pay yearly to the Ministers. In answer to the petition of the Magistrates and Town Council the Heritors say that, from the decree of modification and locality in 1665, it appears that the Lords Commissioners for Plantation of Kirks and Valuation of Teinds did recommend to Murdoch, Bishop of Moray, to endeavour to settle matters amicably between the parties as to the augmentation and locality of that stipend, and to report; that at an after-calling there was produced a condescendence and agreement, containing a special locality, both of the former stipend and of the then augmented stipend, proportioning both upon the different heritors, and which, *inter alia*, contained the following article relative to the Town of Inverness:—

"'Out of the lands holding in feu by the Provost, Bailies, and Council of Inverness, or the Kirk thereof, the sum of 100 merks, as old Locality, payable out of the Common Good of the said Burgh; and sicklike, the sum of another 100 merks, payable by the Provost, Bailies, and Council of the said Burgh, out of the said Common Good, sicklike is hereby holden and accepted of by the said Mr. Alexander Clark, and Mr. James Sutherland (*i.e.*, the Ministers), for themselves and successors, serving at the said Cure of Inverness, to be in lieu and vice of what was promised by the said Magistrates and Council, their predecessors, to the Ministers serving the said Cure, according to an Act of Council, of date 11th February, 1650.' And which agreement concludes in these words:—"The above-written localled stipend, augmentations, and teind-silver, with the above-mentioned 100 merks, is hereby condescended upon, by consent of the above and within-named Ministers and Heritors, to be and continue as a constant stipend,

to be paid yearly, in manner above divided, to the said Ministers and their successors, out of the Landward Parochin, Town, and Territory of Inverness." And there was therewith produced a consent from the Earl of Panmure, Titular of the Teinds of said Parish, approbatory of said Agreement; as also a letter from the Bishop of Moray to the Archbishop of St. Andrews, President of the Court, bearing—"That, conform to the recommendation of the Commission, he had settled the stipend of the Kirk of Inverness to the contentment of the Ministers, Burgh, and Heritors, as many of them as were present, and desiring the Commissioners' authority to be interponed thereto. And, in pursuance thereof, the Lords Commissioners decreed the foresaid stipend, as above condescended upon, and agreed to, including the 200 merks payable by the Burgh of Inverness out of their Common Good, to be the constant, modified, and localled stipend to the said two Ministers and their successors, with £40 for Communion elements, to be paid in manner mentioned in the said Condescendence and Locality." It was further alleged that, by a former Decree of Locality, prior to 1665, a hundred merks was payable by the Burgh of Inverness, out of its Common Good, and that an Act of Town Council was passed in 1650, whereby an augmentation was to be made out of the Common Good of the Burgh. When, therefore, the stipend came to be augmented and modified, in 1665, it was agreed that the further sum of 100 merks should be paid by the town, out of its Common Good, in lieu of what was claimable under the Act of Council of 1650.

The Magistrates and Council were anxious to have the part of the interlocutor which referred to the 200 merks paid by the Town of Inverness, out of their Common Good, explained so as make it clear that this sum was to be in full of all stipend exigible out of the lands which were the property of the Town in 1665. On this point the Heritors say that the Town had no property lands in the parish except the lands which had been gained off the sea, although they had certain feu-duties payable by their vassals in particular lands, but that these vassals themselves paid their proportion of stipend corresponding to their respective properties; and they go on to suggest that the meaning of the Magistrates is that the 200 merks, payable by the Burgh out of

their Common Good, should be understood to be payable out of the tithes of their vassals' lands, and to be so far beneficial to the vassals as to exhaust their tiends *pro tanto*. For this contention the respondents say they see no good foundation. "They observe, indeed, from the decree of locality in 1665, that the 100 merks, payable by the Town out of their Common Good, is said to have been paid out of the lands holding in feu by the Town to the Kirk, but, as this refers to a former decreet, how far back nobody can say, and as there are no lands, to the respondents known, belonging to the Town, that hold of the Kirk, this description must go for nothing, as the first, as well as the second, 100 merks has, past all memory, been paid out of the Town's Common Good." On the question of manse-rent, the Heritors say that the Ministers have manses within the Burgh which the Magistrates and Town Council took into their own hands, and disposed of at pleasure, in lieu of which they agreed to pay 200 merks to the Ministers in name of manse-rent. One of these manses had been, while in the Magistrates' possession, pulled down by them, but the Town was in possession of the other. With regard to the expense of furnishing Communion elements, the Heritors acknowledge that the Court had, in decerning against the Magistrates, proceeded upon a mistake in point of fact, "which the Ministers ought to have set right, as they could not be ignorant by whom, and out of what funds, the elements were in use to be furnished." The elements, it appears, were furnished by the Kirk Session, and the Heritors say :—"It is matter of no difficulty to find out by what influence the elements have been in use to be furnished out of the poor's money, when your Lordships are informed that the sum modified by the decreet 1665 did include the Communion elements, so that was an ease to the Ministers that the Session has been prevailed with to furnish these out of the poor's money, upon which the respondents shall make no reflections."

(To be continued.)

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR FEBRUARY, 1886.

II Mhios.] AN GEARRAN, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

● AN SOLUS UR—4 LA—3.15 M. | ○ AN SOLUS LAN—18 LA—6.15 F.
☽ AN CIAD CHR.—12 LA—2.46 M. | ☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.—25 LA—5.11 F.

M.	DI.		*A'ghrian.* E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	*An Lan An Lite.* MAD.	*An Lan An Lite.* FEASG.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* MAD.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* FEASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	L	An fheill Brighde.	8.11 E	0.53	1.15	10.38	11. 1
2	M	La fheill Moire nan Coinneal.	4.45 L	1.36	1.57	11.24	11.45
3	C	[1] Latha Ionarlòchaidh, 1645.	8. 7 E	2.16	2.34	...	0. 6
4	D	La fheill Mhaodain.	4.49 L	2.52	3. 8	0.24	0.42
5	H	Bàs Iain Ghill' Iosa, *Oll. Lagh.*, 1836.	8. 3 E	3.23	3.38	0.59	1.16
6	S	[7] Breith Raibeart Keith, 1681.	4.53 L	3.53	4. 8	1.33	1.50
7	☽	*V. Donaich an d. La nan Tri Righrean.*	8. 0 E	4.24	4.40	2. 5	2.20
8	L	Bàs Banrigh Mairi, 1587.	4.57 L	4.57	5.14	2.36	2.52
9	M	Ruaig Ghinn Freoine, 1603.	7.56 E	5.31	5.49	3. 9	3.26
10	C	[9] Bàs Iain Ghregory, *Oll. Leigh*, 1773.	5. 2 L	6. 9	6.30	3.43	4. 0
11	D	Breith Ban-tighearna Fionnghal Hastings, 1806.	7.52 E	6.53	7.17	4.21	4.42
12	H	Posadh na Banrigh, 1840.	5. 6 L	7.44	3.15	5. 6	5.32
13	S	Mort Ghlinne Comhann, 1692.	7.47 E	8.50	9.29	6. 3	6.37
14	☽	*IV. Donaich romh'n Charghus.*	5.11 L	10.10	10.51	7.18	7.59
15	L	La fheill Uailein.	7.42 E	11.29	...	8.41	9.19
16	M	[15] Breith Shéumais Mhic Fhionnlaidh, *Oll. D.*, 1758.	5.14 L	0. 4	0.36	9.56	10.27
17	C	Bàs Sheumais Mhic-Mhuirich, 1796.	7.37 E	1. 4	1.30	10.56	11.24
18	D	Bàs Lutheir, 1546.	5.19 L	1.55	2.20	11.51	...
19	H	Bàs Righ Roibeart II., 1390.	7.33 E	2.44	3. 6	0.17	0.42
20	S	Crùnadh Righ Seumas II., 1437.	5.24 L	3.28	3.50	1. 6	1.30
21	☽	*III. Donaich romh'n Charghus.*	7.28 E	4.12	4.34	1.54	2.15
22	L	Bàs Righ Dàbhaidh II., 1371.	5.28 L	4.56	5.18	2.36	2.57
23	M	Bàs Shir Uilleam Ailean, 1850.	7.23 E	5.40	6. 2	3.17	3.37
24	C	La fheill Mhatiais.	5.33 L	6.24	6.47	3.55	4.16
25	D	Bàs a' Bhaird Mhic Leoid, 1872.	7.18 E	7.11	7.39	4.38	5. 2
26	H	Bàs Alasdair Gheddes, 1802.	5.36 L	8.11	8.44	5.27	5.56
27	S	Aramach nan Innseachan, 1857.	7.13 E	9.22	10. 4	6.30	7. 9
28	☽	*II. Donaich romh'n Charghus.*	5.41 L	10.41	11.19	7.49	8.29

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

Sir Roderick Macleod, known as "Ruaridh Mor," so called, "not so much from his size, or stature of his body—which was not remarkably large—as from the strength of his parts," was perhaps the most distinguished Highland chief of his time. For the greater part of his reign he was at feud, and fought several engagements with the Macdonalds of Sleat. Roderick was not infeft in the whole of the family estates until 1596, which was done in September of that year on a precept from Chancery, though his brother, William, died, as we have seen, in 1590. In 1594, Roderick accompanied Donald Gorm Mor Macdonald of Sleat to the North of Ireland to assist Red Hugh O'Donnell, at the time in rebellion against the Government of Queen Elizabeth. The Skye Chiefs had 500 each of their clansmen under their command on this occasion. They crossed in their own galleys, and on their arrival at Loch-Foyle, they were met by O'Donnell, and entertained there for three days and three nights. Macleod then led his men in person to assist the Chief of the Irish Branch of the Siol Cuinn, but Donald Gorm returned home, leaving his men under the command of his brother. Roderick Macleod got into trouble with the Scottish Court in connection with this raid to

Ireland against the English Government, and other acts, for next year he was charged by the Privy Council, on the application of Elizabeth's ambassador in Scotland, to desist from rendering any aid to the Irish under Red Hugh; and Gregory informs us that about 1596 he and Donald Macdonell of Glengarry, usually styled Donald "MacAngus," made their submission, and were received into favour.

This year Macleod received, on the 18th of September, a charge from the King, commanding him to be at Islay, with all his followers, on the 20th of the same month—only two days after receipt of the Royal commands—under pains of treason and forfeiture. This was clearly impossible, and "Rodericus Macloid of the Herrie," as he styles himself, addressed a characteristic letter to James VI. Macleod addresses his reply :—

"To his Hynes Maiestie Soverane Lord, King and Maister," from Marvak, Harris, on the 22nd of September, 1596, and referring to the King's charge that he should be at Islay on the 20th, he says (the orthography being modernised)—"I take God and your Grace to witness if it was possible for me to have done the same; although my force had been together, and wind and weather had served me at every airt of the broken seas in the countries, and my men lie far asunder; and although the charge had been given to me the first of August, it had been little enough to have been at the day appointed, with my force. Sir, I beseech your Grace think not this to be an excuse. I will lay all this aside; and although I should be borne in a horse litter, I shall do my exact diligence to be at my Lord Crowner, where your Grace has commanded me, in all possible haste, as I shall answer to God and your Grace both, and whom your Grace or my Lord Crowner will command me in your Highness's name to pass on, either by sword or fire, I shall do the same, or any your Grace will command me to fight hand in hand in your Grace's sight, I shall prove my pith on him. Beseeching your Grace favourably to let not use me with letters of treason or traitory, I being in mind to serve your Grace under God as my native King and Master to the uttermost of my life. This voyage being ended, I will rejoice to be at your Grace, and to have your Grace's presence, and to serve and know your Grace as my only sovereign, king, lord, and master: looking for your Grace's answer, if need be, again with this bearer, to have your Grace's presents, and God bless your Grace."

In the following year, 1597, an Act of Parliament was passed,

in terms of which it was made imperative on all claiming rights to any lands in the Isles to produce their title deeds, before the Lords of Exchequer, upon the 15th of May, 1598. This was because "they neglected to pay their yearly rents" and "to perform the services due from their lands to the Crown," and in consequence of their having "made the Highlands and Isles, naturally so valuable from the fertility of the soil, and the richness of the fisheries, altogether unprofitable either to themselves or to their fellow-countrymen." The Island lords were further enjoined to find security for the regular payment of their rents to the Crown, and for the peaceable and orderly behaviour of themselves, and of those for whom, by law, they were bound to answer, particularly in regard to those desirous of trading in the Isles. Disobedience to any of the injunctions contained in the Act, and they were many, was made to infer absolute forfeiture of all titles, real or pretended, which any of the recusants might possess to lands in the Highlands and Isles. Taking into consideration both the loss of title deeds, which, in the unsettled state of the country, must have been a very common occurrence—and the difficulty which many even of the most powerful chiefs could not fail to experience in finding the requisite bail for their peaceable and orderly behaviour, as well as that of their vassals and tenants—it is evident, says Gregory, that this Act was prepared with a view to place at the disposal of the Crown, in a summary manner, many large tracts of land; affording thus an opportunity to the King to commence his favourite plans for the improvement of the Highlands and Isles.

No record has been kept of those who presented themselves on the 15th of May, 1598, but it is known that the lands of Harris, Dunvegan, and Glenelg, as well as those of Macleod of Lewis, were declared to be at the disposal of the Crown, though it is undoubted that Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan and Harris held unexceptionable titles to the first three named. A company of Lowland adventurers, the principal of whom were the Duke of Lennox; Patrick, Commendator of Lindores; William, Commendator of Pittenweem; Sir James Anstruther, younger of that Ilk; Sir James Sandilands of Slamanno; James Leirmonth of Balcolmly; James Spens of Wormestoun; John Forret of Fin-

gask; David Home, younger of Wedderburn; and Captain William Murray, received a grant of all the lands belonging to Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan and Harris, including those of Glenelg; but they were never able even to occupy them.

Roderick did not go forward to present his titles in terms of the Act of Parliament, and the forfeiture of his lands duly followed upon his refusal to comply. At the same time Macleod of Dunvegan, from his assisting Macleod of Lewis against Torquil Conanach and the Mackenzies,* was on bad terms with Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, Tutor of Kintail, progenitor of the Mackenzies of Cromarty, then a member of the Scottish Privy Council, and otherwise possessing great power and influence. Macleod appears to have presented himself before the Council at this time, and Sir Roderick Mackenzie, knowing his haughty and proud temper, purposely insulted him by certain offensive remarks made to him before the other members, when, it is said, Macleod immediately struck the Tutor of Kintail and knocked him down in the Privy Council Chamber, an offence which was punishable by death. He, however, managed to effect his escape to the Isles.

In 1601 an inveterate quarrel broke out between Sir Roderick and Donald Gorm Mor Macdonald of Sleat, who had previously married Margaret Macleod, Sir Roderick's eldest sister, and who now, through jealousy or other cause, ill-treated, repudiated, and sent her away. Sir Roderick, having learned this, sent Macdonald a message to take the lady back, or the consequences, it was hinted, might become unpleasant. Instead of acceding to this request, Donald Gorm, on the contrary, set about procuring a legal divorce for Roderick's sister, in which he succeeded; when, without any delay, he married Mary, daughter of Colin Càm Mackenzie, XI. of Kintail, and sister of Macleod's enemy, Sir Roderick Mackenzie, Tutor of Kintail. This added insult to injury, and Macleod at once determined to be revenged for the injustice done to his sister, and the insult offered to himself, his family, and clan, in her person, by Donald Gorm. He forthwith assembled his vassals and carried fire and sword into Macdonald's

* Full particulars of these feuds will be given when we come to write the portion of this work applicable to the Macleods of Lewis and Assynt.

lands of Troternish, venting his resentment upon every living thing that he came across. The Macdonalds, according to Gregory, in revenge, invaded Harris, which they laid waste, killing many of the inhabitants and carrying off their cattle. This retaliation roused the Macleods to make a foray upon Macdonald's estate of North Uist, and, accordingly, they sailed from Skye, their Chief at their head, towards that island; and, on arriving there, Rory Mor sent his kinsman, Donald Glas Macleod, with forty men to lay waste the land, and to bring off from the church of Kiltrynad the cattle and effects of the country people, which, on the alarm being given, had been placed there for safety. In the execution of these orders, Donald Glas was encountered by a celebrated warrior of the Clandonald, nearly related to their Chief, Donald MacIan Mhic Sheumais, who had only twelve men with him. The Macdonalds behaved with so much gallantry that they routed their opponents and rescued the cattle, Donald Glas and many of his men being killed. Sir Roderick Macleod, seeing the ill success of this detachment, and suspecting that a larger force was at hand, returned home meditating future vengeance. These incursions were carried on with so much inveteracy that both clans were brought to the brink of ruin; and many of the natives of the districts, thus devastated, were forced to sustain themselves by killing and eating their horses, dogs, and cats. At length, in 1601, while Macleod was absent seeking assistance from the Earl of Argyll, the Macdonalds invaded his lands in Skye, in considerable numbers, wishing to force on a battle. The Macleods, under Alexander of Minginish, brother of their Chief, took post on the shoulder of the Cuchullin Hills. After a fierce and obstinate combat, in which both parties fought with great bravery, the Macleods were overthrown. Their leader, with thirty of their choicest warriors, fell into the hands of the victors; and two of the Chief's immediate relations and many others were slain. The Privy Council now interfered to prevent further mischief. The Marquis of Huntly and the Earl of Argyll, and all others, were prohibited from giving assistance to either of the contending parties; whilst the Chiefs themselves were ordered to disband their forces and to quit the island in the meantime. Macleod was enjoined to give himself up to the Earl of Argyll, and Macdonald to surrender to Huntly,

and both were strictly charged, under the penalty of treason, to remain with these noblemen till the controversy between them should be settled by the King and Council. A reconciliation was at length effected between them by the mediation of Angus Macdonald of Isla, Maclean of Coll, and other friends: after which the prisoners taken at "the battle of Benquhillin" were released; and ever after these clans refrained from open hostility, and submitted their disputes to the decision of the law.

Alexander Cameron, in his *Traditions of the Isle of Skye*, gives the local version, and says, that it was the Macleods, after having succeeded in raising the *creach* of the island, that had gathered their booty into the Church or Monastery of the Trinity at Carinish, and that they were feasting there on some of their plunder, "when Donald MacIain Mhic Sheumais arrived with his twelve warriors, who fought with their bows, and arrows, and swords with such effect, that only two of the Macleods escaped to convey the news of their discomfiture to their Chief, who was with his galleys at Portnalong. Donald MacIain Mhic Sheumais received a severe arrow wound in the action, from which he, however, soon recovered, and continued to distinguish himself as a warrior. The leader of the Macleods was slain by a Macdougall, named Donald *Mor MacNeil Mhic Iain*, at the sands named from that circumstance, *Oitir Mhic Dhomhnuil Ghlais*. The slain of the party were buried at the scene of the action, known as *Feithe-na-fola*, or the morass of blood, and their skulls were placed in the windows of the Church of the Trinity, where they were to be seen up to a recent date. Rory Mor, seeing the bad success of his clansmen, and suspecting that there were greater forces in the island, retired home, intending to return shortly with greater forces to avenge his loss." Cameron continues—"In about three weeks Donald MacIain Mhic Sheumais was sufficiently recovered to proceed to Skye to report the affair at Carinish personally to his Chief, Donald Gorm Mor. He accordingly set sail in his galley with a befitting retinue, but when about half-way across the Minch, which separates North Uist and the other islands of the Outer Hebrides from Skye, a violent snow-storm with contrary wind arose, so that Donald was driven back, and had no recourse but to make for Rodil, in Harris, one of the seats of his enemy, Rory Mor. It

was dark when Donald and his company landed, and their arrival was known to no one at Rodil, with the exception of Macleod's page, Macrimmon, a native of Skye, to whom Donald stood in the relation of *goistidh*, or godfather. Rory Mor, as usual, had a number of the gentlemen of his clan waiting on and feasting with him at Rodil House. The severity of the storm made the Chief uneasy. He paced to and fro in his dining-hall, and, removing the panel from one of the apertures that served as windows, he peered into the darkness without, and shuddered as the blast blew in through the window a shower of snow. Hastily closing the aperture, he exclaimed, 'I could not refuse shelter to my greatest enemy, even Donald MacIain Mhic Sheumais, on such a night.' Macrimmon immediately answers, 'I take you at your word, Donald MacIain Mhic Sheumais is here.' Rory Mor was rather taken aback by the unexpected announcement, but, yielding to no man in hospitality, he at once requested that Donald and his company be shown in. The Macdonalds entered, and, after a formal salutation, were requested to sit down to dinner with their host and his kinsmen. The long table groaned under its burden of beef, venison, and salmon. The Macleods were seated on one side, and the Macdonalds ranged themselves on the other side of the table, the dunevassals of either clan being seated above, and the vassals below the salt. Abundance of good old wine was quaffed, and as it took effect, the Macleods, who did not appear to relish the presence of the strangers, cast furtive glances across the table. At length the murmured and listless conversation was interrupted by the words, 'Remember, this day three weeks was fought the battle of Carinish,' spoken by one of the Macleods, in a loud and emphatic tone. The Chief gave a frowning look to the speaker, but that did not deter him from repeating the unfortunate words, which acted as a live spark on the combustible nature of the Macleods, and in an instant they displayed a score of daggers. A bloody scene would have inevitably followed had not the Chief at once interfered, and with a voice of authority commanded his hasty clansmen to sheath their weapons, and not disgrace his hospitality and their own gallantry by such an ill-timed act. They at once obeyed, and he apologised to Donald for his clansmen's rashness, and good humouredly inquired of him

why he had unsheathed his sword. Donald replied that he did not mean to act on the offensive, but that if any of his men had been struck he intended to have secured first the highest bird in the air, *an t-eun as airde tha 'san ealtuinn.* When the hour for retiring came, the Macdonalds were shown to an outer house to sleep, but Donald, as being of higher rank, was about being shown to a bedroom in the house, when he declined to go, preferring to accompany his men, which he did. They retired to rest, but had scarcely slept when Macrimmon came to the door and called for Donald MacIain Mhic Sheumais, saying that there was now fair wind for Skye. The Macdonalds at once got up, and, finding that the gale had subsided and the wind was favourable, they embarked in their galley for Skye. They had scarcely reached the entrance of the Bay of Rodil when, on looking back, they observed the dormitory they had left in flames, some of the Macleods having treacherously set it on fire, suspecting that the Macdonalds were within. The piper of the Macdonalds struck up the piobaireachd, *Tha an dubhthuil air Macleod, i.e.,* 'the Macleods are disgraced,' which galled the Macleods on perceiving that they were outwitted. The Macdonalds were soon borne by the breeze to their destination, Duntulm, in Troternish."

Mr. Cameron gives the following particulars of the battle of the Cuchullins :—

In the absence of Rory Mor in Argyle, seeking the aid and advice of the Earl of Argyll against the Macdonalds, Donald Gorm Mor assembled his men and made an invasion into Macleod's lands, desiring to force on a battle. Alexander Macleod of Minginish, the brother of Rory Mor, collected all the fighting men of the Siol Tormod, and some of the Siol Torquil, and encamped by Ben-a-Chuilinn. Next day they and the Macdonalds joined battle, "which continued all the day long, both contending for the victory with incredible obstinacy." The leader of the Macleods (who was cased in armour), together with Neil MacAllister Roy, and thirty of the leading men of the Macleods were wounded and taken prisoners, and the Macdonalds succeeded in gaining the battle. John MacTormoid and Tormod MacTormoid, two near kinsmen of Rory Mor, and several others of the Macleods, were slain. Donald MacIain Mhic Sheumais fought with

great bravery in the action under Donald Gorm Mor. The ravine where the battle was fought is hence named *Coire na creich*, or the ravine of the spoil. The Privy Council now interfered, and requested the chiefs to disband and quit Skye. Donald Gorm Mor was ordered to surrender himself to the Earl of Huntly, and Rory Mor to the Earl of Argyll, and were charged to remain with these noblemen under the pain of treason, until the quarrel between them should be settled by the King and Council. Through the mediation of Angus Macdonald of Kintyre, the Laird of Coll, and other friends, a reconciliation was effected between them, upon which Donald Gorm Mor delivered up to Rory Mor the prisoners taken at Ben-a-Chuilinn, including his brother, Alexander of Minginish, after which they refrained from open hostility, though they did have actions of law against each other.* On the reconciliation being effected, Donald Gorm Mor was invited by Rory Mor to a banquet in Dunvegan Castle. When Donald Gorme Mor appeared in sight of the Castle, he was met by Macleod's splendid piper, Donald Mor Macrimmon, who welcomed the Chief of the Macdonalds by playing "The Macdonald's Salute," which *piobaireachd* he composed for the occasion. It was at the same banquet that he composed, *Failte nan Leodaeh*, or Macleod's Salute.

About this period the Macleods of Harris, Macneills of Barra, and Macdonalds of Clanranald assisted Neill Macleod of Lewis against the Fife Adventurers, whose appearance in that island, their proceedings there, and their final discomfiture will be described at length when we come to the History of the Macleods of Lewis. Macleod was in great difficulty with the Court at this time, in consequence of his feuds with the neighbouring Chiefs, but by the assistance of the Earl of Argyll, with whom he entered into a contract, dated 7th of July, 1606, to resign his Barony of Glenelg to the King, in favour of his Lordship, who in his turn became bound to re-grant the same to Macleod and his heirs-male, to be held of Argyll and his heirs, by service of ward, marriage, and relief, he managed to make terms with the King, and all his enemies, especially with Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, Tutor of Kintail,

* It will be observed that this is substantially the account of this skirmish given by the author of *The Conflicts of the Clans*, who was a contemporary writer. Curiously, his version falls to be published in *this* issue.

and Macdonald of Sleat, with the latter of whom he ultimately entered into a bond of friendship, as also with Macdonald of Clanranald and Mackinnon of Strath.

Great preparations had been made at this time for an expedition against the Chiefs of the Isles. In 1608, proclamations were issued summoning the Militia of the Shires of Dumbarton, Argyle, Tarbert, Ayr, Renfrew, and Galloway, to join the Royal forces, and to rendezvous at Islay on the first of June, where the forces then engaged in Ireland, assisting those of the Queen of England, were to meet them. Another proclamation was issued forbidding any of the mainland Chiefs to render any assistance or give shelter to any of the Islesmen, under the severest penalties. Extraordinary precautions were taken, and everything seems to have been done by the Privy Council to secure the success and facilitate the execution of their enterprise against the Islanders. Andrew Stewart, Lord Ochiltree, and Sir James Hay were sent to the Isles, empowered to confer and come to terms with the Island Chiefs. He met the principal among them at Maclean's Castle of Aros, in Mull. Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan, and his brother, Alexander of Minginish, were present on the occasion, and with the rest agreed to the following humiliating conditions: —First, Security for His Majesty's rents; Secondly, Obedience to the laws by the Chiefs and all their followers; Thirdly, Delivery by the Chiefs of all houses of defence, strongholds, and *crannaks*, to be placed at the King's disposal; Fourthly, Renunciation by the Chiefs of all jurisdictions which they claimed, heritably or otherwise, and submission to the jurisdiction of Sheriffs, Bailies. Justices, or other officers appointed by the Crown; Fifthly, That they should be satisfied with such lands and possssions, and under such conditions as the King might appoint; Sixthly, That their whole birlings, lymphads, and galleys should be destroyed, save those required for carrying to the mainland His Majesty's rents paid in kind, and other necessary purposes; Seventhly, That they, and such of their kinsmen as could afford it, should put their children to school, under the directions of the Privy Council; and Lastly, That they should abstain from using guns, bows, and two-handed swords, and should confine themselves to single-handed swords and targes.

(To be continued.)

YACHTING AND ELECTIONEERING IN THE HEBRIDES.

III.

ON the morning of Wednesday, 9th September, we drove from Lochboisdale to Polochar, accompanied by the Rev. Father Macdonald and Mr. Patrick M. Walker, leaving our yacht at the former place to coal. The morning was very wet and boisterous, so that we did not see the country between Dalibrog and Polochar to advantage. This part of South Uist was formerly known as Kilpheder, and the singular Island and causeway in a loch near Dalibrog were pointed out by Father Macdonald, with other objects of interest. He is an enthusiast in all Island antiquities. The southern part of South Uist, now called Kilbride, comprehends a number of townships, occupied by a most industrious race; yet, sad to say, the best part of Kilbride is in the hands of one tacksman. As we drove along, cultivation in the township lands was seen straggling up the hill-sides, abruptly closed, however, by a cross-fence, cutting off the heights, and three-fourths of the hill. All the grazings above the cross-fence belong to the big farmers. In the year 1837, the worthy minister of the parish, Mr. Roderick Maclean, wrote regarding these hills:—"The whole mountain-range is still a common for pasturing the sheep of the small tenants in the neighbouring farms, who, but for this indulgence on the part of the proprietor, would, in their present state of poverty and destitution, be wretchedly ill-provided with clothing." What the indulgence of Clanranald allowed, has long been withdrawn under the Gordon sway. The extraordinary industry of the women, who used to knit and spin their own wool, has not now in this important respect an outlet, for little or no wool is got from the few worried and half-starved sheep to be found on the limited grounds of the crofters. The evils of an accumulation of lands in the hands of one person—an absentee—is here seen in an acute form. Formerly there were, besides Clanranald himself, cadets

of his house at Boisdale and Bornish. Colin Macdonald of Boisdale built a handsome house at Kilbride, and I was told that the fine drawing-room, thirty feet long, and of handsome proportions, is now used as a kitchen by the servants of the tacksman! Everything seems to be decaying under a withering administration. Fishing on the inland lochs, which used to be tolerably open, is now so circumscribed that anglers do not frequent, in the same number as formerly, the commodious Hotel at Lochboisdale.

At Polochar we took boat, manned by four hardy Islanders, and soon arrived off Eriskay, where a short walk over the sandy hillocks brought us to the school-house. Here a large assemblage, headed by two pipers, had gathered to meet us. Our meeting was conducted almost entirely in Gaelic, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's Gaelic speech being highly appreciated by his auditors. There were a number of women present, fresh-coloured and robust-looking, who seemed to feel as keenly regarding the objects of the meeting as the men, and whose figures, wrapped in bright tartan shawls, enlivened the scene not a little. The men of Eriskay are, as a rule, under the middle size, but seem a strong and healthy race. They are chiefly engaged in the fishing industry. Whilst among them, I managed to obtain, through the good offices of Mr. Walker, a specimen of the now almost extinct *crusie*, or old Highland oil-lamp. Nearly every householder in Eriskay has one or more pigs. It was strange to see this in the Hebrides, where the pig has so long been considered an unclean animal. The people in Eriskay number about 500, and the Island is greatly overcrowded. This has arisen, not merely from natural increase, but because numbers were driven from South Uist to Eriskay, that their old possessions might form large farms. The Island of Lingay has also been taken away to be added to an already extensive tack.

After the meeting we proceeded, led by two pipers, and followed a considerable part of the way by nearly the whole population of the Island—men, women, and children—to the historic spot where Prince Charles Edward first set foot on Scottish soil. According to Ḳlose, "On the 2nd of August, 1745, Charles landed off the little Island of Erisca, one of the Hebrides, and situated between Barra and South Uist. As they neared the

shore, an eagle came hovering round the ship, and accompanied her for some time in her course. This was taken for a favourable omen by those on board. 'Here,' said Lord Tullibardine, turning to his young master, 'is the King of Birds come to welcome your Royal Highness to Scotland.'" Upon landing, Prince Charles planted the seeds of a convolvolus on the spot, in commemoration of the event. The seeds flourished well in the little Western Island, and, at the time of our visit, 140 years after they were sown by the Prince's hands, the place was covered with the creeping tendrils of the plant, which, we were told, flowered luxuriantly in the months of July and August. Indeed, late as it was, we could still see here and there a little purple blossom, which, surviving longer than its mates, showed its tiny form among the green bent-grass. The flower is not met with in its wild state anywhere else in the Hebrides. The spot where the plant grows, and where the Prince, according to tradition, landed, is now surrounded with a stone wall, erected many years ago by the Stewarts of Ensay, who claim descent from the Royal House through the Stewarts of Garth.

Seated on a green bank, we listened to the old Jacobite airs which the pipers played, and I pondered over the various incidents of the brilliant but ill-fated expedition which had well-nigh restored the British Crown to the exiled Stuarts. My mind naturally reverted to that summer's day langsyne, when the Prince, full of youthful ardour and zeal, first, in this little Island, set foot in a country fraught to him with much that was glorious, but in which, after so many remarkable vicissitudes, unfortunately, less than a year afterwards, he was a homeless fugitive, with a price of £30,000 set upon his head, and hunted from one hiding-place to another. Some of the people who had followed us to the historic spot, now danced a reel, clapping their hands in time to the music, in true Hebridean fashion, after which we bade farewell to the interesting occupants of this historic Isle, and we were on the point of starting for an inlet further on, where our yacht was to pick us up, when we were informed that a worthy widow, who occupied a cottage near at hand, was very anxious that we should go into her house and have some butter-milk, an offer of which we gladly availed ourselves. And here I may remark that the

hospitality we met with everywhere was unbounded, and special thanks are due to the schoolmasters for their trouble and kindness. Many a time, it is feared, these gentlemen and their households were put to much inconvenience. The various objects of interest in the widow's cottage were brought out for our inspection, including the quern or hand-mill, which is yet to be found in many houses in the Isles. I tasted some of the meal ground by it, which was coarse, but palatable. We then started off again, only to be stopped almost immediately by an old man, who, despite our remonstrances, insisted upon our entering his cottage and taking a drink of milk. Once more we set off, and after a long walk over every description of ground—grassy, sandy, arable, boggy, and marshy—and having been obliged several times to take shelter behind a peat-stack, during such showers of rain as are only met with in the Hebrides, we reached our destination, to find that our vessel had not yet appeared.

At length the yacht steamed into the creek, and, after parting with our good friends, Father Macdonald and Mr. Walker, we went aboard, and steamed for Castlebay, Barra, where we cast anchor late in the evening after a very stormy passage. The fluke of our main-anchor had been snapped clean off during a heavy squall on the previous Tuesday night in Lochboisdale, so that we had to depend entirely upon quite a small one. We had intended to go to the rocky Island of Mingalay next day, but, after the storm we had experienced, the voyage, we were told, could not be attempted with safety for days to come, in consequence of the heavy swell resulting from the gale.

Kissimull Castle, an ancient stronghold of the MacNeills of Barra, is a conspicuous object in Castlebay, to which it gives its name. It stands upon a large rock, which, at high tide, is completely covered by water. The Castle is said to be about seven hundred years old, and, when Martin visited it nearly two hundred years ago, he found guards posted upon the walls, on the look-out for any foes who might appear. In the evidence taken before the Royal Commission, Dr. Macgillivray, of Eoligary, gave some interesting particulars as to this Castle and the family of MacNeill, its occupants for centuries. Interrogated by Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, he stated that the MacNeill family lived at Eoligary for some

time after they left the Castle, and that he was intimate with them, and with General MacNeill; that the MacNeills left the Castle of Kissimull five or six generations ago, and that he recollected an old gentleman whose mother was the last person born in the Castle; that the MacNeills came ashore, and lived at Borve for some time, after which they went further north to Vaslin, a portion of the farm of Eoligary, where General MacNeill's father got married; and that he knew no MacNeills remaining now, except some relatives—nephews—who were inclined to do well when he saw them last. A short distance from Castlebay is a ruined castle in a small lake, said to be the place referred to in the once well-known, but now almost forgotten, novel, "St. Clair of the Isles."

Castlebay is now an important fishing station, where building leases are granted. The lands around, however, are rocky and barren, nearly all the good part being on the Atlantic side of the Island. The lands here, like those of South Uist, are most unequally distributed, all the largest and best parts being in the hands of one or two large tacksmen, while the people have to exist on wretched patches in the worst portions of the Island.

On Thursday morning, 10th September, after an excellent meeting in Castlebay, we steamed for Loch-Eport, North Uist, where we proposed to lie at anchor all night. Leaving Castlebay, and skirting the bold eastern coast of Barra, we again passed Eriskay, with *Caisteal-a-Bhreabadair* (so called from a tradition that an old hermit-weaver once lived in it), perched upon a high rock overhanging the sea; South Uist, with its different varieties of coast outline; the Islands of Benbecula and Wiay, with the two Fords glittering in the rays of the setting sun; and then, as night came on, the shores of North Uist loomed darkly before us. The entrance to Loch-Eport is exceedingly narrow, and Captain Maclachlan, after consulting the chart, would not attempt to enter it after dark, as there was a nasty rock about the middle of the passage. We accordingly steamed past Loch-Eport, and, in a short time, entered Lochmaddy, where we dropped anchor.

Early the following morning (Friday) we steamed back to Loch-Eport, and, having entered in safety, cast anchor near the mouth of the Loch. The shores of Loch-Eport are most dreary-looking. In 1849, between 600 and 700 people who were evicted

by the then Lord Macdonald from Sollas, "the Garden of North Uist," were forced to take up their abode and build rude turf huts for themselves, there being no stone, on the inhospitable shores of Loch-Eport, where they yet remain, eking out a precarious subsistence by the uncertain aid of the fishing industry; and nowhere has the landlordism of the past left its fatal brand more deeply than upon these unfortunate people. When the Crofters' Commission visited Loch-Eport in May, 1883, thirty-two of those who had been evicted from Sollas presented to the Commission a statement, the following extract from which will convey to the reader a much better idea of the hardships under which they laboured than I can give:—

"The hardships to which we were exposed in the interval between our being evicted and our translation here are beyond description. The severities of a winter, living in rude turf huts, and without fuel except what we had to carry twelve miles, told on the health of many. The inferiority of the soil of the place we live in, and its unsuitableness for human existence, is indescribable. When we were sent here, it was, with the exception of two spots, a wild, bleak, barren, mossy heath, numerously intersected by rain-furrows. There we had to build huts in which to live, and try and improve the waste as well as we could; and, notwithstanding that we have laboured for the last thirty years, our crofts will not yield us to-day as much food on an average as will support our families for two months of the year. The ground is of such a nature that it can scarcely be improved, and the soil so much reduced by continual cropping, that it is almost useless. The place is overcrowded; there being thirty-four crofts, on which live forty families, where formerly there were only three. Our common pasture (if it can be called by that name) is extremely bad, so much so that in winter, those of us who have cattle must keep constant watch else they will stick in the bogs. Human beings cannot travel over portions of our crofts in winter. There is no fishing or industry of any other kind in the country, from which we can derive any support. Formerly we derived some benefit from the manufacturing of kelp, but now we are deprived of even that. All who are able leave in the beginning of summer to earn their livelihood as best they may by sea and land, and thus help to improve the condition of their families whom they leave behind. Finally, we must admit that we are in poverty, and suffering privations and inconveniences of a nature to which the bulk of our countrymen are strangers."

Immediately after breakfast, we set off in the ship's boat for the head of the Loch, the wind blowing furiously. It was a severe and lengthy pull, of four or five miles, the wind unfavourable, and the tide so adverse that, at one point, the four rowers, aided by two men going to the meeting, and who had asked for their "passage," could not for a time maintain their ground, far less make any head-way. At last we reached the Kelp Works, at the head of the Loch, where a carriage was waiting to take us into the village of Clachan. There we had a very good and hearty meeting, presided over by the worthy Free Church minister, the Rev. Mr. Maclean. At Carinish, close to the North Ford,* and about three miles from Clachan, are the ruins of *Teampull na Trianaid*, or Trinity Temple, said to have been erected, but, in point of fact, only repaired, about 1390, by Algive or Amy MacRuari of Garmoran, first wife of John, first Lord of the Isles.†

In 1601, a sanguinary fight took place at Carinish between a party of Macleods and a trusty band of Macdonalds. According to tradition, the Macleods, numbering forty, had plundered North Uist, and were feasting upon some of the spoils, in the Temple of Carinish, when Donald MacIan Sheumais, III. of Kingsburgh, attacked them with twelve of his clan, and with such effect that only two of the Macleods escaped to bear the tale to their Chief, who was waiting with his galleys at Port-na-long. The bodies of the dead Macleods were buried at the scene of the fight, known as *Feithe-na-fola*, or the Morass of Blood, while their skulls were placed in the windows of the Temple, where they were to be seen until recent years.

* In connection with the North Ford, I may relate an amusing incident which occurred when, in company with two friends, I drove across it in the month of February, 1885. When about half-way across, we met a dog-cart, coming from the Benbecula side, and containing, much to our surprise, a jet-black negro. As the dog-cart passed us, one of my companions jocularly cried out to its sable occupant, *Ciamar tha sibh 'n diugh!* (How are you to-day?) when, to our astonishment, the reply came immediately, *Tha gasda; ciamar tha sibh fhein!* (Fine; how are you?) Almost doubting his ears, my companion again enquired, *Co as a thainig tu!* (Where do you come from?) and again, in unmistakeable Gaelic, the negro shouted, *A Beinn-a-mhaol!* (From Benbecula!) An appeal to our driver solved the mystery. The Gaelic-speaking African was a negro pedlar, who had settled in Uist several years ago, and, during his residence there, acquired the Gaelic language with almost the fluency of a native.

† "The chapel was apparently a Culdee Church, and therefore built before the time of Cristina, the daughter of Alan, who lived about the year 1309." *Foot Note,—Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, Vol. II., Part I.

Next day (Saturday) was perhaps the stormiest we had yet experienced on shore. Our first meeting was held in the Free Church at Paible. The Rev. Mr. Mackinnon, F.C., who presided, opened the meeting with prayer, while the Rev. Mr. Macrae, Established Church, closed it in the same way. On leaving, our horses were unyoked and our carriage dragged by the people a considerable distance towards Baleloch, where we had luncheon in the Manse.

From Baleloch we proceeded to Dunskellar. When about a mile from Dunskellar we were met by an enthusiastic crowd, who accompanied us to the meeting-house. When leaving, after a hearty meeting, presided over by Mr. Angus MacAulay, an interesting and pleasing incident took place. The women of the township turned out in a body, waving scarfs, handkerchiefs, shawls, and other improvised banners, dancing before us on the road, and singing Gaelic songs of welcome to their future Member of Parliament.

We then drove to Lochmaddy, the gale having now increased to a hurricane. On our arrival, we found the yacht had arrived and was lying at anchor in the Loch. It was, however, impossible to communicate with her, and we had to remain until Monday morning in Mr. MacInnes's comfortable Hotel at Lochmaddy, where a very hearty meeting was held on Saturday night. The s.s. *Dunara Castle*, like the *Carlotta*, had arrived on Saturday, and from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning both vessels had to keep up steam to ease the strain upon the anchors. We had intended to steam on Monday to Berneray, thence through the Sound of Harris, to the Island of Scarp, but, as the Captain positively declined to go to the Atlantic side of Harris, he was instructed to make for Obbe, in that Island, without us, as soon as possible on Monday. Lochmaddy is not a lively place. It is, however, admirably adapted for building purposes, but no ground is to be had, and thus the progress of a place which might otherwise become an important centre is completely stifled.

HECTOR ROSE MACKENZIE.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD CHURCH PROCESS.

[BY KENNETH MACDONALD, F.S.A. SCOT.]

(Continued.)

THERE was one question referred to in the Answers, which the Court now desired further information upon, and the Lords ordained the Magistrates to give in "a special Condescendence at what time and in what manner the town of Inverness had been in use to pay a hundred merks yearly to each of the pursuers in name of manse-rent, and whether or not the Town is still in possession of the two old Manses belonging to the pursuers." Along with a copy of this Interlocutor, the Town's Agent sent a memorandum of certain information which was required for the purpose of preparing the Condescendence, and that memorandum contains the only trace we have got of the contents of the Magistrates' letter of 6th June, 1755, already referred to. The memorandum says, "In the Magistrates' letter to William Forbes, their agent, dated 6th June last, they say that there was an augmentation of 100 merks of stipend in 1665, for which there was no just cause, for the Church lands obtained from Queen Mary were in the Town's hands, and paid 100 merks of stipend. When they were feued off, it was with the burden of the stipends which had come into the Town's hands in lieu of the 100 merks, and, though the lands continued to pay the same to the Minister, the 100 merks was also continued to be paid by the Town, and the additional 100 merks last imposed was an imposition for easing some Heritors. The Town's land-rent was not more than now, £41 6s. 1d. sterling (besides the new improvements), and all the feuars' land and burgage roods are severally localled for a stipend, and therefore cannot be twice charged." The memorandum goes on to say that the Town's advisers thought these facts were too shortly stated, and they desired the Magistrates to state what was meant by Church-lands obtained from Queen Mary; what these lands were; and what was the right and title the Town got to them from Queen Mary; also how it was that the feued lands

were in danger of being twice charged with stipends. Along with the memorandum, there came a letter from Mr. Forbes, the Town's Agent, also dated 10th July, 1755, in which, after referring to the Answers given in by the Ministers and by the Heritors, he says:—"The Lords sett to work yesterday to advise them, but it seems they did not understand them, particularly the President, who said he had read all the papers twice over, but could not take up the meaning of them, and the lawiers from the Bar seemed to differ as much as the Lords did; wherefor the cause was delayed for a fortnight, and each of the three parties are to give in Condescendences of the facts." It is really not surprising that the Court did not understand the Answers, and that they should have asked for a Condescendence of the facts. If the Lords had insisted upon all the extraneous rubbish, with which the papers presented to them were overloaded, being struck out, and the bare facts left, they would have found it very much easier to understand the papers, and to dispose of the case. The Condescendence of the facts, lodged in obedience to the Interlocutor referred to in Mr. Forbes's letter, was in its way a model, and is by far the shortest paper in the whole process. In that Condescendence it is stated that, after the Reformation, a second Minister was established in the Town of Inverness, but, not being provided with a manse, the Town and Heritors of the Parish did, about the year 1660, purchase one for their Second Minister, but the manse, after the decease of Mr. Gilbert Marshall, the incumbent at the time of the purchase, became ruinous and uninhabitable. In the year 1703, Mr. Robert Baillie, then Second Minister, applied to the Heritors, Magistrates, and Town Council, to have the manse repaired, but, as this could not be immediately done, it was agreed to allow him £100 Scots annually to rent a house for himself until the manse should be repaired; the Town agreeing to pay 100 merks, and the Heritors the remaining 50 merks, of this allowance. This arrangement continued for two years, when, the manse having been repaired, the Town intimated to Mr. Baillie that he was not to expect any more money on that account, as appears from an Act of the Council of 14th October, 1706. "Mr. Baillie, however, not judging the manse to have been sufficiently repaired, scrupled to possess it, and, in fact, it

remained uninhabited." By an Act of the Town Council, dated in 1709, "it appears a complaint had been made by the Presbytery of Mr. Baillie's wanting a manse, and that he had received nothing for manse-rent for three years, and, it being represented that the Heritors were not averse to pay the 50 merks," the Town agreed to pay the remaining 100, which was raised by voluntary contribution. The Condescendence further states "that, some time prior to 1702, the manse, belonging to the original Parochial charge having become ruinous, it appears (from an Act of Council in that year) that an application was made to the Magistrates by Mr. Hector Mackenzie, the then incumbent of the First Charge, setting forth that he wanted a manse, and expected that the Town would enable him *to do justice to his landlord* by giving him 100 merks yearly towards payment of his house-rent, as they had done to his colleague." The Magistrates agreed to pay the sum asked by Mr. Mackenzie, but guarded themselves against being held bound to build or repair the manses of the Ministers in the proportion within which they were providing for house-rents.

The Magistrates, being anxious to recover some part of the expense they had incurred in repairing the manse of the Second Minister, which was lying unoccupied, set it for a few years for a school to the precentor or music-master, but this, they say, "soon failed, by reason of its being in great disrepair, on which account, and of a report of its being haunted by ghosts, no person would take it for a dwelling-house, and in fact it has lien waste ever since, excepting for a few years that it was possessed by a poor, though esteemed a very pious, woman, of superior faith, and not affrighted with the rumour of its being haunted with ghosts; but during her possession she paid no rent." The Magistrates further stated that the rents they had received had not repaid the expense they had incurred in repairing the manse, and they offered to account, if the Heritors disputed the statement. It will be observed that, although the advisers of the Town wished for information as to the Church-lands which the Town had acquired from Queen Mary, the Condescendence of the facts does not say a word on the subject.*

* It may be interesting to know that the manse of the First Minister stood on the site of the house now occupied by the Rev. Dr. Mackay, in Church Street, and that the manse of the Second Minister—the haunted house—stood where the Queen's Hotel now stands.

On 20th February, 1756, the Heritors lodged in Court what they call "Observes," upon the Condescendence of the Magistrates. The document is mainly argumentative, reciting, one after another, each of the statements made by the Magistrates, and making remarks upon them. Only one fact is mentioned which does not appear in the previous papers—that, by a Deed of Mortification, dated 10th January, 1648, "Mr. John Annan, the then Second Minister, and Mr. Murdoch Mackenzie, the First Minister, with consent of Thomas Fraser of Strichen, alternate patron of the United Kirks of Inverness and Bonach, and with consent of the Magistrates of Inverness, did modify and make over to said Magistrates, towards purchasing a manse and glebe for the said Mr. John Annan, the then Second Minister, certain byegone stipends due to them, and that the Magistrates having, at the same time, advanced 700 merks for the above purpose, they (the Magistrates), with these sums, purchased and modified a manse and glebe for the Second Minister, and his successors in office." This, the Heritors contended, showed that it was the Town, and not the Heritors, who became liable to furnish a manse to their Second Minister. The Observes cover two closely-printed folio pages, and one's impression on reading them is one of wonder that lawyers could at any time have thought it worth while to write, far less to print, such a mass of unmitigated twaddle.

A letter from Mr. Forbes to Provost Hossack, dated 4th March, says that an attempt was made to get the cause taken up on the previous Wednesday, but that "the Lords would by no means take up the cause, and put it off till June." On 7th July following, the Court recalled their former Interlocutor, in so far as it found the Magistrates liable for 100 merks in lieu of manse-rent, and for the expense of Communion elements, out of the Common Good, and the Interlocutor modified £100 Scots to the Ministers for Communion elements. The question as to the manses was not disposed of, but the right of parties to have it disposed of before any Judge competent was reserved, and the Interlocutor proceeds, "and supersede advising the other points as to the proportion of stipend payable out of the Town's Common Good, or what may fall due out of the new taken-in lands, and the proportioning the Communion elements money till the locality; and remit to the Lord Ordinary to proceed accordingly."

A process of locality is never a summary one, and the Inverness locality in 1756 was no exception to the rule. The parties discussed the questions between them, apparently in a very leisurely fashion. The Heritors and the Magistrates now had the field to themselves, and the object of each was to shift as much as possible of the burden of Minister's stipend on to the shoulders of the other. The Magistrates appear to have resisted any increase upon the stipend payable out of the Common Good under the decree of 1665, while the Heritors contended that the teind was payable out of the lands reclaimed from the sea in 1746. What the other questions between them may have been does not appear, either from the papers preserved by the Burgh officials, or from the Report of the action in the Faculty Collection, but the cause seems to have lingered on before the Lord Ordinary from the time it was remitted in July, 1756, until the end of 1758 or the beginning of 1759. At all events, the next trace we have of it is on 21st February, 1759, when, according to the Faculty Report, the Lords found the lands recovered from the sea not teindable, while the full Interlocutor, a copy of which has been preserved among the Town's papers, says that the Lords "find the town of Inverness liable for the sum of two hundred merks yearly to the Ministers, out of their Common Good, in terms of the decreet of locality 1665, including therein the teind of forty-one pounds, six shillings, and eight pennys Scots, now only remaining with the said Common Good unfeued out, and, in respect of the great expense of taking in and upholding the piece of ground gained off the sea, belonging to the Town, find that the said piece of ground cannot be liable in payment of teind, either to the Minister or Titular, in time coming." This was for the Magistrates a victory all along the line, but even now there was no undue haste in reporting the matter to the Town Council, for, although the judgment was pronounced in February, it was not until the 17th of September following that the Provost thought it necessary to report to the Town Council the very important fact that a litigation, which had extended over a period of more than four years, had ended successfully for the Town.

KENNETH MACDONALD.

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR MARCH, 1886.

III Mhios.] AM MART, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

● AN SOLUS UR—5 LA—10.4 F. | ○ AN SOLUS LAN—20 LA—4.37 M.
☽ AN CIAD CHR.—13 LA—1.17 F. | ☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.—27 LA—10.44 M.

M.	DI.		*A'ghrian.* E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	*An Lan An Lite.* MAD.	*An Lan An Lite.* FEASG.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* MAD.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* FEASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	L	Bàs Neill Ghobha, 1807.	7. 9 E	11.55	...	9. 9	9.44
2	M	Breith Phrionns Tearlach, 1720.	5.45 L	0.28	0.53	10.13	10.38
3	C	Bàs a' Bhaird Mhic Griogair, 1830.	7. 3 E	1.15	1.34	11. 0	11.19
4	D	Bàs a' Bhaird Ghalloway, 1794.	5.50 L	1.52	2.10	11.38	11.58
5	H	Bàs Fionnaghail Nic Dhomhnùill, 1790.	6.58 E	2.27	2.43	...	0.15
6	S	Faotainn a mach uaigh Bhruce, 1818.	5.54 L	2.59	3.13	0.32	0.49
7	☽	*Didonaich Inid.*	6.53 E	3.28	3.43	1. 6	1.23
8	L	Bàs Righ Uilleam III., 1702.	5.58 L	3.59	4.15	1.40	1.56
9	M	An Inid.	6.48 E	4.31	4.48	2.12	2.28
10	C	Diciadaoin na Luath.	6. 2 L	5. 8	5.24	2.45	3. 2
11	D	Posadh a' Phrionnsa, 1863.	6.42 E	5.42	6. 3	3.19	3.37
12	H	[11] Bàs Dheòrsa Ghardner, 1849.	6. 6 L	6.25	6.49	3.55	4.17
13	S	Bàs Wade, 1751.	6.37 E	7.14	7.45	4.39	5. 6
14	☽	*I. Didonaich de'n Charghus.*	6.11 L	8.22	9. 1	5.37	6.13
15	L	Breith Ralph Erskine, 1685; An Gearran.	6.32 E	9. 46	10.30	6.53	7.38
16	M	Bàs Uilleam Thomson, *Oll. Lagh.*, 1817.	6.15 L	11.11	11.48	8.21	9. 2
17	C	An fheill Padruig.	6.27 E	...	0.20	9.38	10.10
18	D	Breith Ban-phrionnsa Louisa, 1848.	6.19 L	0.48	1.14	10.40	11. 7
19	H	Bàs I. A. Ròs, 1841.	6.21 E	1.40	2. 3	11.33	11.58
20	S	Seisdeadh Ionarlòchaidh, 1746.	6.23 L	2.26	2.49	...	0.23
21	☽	*II. Didonaich de'n Charghus.*	6.17 E	3. 9	3.29	0.45	1. 7
22	L	Breith Neill Ghobha, 1727.	6.27 L	3.49	4. 9	1.29	1.51
23	M	Breith Raibeart Fhionnlaidh, *Oll. D.*, 1721.	6.11 E	4.29	4.50	2.12	2.31
24	C		6.31 L	5.11	5.32	2.50	3. 9
25	D	Bàs Uilleam Hamilton, 1754.	6. 5 E	5.53	6.15	3.28	3.46
26	H	Breith Iain Mayne, 1759.	6.35 L	6.39	7. 3	4. 8	4.30
27	S	[28] Bàs Phadruig Fhoirbeis, 1635.	6. 1 E	7.31	8. 1	4.53	5.18
28	☽	*III. Didonaich de'n Charghus.*	6.39 L	8.38	9.18	5.50	6.27
29	L	Bàs a' Bhaird Mhic Lachlainn, 1822.	5.55 E	10. 0	10.37	7. 6	7.45
30	M	[29] Bàs Iain Ghill' Iosa, *Oll. D.*, 1796.	6.43 L	11.12	11.47	8.23	9. 1
31	C	An fheill Ribhinn.	5.50 E	...	0.18	9.34	10. 2

THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

(Continued)

THE BRIG OF DEE.

THE year of God, 1588, there were some secret emulations and factions at Court. The Earl of Huntly being in favour with His Majesty, obtained the Captaincy of His Majesty's Guards, which the Master of Glamis had before; for this cause the Master of Glamis and his associates, joining themselves to the English Ambassador, then lying at Edinburgh, do surmise to the King's Majesty, that some letters of the Earl of Huntly's, sent by him to the King of Spain, were intercepted in England. Huntly was called to make his answer; he compears, and denies these letters to have been written or sent by him, but only devised by his enemies, thereby to put him in disgrace with his master; yet he is warded in the Castle of Edinburgh in the latter end of February, and being tried, he is released the 7th day of March following; whereupon the Earls of Huntly, Crawford, and Errol address themselves into the North, and take journey towards St. Johnstown, where they were advertised that the Earls of Athol and Morton and the Master of Glamis had convened forces to entrap them within St. Johnstown. Huntly, Errol, and Crawford issued forth of that town, with such small companies as they then had, and rencountered with the Marquis of Glamis, whom they chased and apprehended in Kirkhill, and carried him prisoner with them into the North.

Chancellor Maitland and the rest of the Master of Glamis's faction at Court, hearing of this accident, they inflame the King with anger against Huntly and his associates, and do persuade His Majesty to take a journey into the North. Huntly, in the mean time, assembles all his friends and dependants, to the number of

10,000 men, and came forward to the Brig of Dee, with a resolution to fight against his enemies, the 20th of April, the year 1589; but being certainly informed that the King was coming in person against him, he dissolved his army, and submitted himself to His Majesty, withal releasing the Master of Glamis from captivity; whereupon Huntly was committed to ward at Edinburgh, then at Borthwick, thereafter at Finnerin; from whence he was shortly afterward released by His Majesty. The Earl of Errol was also warded in Edinburgh Castle, where he was detained until he paid a sum of money, which was employed to the use of Chancellor Maitland.

A TUMULT IN ROSS IN 1597.

The year of God, 1597, there happened an accident in Ross, at a fair in Lagavraid, which had almost put Ross and all the neighbouring counties in a combustion. The quarrel did begin betwixt John Macgillichallum (brother to the Laird of Raasay), and Alexander Bane (brother to Duncan Bane of Tulloch). The Munroes did assist Alexander Bane, and the Clan Kenzie took part with John Macgillichallum, who was there slain, with John Mac-Murdo Mac-William, and three others of the Clan Kenzie. Alexander Bane escaped, but there were killed on his side John Munro of Culcraggie, with his brother, Hutcheon Munro, and John Munro Robertson. Hereupon the Clan Kenzie and the Munroes began to employ the aid and assistance of their friends from all parts to invade one another; but they were in some measure reconciled by the mediation of indifferent friends and neighbours.

THE DEATH OF SIR LAUCHLAN MACLEAN IN 1598.

Sir Lauchlan Maclean's ambition, together with his desire of revenge, thrust him on to claim the inheritance of the whole Isle of Isla, being always the possession and ancient inheritance of the Clan Donald, all which Maclean thought easily now to compass, Sir James Macdonald (the just inheritor thereof) being young, and his father, Angus Macdonald, aged. Sir Lauchlan assembled his whole forces, and, in warlike manner, invaded Isla, to take possession thereof by virtue of a new right which he had then

lately obtained, which Sir James Macdonald (Maclean's sister's son) understanding, he convened his friends, and went likewise into the same island (being his own and his forebear's possession) to interrupt, if it were possible, the proceedings of his unkind uncle, Maclean. Being both arrived in the island, such as did love them and desired peace, did mediate a long time betwixt them, and took great pains in essaying to agree them. Sir James (being the more reasonable of the two) was content to let his uncle have the half of the island during his lifetime, although he had no just title thereto, providing he would take it in the same fashion as his predecessors, the Clan Lean, had it even before his time, to wit, holden of the Clan Donald; and, moreover, he offered to submit the controversy to the King's Majesty's arbitrament, thereby to eschrew all debate with his uncle. But Maclean, running headlong to his own mischief, much against the opinion of his friends, who advised him to the contrary, did refuse all offers of peace, unless his nephew would then presently resign unto him the title and possession of the whole island. Whereupon they do both resolve and prepare to fight, Sir James being far inferior in number of men, but some of these he had with him were lately before trained in the wars of Ireland. Thus there ensued a cruel and sharp battle, at the head of Loch-Gruinart, in Isla, courageously fought a long time on either side. Sir James, in the beginning, caused his vanguard to make a compass in fashion of a retreat, thereby to get the sun at his back, and the advantage of a hill which was hard by. In the end, Sir James, having repulsed the enemies' vanguard, and forcing their main battle, Maclean was slain, courageously fighting, together with 80 of the most principal men of his kin, and 200 common soldiers lying dead about him. His son, Lauchlan Barrach Maclean (being sore wounded) was chased with the rest of his men even to their boats and vessels. Sir James Macdonald was dangerously wounded, whereof he hardly recovered afterward, for he was shot with an arrow through the body, and was left the most part of the ensuing night for dead amongst the slain bodies. There were slain of the Clan Donald about 30 in all, and above 60 wounded, which happened, the year of God, 1598. And thus the war began by Maclean, without reason, the year of God, 1585, ended now, this

year, by his death. Maclean had three responses from a witch before he undertook this journey into Isla; first, desiring him not to land there upon Thursday; the next was, forbidding him to drink of the water of a well beside Gruinart; and thirdly, she told him that one called Maclean should be slain at Gruinart. The first he transgressed unwillingly, being driven into that island by a tempest on a Thursday. The second he transgressed negligently, and drank of that water before he knew the name of the place, and so he died at Gruinart, as was foretold him, but doubtfully, and as commonly all such responses be. These broils and uproars did so move the King against the Macdonalds, that His Majesty afterwards finding the inheritance both of Kintyre and Isla to beat his own disposition, he gave all these lands to the Earl of Argyll and the Campbells; whereupon proceeded the troubles that arose since betwixt the Campbells and the Clan Donald in Kintyre and Isla, after His Majesty's coming to the Crown of England, which I omit to relate; only thus far, that Sir James Macdonald was, by Argyll's means, warded in the Castle of Edinburgh, and was kept there a long time; from whence he escaped by the means and diligence of his cousin, MacRanald, who fled with Sir James into Spain and Flanders, where they were entertained by the Spaniards; from whence they are now (upon the Earl of Argyll's flight thither to the King of Spain) both recalled home by His Majesty, the year of God, 1620, and are now in England, at this time, with the King, who hath given Sir James a yearly pension of 1000 merks sterling, and a yearly pension of 200 merks sterling to MacRanald, together with a pardon for all their bye-gone offences.

TROUBLES IN THE WEST ISLES BETWIXT THE CLAN DONALD AND THE SIOL TORMOIT IN 1601.

Donald Gorm Macdonald of the Sleat had married Sir Rory Macleod of the Harris's sister, and for some displeasure or jealousy conceived against her, he did repudiate her; whereupon Sir Rory Macleod sent a message to Donald Gorm, desiring him to take home his sister. Donald Gorm not only refused to obey his request, but also intended divorcement against her; which when

he had obtained, he married Kenneth Mackenzie, Lord of Kintail's sister. Sir Rory Macleod took this disgrace (as he thought it) so highly, that, assembling his countrymen and followers without delay, he invaded, with fire and sword, a part of Donald Gorm's lands in the Isle of Skye, which lands Sir Rory claimed to appertain to himself. Donald Gorm, impatient of this injury, convened his forces, and went into the Harris, which he wasted and spoiled, carried away their store and bestial, and killed some of the inhabitants. This again did so stir up Sir Rory Macleod and his kin, the Siol Tormoit, that they took a journey into the Isle of Uist (which appertaineth to Donald Gorm), and landing there, Sir Rory sent his cousin, Donald Glas Macleod, with some 40 men, to spoil the island, and to take a prey of goods out of the precinct of Kiltrynaid, where the people had put all their goods to be preserved as in a sanctuary, being a church. John Macian-Macjames (a kinsman of Donald Gorm's) being desired by him to stay in the island, accompanied with 20 others, rencountered with Donald Glas Macleod. This small company of the Clan Donald behaved themselves so valiantly, that, after a sharp skirmish, they killed Donald Glas Macleod, with the most part of his company, and so rescued the goods. Sir Rory, seeing the bad success of his kinsmen, retired home for that time.

Thus both parties were bent headlong against others with a spirit full of revenge and fury, and so continued mutually infesting one another with spoils and cruel slaughters, to the utter ruin and desolation of both their countries, until the inhabitants were forced to eat horses, dogs, cats, and other filthy beasts. In end, Donald Gorm assembled his whole forces the year of God, 1601, to try the event of battle, and came to invade Sir Rory's lands, thinking thereby to draw his enemies to fight. Sir Rory Macleod was then in Argyle, craving aid and advice from the Earl of Argyll against the Clan Donald. Alexander Macleod (Sir Rory's brother) resolves to fight with Donald Gorm, though his brother was absent; so, assembling all the inhabitants of his brother's lands, with the whole race of the Siol Tormoit, and some of the Siol Torquil, out of the Lewis, he encamped beside a hill called Ben-a-Chuilinn, in the Isle of Skye, with a resolution to fight against Donald Gorm and the Clan Donald the next morning, which were no sooner

come but there ensued a cruel and terrible skirmish, which lasted the most part of the day, both contending for the victory with great obstinacy. The Clan Donald, in the end, overthrew their enemies, hurt Alexander Macleod, and took him prisoner, with Neil MacAlister Roy, and 30 others of the chiefest men among the Siol Tormoit, killed two near kinsmen of Sir Rory Macleod's, John MacTormoit and Tormot MacTormoit, with many others. After this skirmish there followed a reconciliation betwixt them, by the mediation of old Angus Macdonald of Kintyre, the Laird of Coll, and others. Then Donald Gorm delivered unto Sir Rory Macleod all the prisoners taken at Ben-a-Chuilinn together with his brother, Alexander Macleod; since which time they have continued in peace and quietness.

A. M.

(To be continued.)

THE EVICTED WIDOW.

CHAPTER I.

THE WIDOW'S CURSE.

GLENFALCON is one of the most charming places in the Highlands. The beautiful bay which bears its name is in the form of a horse shoe, around which the little village is built. On three sides, the bay is surrounded by hills and walls of rock, sloping towards the sea. Outside the bay, to the east, lies a picturesque loch—a long, narrow inlet of the sea, with two pretty islands at its mouth. To the north, is a narrow stretch of fertile land, while the Isle of Skye lies to the west, thus forming a great basin of water sheltered on every side. In the centre of this basin lies a beautiful group of islands, making as fair a scene as the eye could wish to rest upon. On the western side of the bay is a fine glen, divided into two parts by the action of a mountain torrent that, by long ages of hard work, has made a deep bed for itself in the solid rock through which it tumbles noisily till it reaches the bay. In this glen the mournful spectacle of seven or eight ruined cottages may still be seen. These humble dwellings were desolated, and their inhabitants turned adrift to find other homes, or starve, by the despotic will of one man.

Our story opens on a beautiful evening in the middle of August, 18—. The sun is just disappearing over the cliffs, and his parting rays throw a red glow over the sails of the fishing boats in the bay. A few old women, too feeble to do harder work, sit at their doors spinning or knitting. Among them is a widow, named Cameron, and her daughter, Jessie, a delicate child of twelve years, who is employed in reading aloud. Mrs. Cameron's husband was drowned at the herring fishing two years before, and the widow and her child had been left totally unprovided for. The men of the West are under the necessity of risking

their lives at the fishing, as, in consequence of the unjust laws, they cannot get a living from the soil.

The neighbours were willing to assist the poor widow to the full extent of their power; but as one cannot get blood from a stone, neither can money be got from people who are drained of their last farthing by the exactions of rack-renting landlords. The kindly people did what they could to help the widow and the fatherless child, by tilling her little croft for her. Thus, with a struggle, Mrs. Cameron managed to live, and keep Jessie at school. The poor child had always been delicate; the cold breath of winter in that Northern isle dealt hardly with her. During the two previous winters she had suffered much, and she was yet very weak and ailing, sorely needing that good living and medical advice which her mother's poverty prevented her having. She was like a summer flower that could only live in the bright sunshine. The widow dreaded the approach of winter, on account of the suffering it caused to her only child, whom she loved more than her own life.

Owing to an exceptionally bad season, the crofters had been unable to pay their rents at the last term. The proprietor of the estate was a hard, stern man. No excuses would be accepted by him for non-payment of rent. When informed that his tenants were unable to pay, and craved a little indulgence until the next summer, he gave orders to his factor that, unless he were paid, not only the sum due at Martinmas, but also the arrears, the tenants, one and all, should be evicted. These harsh instructions were duly made known to the people; but what could they do? They had no money, and they had no place to go to. The next year's rent was due on November 11th, so, after consultation together, they again drew up an urgent appeal for indulgence till the summer. The only reply vouchsafed was a repetition of the former threat. The people were in despair, but were powerless to help themselves; their only hope was that, at the last moment, the landlord might relent. In this miserable state of uncertainty the dreaded 11th of November came and passed, without any further intercourse between the landlord and his tenants.

On the morning of the 23rd November, the head factor of the estate, the under factor, a sheriff-officer, and a party of policemen

made their way to Glenfalcon. This was the landlord's answer to the tenants' appeal for mercy. It was a bitterly cold morning; the snow was falling heavily, and the piercing north wind was enough to freeze the marrow in one's bones. Everything looked dreary and miserable. It was bad enough to be obliged to live in such wretched hovels, as the poor people had, at any time, even in the middle of summer; but this armed party came to turn the inhabitants out into the bleak winter day, leaving them no shelter but the snow-laden sky, and no flooring but the snow-covered heath. In the first house the evicting party entered there lived a man, named Macdonald, who was out at the time, but his wife and his seven children, clad in rags, and half-famished, crouching round a mere handful of peat fire, was a sight that might have moved the hardest heart. On seeing such a formidable party enter her poor dwelling, the poor woman started to her feet, and cried out in alarm :—

"Oh! what are you going to do?"

"Don't you know," replied Macneil, the under factor, "that we have orders to turn you out?"

"But surely," pleaded the poor woman, "you will not turn us out in this weather—in the snow. What will become of my poor children?"

"You were warned, and you must go," replied Macneil gruffly, trying to hide his feeling of pity under a rough exterior. "It is not my fault. Blame your landlord, Mr. Campbell, not me. I must obey orders."

He then, anxious to shift all responsibility for such cruelty from his own shoulders, spoke to the factor, and asked if they were to proceed with the disagreeable task. The answer was a peremptory order to remove the furniture at once. At this moment the husband, Macdonald, returned, and took in the situation at a glance; but he was perfectly helpless in the matter, and could only look on with an apathy born of despair, while his few poor household gods were roughly thrown outside. He and his family were then ordered to leave the house, and the roof was quickly pulled down, the door was fastened with lock and key, and the wretched family were forbidden even to seek the shelter afforded by the four bare walls of their late home.

Who can tell the agony that wrings a father's and a mother's heart in a case like this; their house ruined, their children starving with hunger and cold, no place to go to for shelter, not a gleam of hope anywhere. No wonder that they should have prayed that death would soon end their unbearable misery.

Regardless of the tears of mother and children, and the earnest expostulations of well-nigh desperate men, the evicting party proceeded from house to house, leaving behind them untold misery and desolation. At length they came to the humble house of Mrs. Cameron, which was the last habitation in the glen. The widow fell on her knees, and clasped her hands imploringly.

"Have mercy; have mercy;" she cried, "my child is dying. If you turn us out in this bitter weather, it will kill her at once. Surely you would not commit murder!"

"My good woman," replied the factor, affected in spite of himself at the scenes of heart-breaking misery he had caused, "it is useless asking me for mercy. I cannot help myself. Your daughter may be very ill, but my orders are imperative, and I must obey."

He then walked away and left his subordinate to carry out the distasteful orders. As Macneil entered the little room where Jessie lay in bed, with death legibly written in her wasted form and attenuated features, she cried,

"Oh, Mr. Macneil, you will not turn us out. Look, it is snowing," pointing to the little window, "we will die in the snow; you will not be so cruel."

Macneil turned aside to hide the feelings which he was ashamed to show, but which did credit to his manhood.

"If," he muttered, "I dared feel for anyone, it would be for this poor child and her widowed mother, but I cannot afford to pity anyone."

Then, turning again to the sick girl, he said, "Indeed, it is not my fault, Jessie, that you must go; but if I can find you a place of shelter anywhere, I will."

He then went out and left the rest of the party to do their dirty work. Their little furniture was soon thrown out, and the heartbroken mother, lifting her dying child in her arms, tottered out into the snow crying aloud in her misery,

"Heaven pity us, for man will not; there is nothing left for us but to die."

"Hush, mother," said Jessie, "do not talk so, Mr Macneil says he will try to find us a shelter somewhere."

Soon the work of destruction was completed, the roof was torn off, and the snow was falling on the hearth, where the remains of the peat fire still smouldered. The men had buttoned their coats, and were preparing to depart, when they were startled by a dreadful scream from Mrs. Cameron, who fell fainting to the ground, and no wonder, for her beloved Jessie had just expired. She died, as many others have died in the Highlands of Scotland, and in the south and west of Ireland, a victim to the unjust land laws of our country—laws which deliver arbitrary power into the hands of one class, which is only too often used to crush and oppress another. But these victims have not suffered in vain; their blood has cried aloud for justice, and we are at length awakening to the full knowledge of the cruelties perpetrated under shadow of these iniquitous laws, the repeal of which the nation now demands with a voice of thunder not to be gainsaid.

When the widow recovered consciousness, her first words were, "My daughter!" She staggered to her feet, and, clasping the dead body of her child in her arms, covered her cold face with passionate kisses; then, with a lingering hope, she eagerly placed her trembling hand on her child's heart, only to find that it was indeed stilled for ever. She looked once more on the calm, white face on which the snow was thickly falling; she looked at her ruined home, and then again at her dead child, when a heart-rending cry of bitter anguish broke from her pallid lips, the cry of a broken heart, from which all joy and hope had now been for ever crushed. Then, with her grey locks falling in disorder over her pale face, and her eyes fiercely gleaming with a strange light, she turned to the group of awe-stricken men, and, pointing to the corpse, cried out,

"You have murdered her; I call God to witness that you have murdered her. But you are not so much to blame as your master. Listen! Here, in the sight of Heaven, and by the side of my ruined home and my dead child, I curse him, and pray that if there is justice in Heaven it will fall and crush him as he has crushed others."

As the poor woman uttered these fearful words, she raised her clenched hands and streaming eyes to Heaven. She spoke sensibly enough, but, alas! the bystanders saw only too well by her excited gestures, and the lurid light that shot from her eyes, that the light of reason had fled, and that she was mad.

"I think," said the factor, "we had better take her with us, she is certainly out of her mind."

"I think we had," agreed Macneil, "and let us go at once. No good can come of this day's work."

So, taking the widow and the body of her daughter along with them, they turned down the glen. It would be difficult to picture a more heartrending scene than that which they had to pass through on their way out of the place. Every hut was destroyed, and the poor wretches who had been so ruthlessly evicted crouched under the walls of their ruined homes for shelter from the ever-increasing storm. Old men and women who could scarcely walk; little children who did not understand what was wrong; and sick people who had to be carried out, sat there shivering and moaning with cold and grief. More than one of the poor wretches died soon afterwards from the effects of the exposure.

Hastening to quit such a painful scene, the men hurried forward, and soon reached the mouth of the glen, where the road runs along the brow of a steep cliff, overhanging the torrent rushing and foaming below. When they had reached this point, the widow, who had hitherto accompanied them quite quietly, suddenly broke away, and, with a wild cry, rushed forward, and before they could prevent her, flung herself over the cliff, and in a moment all that remained of the hapless woman was a mangled mass of quivering flesh lying on the rocks below.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE HENRY BRADSHAW, M.A.,

Librarian of the Cambridge University.

"WRITING to me about the edition of 1713, which he had borrowed of me to compare with that of 1700, he says:—'The *Oratio Dominica* has been of great use. I tabulated the contents of the several books, and so got pretty well at the pedigree of the whole thing. I have the papers, which I hope to show you some day, but, of course, I have never quite finished the thing off.' *I wish Mr. Bradshaw had not said 'of course.' Those who know him, know but too well what this 'of course' may mean.* For he has by him an endless store of bibliographic gold—but, 'of course' he has 'never quite finished the thing off.' Alas! that art is long, and life so short."

Thus I wrote in the *Celtic Magazine* no longer ago than September last; and now, as the sheets of this number of the magazine are going to press, the sad news has reached me that Mr. Bradshaw is no more. On the morning of Thursday last he was found dead in his chair, with the pen in his cold hand, and on the table before him yet another piece of work that now, "of course," will never be "quite finished off." The night before, he was one of a small dinner-party at the house of his friend, Mr. J. W. Clarke, where, though far from robust, he was in his usual state of health. At half-past ten he returned to his bachelor chambers, as a Fellow of King's College, where he at once settled down to his books and his writing-table, as was his wont. In the morning, his servant found him dead; and the medical examination of his cold, stiff body, showed at a glance that death must have taken place very shortly after his return to his rooms. Like so many a literary brother in these days, and like his own uterine brother, who but recently died with equal suddenness, Mr. Bradshaw had long suffered from weakness of the heart, and there is little doubt that to this cause his sudden and untimely death is to be traced. The mysterious passage from life to death, in his case, is likely to have been painless and momentary.

Among Celtic scholars, Mr. Bradshaw's name will always be honourably associatad with *The Book of Deir*, whose precious MS. he brought to light, and was the means of giving to the world. His discovery of the long lost Morland MSS., soon after his first appointment as assistant librarian at Cambridge, I have already described in the *Celtic Magazine* (vol. x., pp. 512-518). A full account of these interesting MSS., from his own hand, will be found, reprinted from the Transactions of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, as an Appendix to Dr. Todd's *Book of the Vaudois.*

In writing for the press, Mr. Bradshaw was, unhappily, fastidious to a fault—one might almost say, morbidly fastidious. To his literary friends and various correspondents, he would dash off sheet after sheet, in a fine round hand, without a flaw or a blot. In looking over some dozens of his letters now before me, I cannot find one single word that had been deleted, or even altered. And yet there is not one of these letters that might not go straight to the press. But it seemed as if he himself could never make up his mind in regard to any literary production that it was "quite finished off," and ready for the printer. With the modern printer, one might say that he had little in common. His interest and his sympathies seemed to be almost exclusively conversant with the printers of the past. Among the master-works of the great typographers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries he was in his element. He knew them as a father knows his children. On the special characteristics by which the several workmanship of each old master of the early typographic art may be differentiated, he was undoubtedly the first authority in the world. Of the special beauties of the various styles of types used by the early printers, he was an enthusiastic admirer. His typographic treasures he simply doted upon with mingled feelings of reverence and affection. The same may be said of his wide and affectionate familiarity with the rarest treasures of the vast field of early illuminated manuscripts. Was it this whole-heartedness of his loving absorption in the manuscripts and printing of the past, that made him so heartily abjure that grimy imp, with all his works, who is popularly supposed to preside over the modern printing office? Be that as it may, there is reason to fear that, through this strange reluctance to send anything to the press, the greater part, at least, of

his vast knowledge has now died with him. But I am not without hope that much valuable matter may yet be found among his papers. In his letters he often writes in such a way as to justify this hope. Here, for example, is what he says in a letter addressed to me, in the spring of 1883, from Pau, where he was then staying for the benefit of his health:—"When I have a few hours to spare, I must work out into clean shape the pedigree I made of the collection of versions of the *Oratio Dominica*. It is extremely interesting, especially the point about *Waldensis*, to which you first directed my attention. It is worth putting on record somewhere."

In looking over these kindly letters, in which the rich stores of his vast learning are so freely and so unostentatiously poured out for my benefit, I am reminded of what, above his learning and the well-ordered stores of his wonderful memory, was the great outstanding characteristic of the man. This was the warm humanity—the open, frank generosity—the charming courtesy—which was to him as natural as the breath of life. Of this gracious natural instinct his letters are full to overflowing. Here, for example, is a long letter of eight pages. In it he enters with warm interest into the work on which I was engaged, winding up with some reference to Robert Kirke, of Balquhidder. He then concludes his long and courteous letter as follows:—"I bought at David Laing's sale an extremely interesting copy of F. O'Molloy's *Grammatica Latino-Hibernica*, which belonged formerly to this very Robert Kirke. But you will have had enough. Only pray don't feel that it is anything but a pleasure to me to write and investigate about these matters. Anything connected with either Irish or Erse printed books has an especial interest for me." Another specimen of this charming courtesy will close this short tribute to the memory of the learned and most delightful English gentlemen whose sudden and lamented death leaves England and our age the poorer. One of the volumes which he borrowed from me had somehow fallen aside. There was a good deal of delay in returning it; and, for a time, he ceased to write me. But in good time the lost volume was found, and immediately it was returned with one of his old, familiar, delightful letters. This letter, too, was written from Pau, and closed in these terms:—"I shall be

back to Cambridge at the end of this week, and if there is anything, at any time, that I can do for you, I can only hope to be more attentive to your wishes than I have been on previous occasions."

While these sheets are passing from my hand, this week's *Cambridge Review*, the gift of a very distinguished undergraduate, whose grandfather I knew long ago as minister of Dornoch, has reached me. Speaking of Mr. Bradshaw, the *Review* says that he lived for others rather than for himself, that he was careless of his own fame, and anxious only that the truth should be found, but that he never was eager to claim credit for discovering it. The *Review* then continues:—"And so he lives for the most part in the work of others; his energy not wasted, but transferred in many modes. To some he was the germ of new ideas, the light which illuminated unknown ways; to others he surrendered his own results to be incorporated in theirs, or to be the indispensable groundwork of a finished edifice; for some he unwound a thread which, once grasped, could lead them through a labyrinth; to others he was a wholesome tonic, or a model of self-reliance and originality. There are probably few students, in the fields of learning which he made peculiarly his own, in whom he does not live again, after some such manner—few who would not acknowledge that they owe him a moral and an intellectual debt. . . . It is not only that the students of Chaucer or of early printing, the learned in manuscripts and Irish history, in the Celtic languages or ancient service-books, acknowledge him as the first, or one of the first, in all these departments; but professors of the Semitic tongues and students of middle-German, enquirers into mediæval economics and fifteenth-century art, the historian of Rome and the explorer of University archives, even the philologist, the mathematician, and the man of science, have from time to time confessed the benefit which they have derived from conversation with him. . . . His rooms were always open to his friends. Young and old, graduate and undergraduate, found in those rooms a second home; and time after time, often deep into the night, his precious leisure has been given up to the discussion of college difficulties, or of philosophical problems, to the auditing of the accounts of undergraduate clubs, or to conversation which

has left an undying mark on the thoughts and characters of those who shared it. Such a life has its best memorial, not in bulky volumes or in wide-spread fame, but in the silent and tearful gratitude which surrounded his tomb, and in the enduring impulses which the spectacle of a noble and unselfish life can rouse. . . . Though his time for undisturbed work was so short, and though so much of his labour can only be seen in the work of others, the amount of original work which was published under his name is larger than is often supposed; while the amount of unpublished material or collectanea, much of which, it is hoped, may yet see the light, is numerous. Much of his best work exists in the shape of letters to friends or fellow-students, often to those whom he had never seen."

Mr. Bradshaw was born on February 2, 1831, and died at the early age of 54.

> But, Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still.

DONALD MASSON.

Edinburgh, February 18, 1886.

GAELIC VERSION OF "WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE."

From "NETHER-LOCHABER."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—If it is not too late by a whole month, let me offer you all the kindly greetings of the New Year.

I take leave to send you herewith a very excellent rendering into Gaelic—singable, for it is in the time and measure of the original—of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," one of the most affecting and beautiful compositions, both words and air, in our inimitable repertory of exquisitely beautiful songs—the Jacobite Minstrelsy. The translation is by the late Rev. Dr. Macintyre, of Kilmonivaig, one of the best and pleasantest men I have ever known.

Perhaps you can make room for it in the *Celtic Magazine*, in which so many good things are constantly appearing.

Please permit me to call attention to a small error in your Gaelic Almanac for the month of February in last *Celtic*. You give the date of *Latha Innerlochaidh*—the day of Inverlochy—as February 1st. The battle of Inverlochy, so glorious to the arms of the loyal clans under the great and good Montrose, was really fought, not on the "1st," but on Candlemas Day—Sunday, the 2nd February, 1645.—Believe me, Dear Mr. Editor, faithfully and very Celtically yours, NETHER-LOCHABER.

MO CHREACH 'S MO LEIR PRIONNS' TEARLACH.

Gu'r dorus thainig eoinein beag,
'S e seinn gu binn, 's gu fàilidh,
'S b'e brìgh ä chiùil 'us purp ä dhàin,
"Mo chreach-sa càradh Thèarlaich!"
'Nuair chualam ceol an eoinein bhig,
Na deoir le m' lic bha tèarnadh,
'Ghrad thug a nuas mo chòmhdach cìnn,
Tha gaol mo chrìdh' air Tèarlach.

Ach, 'eoinein, bhòidhich, bhòidhich chrìn,
An sgéulachd lòsaid 'thagad?
Am briathran beol iad, còsach, sliom?
No 'n duanag bhròin, 'us aimbeairt?
"Cha sgleò, ach bròn 'tha 'm òran fèin,
Moch thriall 's a' ghrian a' dèarsadh,
Ach, chiar an là le gaoith 's le sìon,
Mo chreach! gun dìon aig Tèarlach!"

Feadh ghleann 'us bheann ä chòrach féin,
Mar choigreach éiseach ànra'ch;
Air gach laimh tha airc 'n ä thaic,
'Us air gach taobh tha teanndachd.
An raoir do chunnacas e 'n cian-ghleann,
'S mo chridh' bha teann air sgàineadh,
'Cia mòr am mùthadh 'th' air ä dhreach!
Mo chreach! mo chreach! Prionns' Tèarlach!

"Thuirling oidhche, an doinionn bhéuchd,
Thair shléitibh 'us thair ghleanntaibh;
Ach, ciod an ùig 'n do laidh am Prionns'
'Bu dùth bhi 'n lùchairt ghreadhnaich,
Shuain mu 'n cuairt d'a bhreacan guailn',
Bu ghann o 'n fhuachd ä thearmunn,
'Us rinn prioban suaimhn' fo phreasan uain?
Mo chreach-sa! cruadal Thèarlaich!"

Air faicinn dhà luchd còta dheirg,
Le feirg a sgiathan dh' eargnaich,
"Cha tìr i so gu còmhnuidh innt',
'S gum fàg mi i gun dearmad."
Ach, 'n uair a dh' éirich àrd 's an spéur,
'S' thug sùil' na dhéigh 's gach cèarnaidh,
B' e bladh ä dhàin, 'us seadh ä théis',
"Mo chreach! 's mo léir! Prionns' Tèarlach!"

TREE MYTHS AND FOREST LORE.*

[By William Durie.]

I.

The great interest excited by the International Forestry Exhibition, recently held in Edinburgh, which proved so great a social and educational success, gave rise to a spirit of inquiry as to the part which trees have played in the history of the human race. This paper was originally headed "Plant Myths and Flower Lore," but the accumulation of interesting material became so great that it has been found necessary to limit the subject now in hand to "Tree Myths and Forest Lore," leaving aside, in the meantime, the no less attractive division of the smaller plants. It is intended to indicate the more notable myths, fables, and superstitions that have gathered round trees—those commanding natural objects which have in every age and nation called forth man's admiration, awe, and gratitude, in view of their beauty, grandeur, and usefulness.

Very early in the history of literature we find references to plant-life woven into the verses of poets and the discussions of philosophers. Homer sings the virtues of Molu, supposed to mean the *Allium Magicum*, a kind of garlic, as a safeguard against witchcraft, and of *Nepenthes*, the plant which, according to Milton, is of such power to stir up joy and to drive out of men's minds all sense of ill and sorrow. To Aristotle, who "took all knowledge for his province," the qualities of plants formed a subject of investigation. Theophrastus, his pupil, wrote a "History of Plants," which remains a curious record of what the Greeks knew and thought about "sleeping animals," as plants have been poetically called. Pliny's "Natural History" gives us similar insight into the state of the Roman knowledge. The facts and fancies about plants in the minds of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages are shown in the work on the "Virtues of Herbs," by the reputed Albertus Magnus. In the year of the Spanish Armada (1588), Dr. Porta, of Naples, published his Repertory of Herbs; and,

* Read at the last monthly meeting of the Inverness Field Club.

coming to our own times, apart from the great work of scientific observation and classification, we have, among others, the valuable works of the German Mannhardt, whose "Tree worship of Germany," and Professor Gubernatis, of Florence, whose "Mythology of Plants," have raised the folk-lore of plants to a distinguished place in the far-reaching modern science of Comparative Mythology. Fergusson's "Tree and Serpent Worship," and Sir George Cox's "Mythology of the Aryan Nations," are two of the most important contributions of British writers to the new science. This paper is to a great extent made up of selections from the works of the ancient and modern authors just enumerated, with an attempt at the consolidation and arrangement of very miscellaneous matter not easy to bring under a scheme of divisions. A recent writer holds Mythology to be in large measure based upon "metaphors of speech. The phenomena of Nature were explained by likening them to those human actions with which primitive man was acquainted; and when, in course of time, a higher level of knowledge had been reached, and the original meaning of the traditional epithets had been forgotten, they came to be taken literally and interpreted as referring to beings of a superhuman world." Andrew Lang has mischievously said that this mode of regarding myths is simply resolving all their romance into a series of remarks about the weather. The same writer, in his "Custom and Myth," has lately shown that this is a very partial explanation of the origin of myths, which are demonstrated, in some cases at least, to be only folk-tales glorified. Myths, which have been called "faded metaphors," are sufficiently marked off from folk-lore, inasmuch as the latter, seen, for example, in our most common nursery tales, is destitute of the theological element which either appears, or is supposed to be latent, in thorough-going myths. And, again, the later development into fable has a distinct character from folk-lore, from the prominence in fable of a moral or lesson of some sort as the reason for its existence. Everything in the world that appeared marvellous or excited wonder was naturally apt to give rise to myths. The marvellous (in the vulgar sense) diminishes in proportion as science explains it; and thus myths are the product of early ages, and are only possible at a time of popular ignorance.

Man's first instincts being the sustenance of his body and the propagation of the species, he found the elements of nourishment and reproduction so beautifully exemplified in the trees with which he was familiar, that they have been conjectured to have become his first ideal. Arguing from the known cases of savage tribes, it may be inferred that he would begin with the worship of an individual tree conspicuous among its fellows, and regarded as a conscious personal being, worthy of adoration and sacrifice; this would lead to the worship of many trees, then to the grove of trees, and finally to the worship of some personal being as animating the grove. Mr. Macbain, in his recent careful and interesting work on *Celtic Mythology*,* thus speaks of groves as centres of worship:—"The classical writers continually mention 'groves' as especial places where Celtic worship was conducted. A grove was a secret recess embowered by tall trees, and marked by votive offerings, insignia of the gods, and an altar of stone or some equivalent. Groves are prior in time to temples, and Grimm has analysed the Teutonic word for 'temple' to signify wood or even grove." (P. 88.) Stories long current among the people tell of trees which shed drops of blood, or which become dried up all at once, thus announcing the death of heroes with whose lives the trees have been associated. To this day there are families in Germany and Switzerland who plant a tree of good omen on the birth of a child—an apple tree for a boy, and a pear tree for a girl—so that the child and the tree may grow up together. The tree becomes the object of much loving care, and blight overtaking it, or any other mishap, causes apprehensions for the life of the child. In Saxony it is thought that when an infant dies in the house, Death passes out to the garden and plucks a flower. "Botanic superstitions," says Gubernatis, "are as old as the human mind. They set at defiance all sciences and philosophies, and, still more, all mere passing religions." Heaven itself is often represented to the early imagination as a tree of immense size; the sun and moon are trees which rise under its shadow. The thunder-cloud takes sometimes the form of a shower-tree, which distils the water of life, while its leaves dance and its branches make sweet music.

* A. & W. Mackenzie, Inverness.

A Russian story tells of an old man who once mounted to Heaven on a high tree, where he saw a bird which did not burn in fire, or drown in water. This obviously refers to the sun unconsumed in its own fires, and seeming to plunge into the ocean.

Probably none of the many versions of the origin of the world and of the introduction of man upon the earth, which have been given by different religious systems, can be found in which trees do not play a part. Under the various names of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the tree of Adam, the tree of the Serpent, Yggdrasil (the Scandinavian ash), the man-producing tree, the tree of Buddha, &c., the tree has become the symbol of universal life, and, by extending the idea, of immortality. In the Mosaic account in Genesis, three trees have a prominent place—the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the tree of life, and the fig-tree. Adam and Eve were forbidden to eat the fruit of the first; and when they had done so, they made aprons to themselves of fig-leaves, and they were driven out of Eden to prevent them from eating of the tree of life, and so living for ever. Several curious embellishments of this narrative are due to the imagination of the East and North. For instance, the tree of life is said to have sent its roots down to hades, covering the whole sky with its branches, and on its summit in heaven affording a shining throne for the Infant Jesus. According to a Russian tradition, Adam, when very old, boasted before God that he was a strong man and immortal. He was told that his pride would be punished, that he would be afflicted with headaches, that his hands and feet would refuse to serve him, and that, finally, he would die. Adam paid no heed to these warnings; but, as soon as he felt their truth, he hastily sent Seth to the Garden of Eden to pluck a golden apple for him. But, instead of an apple, his son brought the rod by which Adam had been driven from the Garden. Adam cut it in three parts and bound them round his head; his headache was cured, but he was little the better of that, for he died immediately. The bits of the rod were then planted and grew up to be three trees—a cypress, a cedar, and the "thrice-blessed tree"—the olive, out of which last came the Cross of Christ the regenerator, so connecting Adam with immortality.

The Mahometan account of the forbidden fruit is not materially different from the Bible narrative. Many Mussulman doctors

say that it was the banana-tree which gave occasion to the Fall, and they think it a point of religion to avoid eating bananas and figs as stimulating the passions, since it is thought that it was through eating the fruit that Adam and Eve became aware of the meaning and purpose of sex.

Buddhism has its famous Bo-tree, the source of life, the dispenser of wisdom, and the way to Heaven. In the Rig-veda, the sacred book of the Brahmans, the god Brahma himself is identified with the sacred tree, of which all the other gods are branches.

The prevalence of tree-worship would naturally develop a belief in the descent of men from trees. So that there was even a real, and not merely a metaphoric, sense in which men spoke of the roots and branches of a family. A traveller on the Malabar Coast, 500 years ago, found the people talking of trees which, instead of fruit, bore men and women of a diminutive size; and Colonel Yule, in our day, mentions a similar tradition among the Arabs. A Scandinavian myth relates that Odin and his two brothers, in their wanderings, found the ash and elm, and gave them power to beget men. The Pelopidae, among the Greeks, professed to trace their pedigree to a plane-tree. The converse of this belief has prevailed in some quarters. Dr. Tylor says that, in the Eastern Archipelago, childless women and uncharitable men are believed to migrate to scrubby plants, while good and fruitful people go to fruit-bearing trees, after death.

In the Middle Ages it was universally believed (our own Bishop Leslie even later believed it) that the Bernacle-goose grew as a fruit on a tree in the Orkneys; and, on dropping into the water, the covering of the fruit burst, and the goose came out. In the Hindoo legend of the "Rose of Bakavali," mention is made of a pomegranate-tree, the fruits of which resembled earthenware pots. When these were opened, birds of the finest plumage flew out.

The attitude of the early Christian Church towards tree-superstitions was at first hostile; they were denounced as inventions of the devil; but the superstitions persisting in spite of this, the Church tried to utilise them in its own service by giving a Christian, instead of a Pagan, direction to them. It blessed the

most ancient and venerated trees, and raised Christian altars and images of the Virgin near the same trees where Pagan priests had sacrificed to their divinities. St. John has inherited the trees and plants formerly consecrated to sun-worship. The Virgin Mary has succeeded to the floral honours of the chaste goddess Diana. The part that trees have played in Christian doctrine, from Eden to Calvary, from the tree of the Fall onwards to the tree of the Cross as the tree bringing salvation, was recognised by early Christian Fathers. The remainder of this paper will be devoted to the folk-lore and superstitions that have gathered round various trees, taking the latter term in a wide sense. The subject will be arranged under the following heads:—

I. Folk-tales.
II. Supernatural and Mythical Beings.
III. Religious Observances, Scriptural Characters, Saints, &c.
IV. Symbolic Uses.
V. Courtship and Marriage.
VI. Death.
VII. Weather-lore.
VIII. Animal-lore.
IX. Medicinal and Magical Superstitions.

(To be continued.)

THE CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.—The paper on this subject, from the Rev. Æneas Chisholm, Banff, reached us too late for insertion this month. It will appear in the April number.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

THE chiefs, however, soon found out that Ochiltree was not altogether to be depended upon. Angus Macdonald of Isla, having agreed to everything that was asked of him, was permitted to go home; but finding the others not quite ready to do Ochiltree's bidding in all things, he invited them on board the King's ship *Moon* to hear a sermon preached by his chief counsellor, Bishop Knox of the Isles, after which they were to dine with him. Rory Mor shrewdly suspecting some sinister design, refused to go aboard the ship, and his suspicion proved only too well-founded; for immediately after dinner Ochiltree informed his guests that they were his prisoners by the king's orders, and, weighing anchor, he at once set sail with them to Ayr, and thence marched them to Edinburgh, where they were confined, by order of the Privy Council, in the Castles of Dunbarton, Blackness, and Stirling. The imprisonment of these chiefs induced many of their followers to submit to the king's representatives, and the arrangements which were afterwards made became a starting point for a gradual but permanent improvement in the Highlands and Western Isles.

In 1609, the famous "statutes of Icolmkill" were agreed to by the Island chiefs (who had meanwhile been set at liberty), with the

Bishop of the Isles, among the rest Rory Mor of Dunvegan. The statutes are summarised as follows in Gregory's *Western Highlands and Isles*:—The first proceeded upon the narrative of the gross ignorance and barbarity of the Islanders, alleged to have arisen partly from the small number of their clergy, and partly from the contempt in which this small number of pastors was held. To remedy this state of things, it was agreed that proper obedience should be given to the clergy (whose number, much diminished by the Reformation, it was proposed to increase); that their stipends should be regularly paid; that ruinous churches should be re-built; that the Sabbaths should be solemnly kept; and that, in all respects, they should observe the discipline of the Reformed Kirk as established by Act of Parliament. By one of the clauses of this statute, marriages contracted for certain years were declared illegal; a proof that the ancient practice of handfasting still prevailed to a certain extent. The second statute ordained the establishment of inns at the most convenient places in the several Isles; and this not only for the convenience of travellers, but to relieve the tenants and labourers of the ground from the great burden and expense caused to them through the want of houses of public entertainment. The third was intended to diminish the number of idle persons, whether masterless vagabonds, or belonging to the households of chiefs and landlords; for experience had shown that the expense of supporting these idlers fell chiefly upon the tenantry, in addition to their usual rents. It was therefore enacted that no man should be allowed to reside within the Isles who had not a sufficient revenue of his own; or who, at least, did not follow some trade by which he might live. With regard to the great households hitherto kept by the chiefs, a limit was put to the number of individuals of which each household was to consist in future, according to the rank and estate of the master; and it was further provided that each chief should support his household from his own means, not by a tax upon his tenantry. The fourth provided that all persons, not natives of the Isles, who should be found sorning, or living at free quarters upon the poor inhabitants (an evil which seems to have reached a great height), should be tried and punished by the judge ordinary as thieves and oppressors. The fifth statute proceeded upon the narrative that one of the

chief causes of the great poverty of the Isles, and of the cruelty and inhuman barbarity practised in their feuds, was their inordinate love of strong wines and aquavite, which they purchased partly from dealers among themselves, partly from merchants belonging to the Mainland. Power was, therefore, given to any person whatever to seize, without payment, any wine or aquavite imported for sale by a native merchant; and if an Islander should buy any of the prohibited articles from a Mainland trader, he was to incur the penalty of forty pounds for the first offence, one hundred for the second, and for the third, the loss of his whole possessions and moveable goods. It was, however, declared to be lawful for an individual to brew as much aquavite as his own family might require; and the barons and wealthy gentlemen were permitted to purchase in the Lowlands the wine and other liquors required for their private consumption. The sixth statute attributed the "ignorance and incivilitee" of the Islanders to the neglect of good education among the youth; and to remedy this fault it enacted that every gentleman or yeoman possessed of sixty cattle should send his eldest son, or, if he had no male children, his eldest daughter, to school in the Lowlands, and maintain his child there till it learned to speak, read, and write English. The seventh statute forbade the use of any description of fire-arms, even for the destruction of game, under the penalties contained in an Act of Parliament passed in the (then) present reign, which had never yet received obedience from the Islanders "owing to their monstrous deadly feuds." The eighth statute was directed against bards and other idlers of that class. The gentry were forbidden to encourage them; and the bards themselves were threatened, first with the stocks, and then with banishment. The ninth statute contained some necessary enactments for enforcing obedience to the preceding Acts. Such were the statutes of Icolmkill; for the better observance of which, and of the laws of the realm and Acts of Parliament in general, the Bishop took from the assembled chiefs a very strict bond. This bond, moreover, contained a sort of confession of faith on the part of the subscribers, and an unconditional acknowledgment of his Majesty's supreme authority in all matters both spiritual and temporal, according to his "most loveable Act of Supremacy."

We shall give the first of those Statutes, agreed to by the Island chiefs, at length. It is as follows:—

"For remedy whereof [the ignorance, etc., of the people], they have all agreed in one voice, Like as it is presently concluded and enacted, That the ministers, as well planted as to be planted within the parishes of the said Isles, shall be reverently obeyed; their stipends dutifully paid them; the ruinous kirks with reasonable diligence repaired; the Sabbaths solemnly kept; adulteries, fornications, incest, and such other vile slanders severely punished; marriages contracted for certain years, *simpliciter* discharged, and the committers thereof repute and punished as fornicators—and that conform to the loveable acts of Parliament of this realm and discipline of the Reformed Kirk; the which the foresaids persons and every one of them within their own bounds faithfully promise to see put to due execution."

The Bond which the Bishop took from the nine Island chiefs on this occasion, Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan's being the fifth signature upon it, is as follows:—

"WE, and every one of us, principal gentlemen, indwellers within the West and North Isles of Scotland, under-subscribers, Acknowledging, and now by experience finding, that the special cause of the great misery, barbarity, and poverty, unto the which for the present our barren country is subject, has proceeded of the unnatural deadly feuds which have been fostered among us in this last age: in respect that thereby not only the fear of God and all religion, but also the care of keeping any duty and giving obedience unto our gracious sovereign the King's Majesty and his Highness's laws, for the most part was decayed: and now seeing it has pleased God in His mercy to remove these unhappy distractions, with the causes of them, all from among us; and understanding that the recovery of the peace of our conscience, our prosperity, weal, and quietness, consists in the acknowledging of our duty towards our God and His true worship, and of our humble obedience to our dread sovereign and his Highness's laws of this his Majesty's kingdom: and also being persuaded of mercy and forgiveness of all our bypast offences of his Majesty's accustomed clemency; binds and obliges ourselves by the faith and truth in our bodies, under the pain of perjury and defamation for ever,—and further under such other civil penalties as it shall please his Majesty and his honourable Council to subject us unto at our next compearance before their Lordships; that as we presently profess the true religion publicly taught, preached, and professed within this realm of Scotland, and embraced by his

Majesty and his Estates of this realm as the only and undoubted truth of God; so by his Grace we shall continue in the profession of the same without hypocrisy to our lives' end; and shall dutifully serve his Majesty in the maintenance of that truth, liberty of the same, and of all the laws and privileges of any part of his Highness's dominions, with our bodies and goods, without excuse or wearying to our last breath: likeas also we and every one of us protest, in the sight of the everliving God, that we acknowledge and reverence our sovereign lord his sacred Majesty allenarly supreme judge under the eternal God in all causes and above all persons, both spiritual and temporal, avowing our loyalty and obedience to his Highness only, conform to his Majesty's most loveable Act of Supremacy, which we embrace and subscribe unto with our hearts; and, further, under the same oath and pains, we faithfully promise dutiful obedience to the whole laws, Acts of Parliament, and constitutions of this his Highness's Kingdom of Scotland, and to observe and keep every point and ordinance of the same as they are observed by the rest of his Majesty's most loyal subjects of the realm; and to be answerable to his Majesty and to his Highness's Council as we shall be required upon our obedience thereto; and, further, as shall be more particularly enjoined unto us for our weal and reformation of this our poor country by his Majesty and Council having consideration what it may be and we are able to perform; and also, as more specially we have agreed unto, set down and established as necessary laws to be kept among ourselves in our particular Courts, holden by his Majesty's Commissioner, Andrew, Bishop of the Isles, and subscribed with all our hands in his presence. And, finally, we bind and oblige ourselves, under the oath and pains foresaid, that in case any of us and our friends, dependers, or servants, upon any evil or turbulent motion (as God forbid they do), disobey any of the foresaid ordinances, or be found remiss or negligent in observing of the special points of our obligation above written, and being convicted thereof by the Judge Ordinary of the country, spiritual or temporal; that then, and in that case, we shall assuredly concur together, conjunctly and severally, as we shall be employed by his Highness or the said Judge Ordinary or Sheriff; and shall concur with the said Sheriff or Judge whatsoever, having warrant of his Majesty, to pursue, take, apprehend, and present to justice the said disobedient person; intromit with his lands, goods, and gear, and dispone thereupon as we shall have commission of his Majesty; and hereto we and every one of us faithfully promise, bind, and oblige us by our great oaths, as we shall be saved and condemned upon the great day of the Great Judge of the world, to observe, keep, and fulfil the premises; and for the more

security, if need be, we are content, and consent that these presents be inserted and registered in his Highness's Books of Secret Council of this realm, and the same to have the strength of an Act and Decreet of the Lords thereof interponed hereto with executorials to be direct hereupon in form as effeirs; And to that effect makes and constitutes [blank] our Procurators, conjunctly and severally, *in uberiori forma, promitten. derato;* In witness whereof, etc."

This bond is dated the 23rd of August, 1609. On the following day, the 24th of August, in the same year, Roderick Macleod entered into a bond of friendship and mutual forgiveness with Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat, in the following terms:—

"At Icolmkill, the twenty-fourth day of August, the year of God, 1609 years: It is appointed, concorded, contracted, and finally agreed and ended betwixt the right honourable persons [the] parties underwritten, to wit, Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat, on the one part, and Rory Macleod of Harris, on the other part, in manner, form, and effect, as after follows:—That is to say, forasmuch as the foresaid persons, [the] parties above-named, being certainly persuaded of their dread Sovereign his Majesty's clemency and mercy towards them, and willing of their reformation, and their living hereafter in peace, as his Highness's quiet, modest, and peaceable subjects, and that by his Majesty's and Lords of his Secret Council's will and directions committed to one reverend father, Andrew, Bishop of the Isles; and the said parties, considering the Godless and unhappy turns done by either of them, their friends, servants, tenants, dependants, and part-takers, to others, which from their hearts they and each one of them now repents: therefore the said Donald Gorm Macdonald and Rory Macleod, [the] parties above-rehearsed, taking the burden on them, each one of them for their own kin, friends, servants, tenants, dependants, and allies, to have remitted, freely discharged, and forgiven, like as, by the tenor hereof, they from their hearts freely remit, discharge, and forgive each one of them, the other and their foresaids, for all and whatsoever slaughters, murders, heirschips, spulzies of goods, and raising of fire committed by either of them against the other, their friends, servants, tenants, and dependants, at any time preceding the date hereof; renouncing all actions or pursuit whatsoever, criminal or civil, that can or may be competent in either of their persons or their foresaids against the other for the same, *pise lite et causa* for ever; without prejudice to either of the foresaid parties to set whatsoever lands alleged to pertain to either of them, lying within the other's

bounds, as law will; and for their further security, binds and obliges them, taking the burden on them, as said is, each one to make, subscribe, and deliver letters of slains to the other for whatsoever slaughters [were] committed by either of them on [the] other's friends, servants, and tenants in due and competent form, if need be, so that the said parties and each one of them by their own moyens and diligence may deal and travel with his Majesty and Council for his Highness's remission for the same; and hereto both the parties bind and oblige them by the faith and truth in their bodies to observe, keep, and fulfil the promises each one to [the] other, and never to come in the contrar hereof, directly or indirectly, under the pain of perjury and defamation for ever: and, further, faithfully promise, bind, and oblige them to live hereafter in Christian society and peace, and each one of them to assist and maintain [the] other in their honest and lesome affairs and business. And for the more security, if need be, they are content, and consent that these presents be inserted and registered in the Books of Council and Session, and the same to have the strength of an Act and Decreet of the Lords thereof interponed hereto with execution to direct hereupon in form as effeirs," etc., etc.

The document is signed by both the parties, duly tested and witnessed in proper form.

On the 4th of May, 1610, Roderick obtained remission from the King for all his past crimes. On the 28th of June, he presented himself before the King in Edinburgh, with Macdonald of Sleat, Mackinnon of Strath, and three others of the leading Island chiefs, to hear his Majesty's pleasure declared to them, when they were taken bound to give securities in a large amount to appear before the Privy Council in May, 1611, and that they should aid the King's Lieutenants, Justices, and Commissioners in all matters connected with the Isles; that they should themselves, ever after, live together in "peace, love, and amity," and that all questions of difference arising between them should be settled in the ordinary course of law and justice. In consequence of these arrangements, there were scarcely any disturbances in the Isles during that year.

On the 18th of July, 1611, he purchased from Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, the five unciate lands of Waternish, which the latter had purchased from Sir George Hay and others, who got possession of them on the forfeiture of the

Macleods of Lewis, to whom they belonged. In part payment of the lands of Waternish, he disponed to Mackenzie of Kintail the two unciates of land in Troternish, which belonged to Macleod, with the Bailliary of the old extent of eight marks which had been united to the Barony of the Lewis, and in which William Macleod had been served heir to his father, Tormod, in 1585. On the following day, the 19th of July, he obtained from Sir George Hay, who had now become Viscount Duplin, and the other Fife Adventurers—to whom all Macleod's estates were granted on Roderick Macleod's forfeiture in 1597, when he declined to produce his titles in terms of the Act of that year—a disposition of all his lands, except Troternish, Sleat, and North Uist; and on these titles, and on his own resignation to the Crown, he obtained, on the 4th of August, 1611, a new charter, under the Great Seal, of the lands of Dunvegan, Glenelg, Waternish, etc., containing a Novadamus, taxing the ward and erecting the whole into a Barony, to be called the Barony of Dunvegan, in favour of himself and the heirs-male of his body, with remainder to Alexander Macleod of Minginish, his brother-german, and the heirs-male of his body, with remainder to William, *alias* MacWilliam Macleod of Meidle, heir-male of Tormod, second son of John VI. of Macleod, and the heirs-male of his body, whom all failing to his own nearest lawful male-heirs whatsoever. He was infeft on this charter on the 22nd of October in the same year.

(To be continued.)

YACHTING AND ELECTIONEERING IN THE HEBRIDES.

IV.

EARLY on Monday morning, we drove to the Berneray Ferry, calling on the way at Newton, the residence of Mr. John Macdonald, factor for North Uist. This gentleman's sister, Mrs. Macneil, is an enthusiastic antiquarian, and has gathered together a very rare and interesting collection of antiquities, mostly from the adjacent Island of Berneray. These relics of the past were kindly brought out for our inspection by Mrs. Macneil, who betrays a very pardonable pride in her fine and unique collection. Bone buttons, pins, needles, combs, beads, and brooches; flint knives, arrow and spear heads, silver and bronze pins, needles, and brooches, side by side with nuts from the South Pacific, and glass floats from Holland, thrown upon the Hebridean coast by the mighty Atlantic. Even outside the house, the antiquarian tastes of the occupants are indicated by the number of quern-stones, and what were described as ancient baptismal fonts, which confront one outside the house. They are seen at the front-door, upon the window-sills, and in the garden-rockeries. The garden itself was a treat. There, in the extreme north of Uist, were abundance of fruit, flowers, and vegetables, flowering luxuriantly, and quite equal to those grown in the most fertile spots on the Mainland.

Not very far from Newton is Loch Scolpeg, which we passed on the previous Saturday. On a small island in the middle of the lake are the remains of a small octagonal building, erected some years ago upon the site of an ancient Dun. About the beginning of the 16th century, this Dun was the scene of a terrible murder, when Donald Herrach, I. of Balranald, was treacherously put to death by his natural brother, Gillespic Dubh, and a few other desperate characters. This Gillespic, wishing to get possession of Donald Herrach's lands in North Uist, inveigled him into

the Dun of Loch Scolpeg, where, after they had partaken of refreshments, he proposed some gymnastic feats. The first engaged in was the high leap. A wooden partition divided the apartment in which the game took place, from the adjoining one, and, on the other side of this partition, one of Gillespic's accomplices, named Paul Hellach, was stationed. As soon as Donald Herrach attempted the leap, Paul threw a rope with a noose over his head from the other side, and, while Donald was hanged and struggling in the noose, a red-hot spit was thrust through his body by Gillespic Dubh.

Leaving Newton House, we crossed to the Island of Berneray by the ferry boat, and, after holding a meeting there, visited the old Chapel of Berneray, which now presents nothing more than the aspect of a ruined dwelling-house. Here was born Sir Norman Macleod of Berneray, as will be seen from the following inscription cut upon the wall :—

HIC NATUS EST
ILLUSTRIS ILLE
NORMANNUS MACLEOD
DE BERNERAY
EQUES AURATUS.

The people of Berneray, which island is a part of South Harris, though lying close to North Uist, complained bitterly of the unequal distribution of the land, the best half of the Island, by far, being let to a non-resident tacksman, the factor for Sir John Orde, and tenant of some of the largest and best farms in North Uist. The Berneray people would be comparatively comfortable if the whole Island were divided among them. They are a nice, hospitable, obliging people, and offered their biggest boat to take us across to Obbe, in South Harris, where we were to meet our yacht in the evening. Having gladly accepted their offer, we started, and set sail, favoured with a fresh breeze, in a large boat manned by a crew of five stalwart men.

Stretching from Berneray, a considerable distance into the Sound of Harris, is a narrow bank of gravel, perfectly symmetrical in form, and visible at low tide. The natives account for it by saying that it was the work of a celebrated Long Island witch, who was attempting to make a high-road to Skye through the

Sound, but, her spade having broken when she had finished a considerable part of it, she could not proceed further with her operations!

Arriving at Obbe about six in the evening, we found the yacht awaiting us. Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh wished to see the old Cathedral of St. Clement's, at Rodel, and, as we could find no conveyance in Obbe, we set off on foot. As we passed the blacksmith's house, we observed a dogcart standing at the gable, and, the smith's son coming out at the moment, we asked him if he could drive us to Rodel. With the native generosity and politeness of the true Highlander, he at once replied that he would, and immediately went away to get his horse, which was grazing on the hill. He returned, however, in about half-an-hour, having been unable to find it, but said that, if we would walk on, he would go back, and, if he found the horse, he would drive after us, and bring us back, at any-rate. We, accordingly, walked on, and arrived at Rodel precisely at eight o'clock. Immediately on our arrival, we sent a boy whom we met there to Rodel House, asking Lord Dunmore to oblige us with the key of the Cathedral. In a quarter of an hour, as the boy did not return, I walked over to the House, and sent a message to his Lordship by one of his servants, saying that Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh had walked from Obbe to see the building, and asking him to favour us with the key. After waiting some little time, I was told by the housekeeper that his Lordship had already sent his valet with a message to Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, but further than that I was unable to get any satisfaction. I then returned to the Church-yard, but found that no messenger had reached Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh from Lord Dunmore, and none arrived afterwards. By this time it was dark, and, as the blacksmith's son had now arrived from Obbe with his conveyance, we prepared to go away. Before we actually left, however, the boy whom we had first sent to Rodel House returned, telling us from Lord Dunmore, that no one was admitted to the building after seven o'clock. It was now nine o'clock, more than an hour after our arrival at Rodel.*

The Cathedral of Rodel is a cruciform building, with a fine old

* As Lord Dunmore has since attempted to deny the above, the substance of which appeared at the time in the *Scottish Highlander*, I have given *my* version of the *facts* in full.—H. R. M.

tower, the age of which is said to be exceeded only by some parts of St. Mungo's Cathedral in Glasgow. The style of architecture is Early English upon Norman foundations, and there are some quaint bits of carving, both inside and out. Perhaps the most interesting sculpture to a Highlander is one upon the outside of the wall, portraying a man in full Highland dress—kilt, plaid, and all complete—a convincing proof of the antiquity of the costume. Inside the Cathedral, which was restored some years ago by the Dowager-Countess of Dunmore, are some fine old tomb-stones, with figures of recumbent warriors upon them. Some of the inscriptions upon these tombs were given in the *Celtic Magazine* for August, 1885. The Cathedral is now comfortably fitted up for public worship, and services are frequently held in it. At one time there was a noted monastery at Rodel, one of the twenty-eight established in Scotland by the Canons-Regular of St. Augustine; and the present Cathedral is believed to occupy the site of it. In company with my father (the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine)* and Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, Town Clerk of Inverness, I visited the Cathedral in the previous month of April, and our reception then was as cordial and pleasant as this one was discourteous and disagreeable.

On returning to Obbe, we had a most hearty meeting with the people there, which unmistakeably proved that their landlord, the Earl of Dunmore, was as completely at variance with the wishes and aspirations of his tenants, as he was disobliging and rude to Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh. On being told of the incident, they not only expressed their astonishment, but their indignation, that a gentleman occupying the position of Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, as Member of Parliament for the Highland Capital, and then the popular candidate for the great County of Inverness, should have been treated in such a manner in Harris, for centuries famed for the hospitality of its historic chiefs and warm-hearted people.

On Tuesday, 15th September, we steamed from Obbe to Tarbert, the meeting at Scarp, which was the next in our programme, having to be put off, as the Captain declined to go there. Soon after passing Eilean-Glas Lighthouse, we met a large steamer, which hoisted the Dutch flag, politely dipping it to our British ensign, hoisted in reply. At Tarbert, Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh met an old friend, the Rev. Mr.

Maclean, who treated us most hospitably. The Tarbert Free Church Manse and surroundings, erected by the late Dr. Mackintosh-Mackay, are, perhaps, the finest in the Isles. The meeting at Tarbert, a very large one, was attended by several ladies. Next day we steamed to the Island of Scalpay, which has a beautifully-sheltered little harbour. The Island is much overcrowded, numbers of people having been driven there from North Harris, to make way for sheep, which, in their turn, had to make room for deer. We were told that it used to be a common saying, that whoever, in the past, offended the proprietor or the factor, was banished to Scalpay, as to a penal settlement. After a good meeting here, we steamed for Manish, anchoring in Loch Finsbay. To get to Manish was one of the most difficult trials encountered during our whole trip, there being no roads in that part of Harris. The prospect was everywhere most dismal. For miles, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but reddish-grey rock, varied occasionally by a small loch. And yet there was a large population even in in this desolate place. Down in the hollows, wherever a few blades of corn or a plot of potatoes could be grown, the hardy crofters built their cottages, and cultivated their little patches of ground—if such they could be called. These unfortunate people have been turned out of Rodel, Luskintyre, and other fertile places. The Rev. Mr. Davidson, Free Church minister of Manish, is a fine old gentleman, considerably over seventy years of age, hailing from Strathnairn, but who has spent more than half his lifetime in this dreary place. His fine figure—scarcely bowed with the weight of years—fresh complexion, and long swinging stride, attest the healthiness of the climate, and his natural physical hardihood. As we approached his manse, after our weary tramp, the good man came to meet us, his white hair streaming in the wind, his face beaming with beneficence and good nature, and his hands outstretched to welcome us.

After a good meeting in the Church, and having been hospitably entertained in the manse, we left, and, after a long and weary walk, escorted by willing guides, at length got on board our yacht at a very late hour, feeling that there were some things which we might forget, but Manish—never! We had now finished the Long Island, and next day we steamed across from

Harris to the Isle of Skye, dropping anchor about nine o'clock in the morning in the beautiful Bay of Uig.

On Thursday morning, 17th September, we landed at Uig, and drove thence to Stenscholl, round by Kilmaluag and Kilmuir, and back to Uig, holding meetings at all four places. The village of Uig is scattered round the shores of the lovely Bay of that name, one of the best anchorage-grounds in the Hebrides.

On Sunday, the 14th of October, 1877, the parish of Kilmuir, of which Uig is the centre, was the scene of a terrible flood. The burns in the vicinity rose with startling rapidity, the Uig burying-ground was flooded, bridges were destroyed, and, according to a contemporary account of the disaster, "great boulders were swept away by the current as if they had been pebbles." Uig Lodge, the residence of the proprietor, which stood near the shore of the Bay, was overwhelmed and completely wrecked by two mountain-streams in the neighbourhood, which also destroyed the plantation and garden attached to the house. Mr. D. Ferguson, manager on the estate of Kilmuir, who was the only occupant of the Lodge at the time, was drowned in the house by the flood, and his body was carried out to sea and afterwards washed ashore by the tide some three miles away. The havoc made by the flood in the graveyard was appalling. Numbers of coffins and dead bodies were washed out of the graves, and carried, some out to sea, and others into the Lodge garden, where they were afterwards found. Six bodies were washed ashore and re-interred at Grishornish and Lynedale, places some eight miles distant. The coast of Uig round to Cuidrach was strewed with bones washed away from the burying-ground. The Lodge has never been rebuilt, and the traces of the terrible flood are still to be seen upon the spot.

The view, as we drove slowly up the side of the hill forming the north side of Uig Bay, was magnificent. Below was the sea, smooth as a mirror, the *Carlotta*, with all her flags flying, and the strains of the bagpipes rising melodiously from her deck, swinging lazily at anchor; the bold headlands forming the entrance to the Bay, Loch Snizort running inland, like a silver streak, Waternish Point and Dunvegan Head beyond, jutting far out into the sea, and the blue hills of Harris filling up the background. Close to the seashore, immediately below us, were a number of crofters' huts, with little strips of land belonging to each running

up the steep face of the hill to the edge of the road. The huts were most wretched-looking, and the land not much better. A group of men, standing at the end of one of the cottages, gave us a hearty cheer as we passed, and, a little further on, three little boys, carrying home peats on their backs in creels, gave us another, no less hearty.

Glenuig, a beautiful opening between the hills, runs eastward from the head of Uig Bay. Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, this glen was filled with well-to-do crofters; it is now part of the Uig Inn farm, the crofters having been huddled down to the sea-shore, or driven away elsewhere. Many other evictions have taken place in the parish of Kilmuir in recent times. The townships of Delista, Graulin, Balgown, Feaull, Lachsay, and Scorr, have all been cleared of their inhabitants within the last twenty years, and the lands added to the neighbouring sheep-farms, Monkstadt and Duntulm, getting the lion's share.

About four miles from Uig, we passed the most wretched hut, I think, I have ever seen. It stood upon a slight eminence on our left, a short distance off the road, and in the midst of a dreary-looking moss. The roof appeared to be falling in, the walls to be falling out—everything about it seemed to be going rapidly to decay. This miserable place was the abode of a shepherd on one of the largest and best-known sheep-farms in the Island.

On reaching the top of the ridge separating Uig from the district of Eastside, a magnificent view presented itself. On our left was the fantastic rock-face forming the entrance to the far-famed Quiraing; away to our right extended in serried ranks the picturesque and forbidding-looking cliffs which seem like so many monsters keeping guard over the valley they enclose, while below, the road went winding down the gully to Staffin. In front of us lay the Sound of Gairloch, and Loch Torridon, flecked here and there with a tiny brown sail, the north point of Rona Island, with its lighthouse, just appearing on the right; while in the far distance, the serrated peaks of Ross-shire glittered in the sun-light. The mountains of Torridon, Gairloch, and other ranges, lay piled one upon another in majestic confusion, while away to the left rose the bold outline of Ru Rea, the most north-westerly point on the mainland of Scotland. Descending the ravine, we soon reached Staffin Lodge, a shooting-box erected a few years ago by Major

Fraser of Kilmuir, and recently used as barracks for a detachment of the Royal Marine Artillery, sent, at the instance of the warlike Sheriff of the County of Inverness, Mr. William Ivory, to overawe the people in this "lawless and disturbed district." A little further on is a heath-covered slope, dignified with the name of Staffin Park, which formed the bone of contention in the now well-known Garafad Interdict Case.

Crossing the Kilmartin River, a turbulent, noisy, little stream, we reached Stenscholl. In this district the Land Law Reform agitation first took practical shape in the Highlands. The leader of the people here is Mr. Archibald Macdonald, merchant and crofter, Garafad, a man of great intelligence and influence among the crofters of the whole parish. He accompanied us on our drive to Kilmaluag and Kilmuir.

The MacQueens of Garafad were once a family of considerable note in Skye. They had the farm of Garafad, for many centuries, free, with the exception that they had to give a certain number of salmon yearly, at a fixed price, to the proprietor. It is said that they got deeply into arrears with their strange rent, and, in consequence, lost their tenure. A Mrs. MacQueen, the widow of the last of the family, had a pendicle of the farm until her death within recent years.

On our way to Kilmaluag, the chief place of interest was the farm-house of Flodigarry, for some years the residence, after her marriage, of the famous Flora Macdonald. The house stands, surrounded by some fine old trees, a short distance below the road near the seashore. The low grounds all around are covered with little, grass-covered, natural tumuli, giving the place a very curious appearance.

At Kilmaluag there is a very active branch of the Highland Land Law Reform Association, the moving spirit of which is Mr. W. H. B. Macdougall, Duntulm, a young man of good education, enlightened ideas, and indomitable energy. The people of Kilmaluag, though now much curtailed in their pastures, by the encroachments of Duntulm, are most active and industrious. Many of their cattle are perfect specimens of the real West-Highland breed.

HECTOR ROSE MACKENZIE.

(To be continued.)

TREE MYTHS AND FOREST LORE.

[By William Durie.]

II.

I.—Folk Tales.

Let us begin with the Maple, because there is a Hungarian legend told of it containing many obvious relations with folk-lore in other fields, such as the stories of "King Lear" and "Beauty and the Beast"; the Biblical narratives of "Cain and Abel," and "Joseph and his Brethren"; the legend of "Romulus and Remus"; the story of the "Reed and the Dove"; the "Hindoo Legend of Sakuntala"; the story of Polydorus changed into a dog-berry tree; the myth of Orpheus; and the stories of the "Magic Flute," the "Strawberries," the "Red Boots," and the two brothers quarrelling about a peacock's feather. The points of agreement between these stories and the following narrative would seem to point to their common origin. I shall indicate these stories at the points of agreement in the course of the narrative.

A King had three daughters. The youngest was fair-haired, and of great beauty and sweetness of disposition (Cordelia). A young shepherd, who fed his flock near the palace, played the flute every evening (Orpheus), and the young princess (Eurydice) listened to him. One night the king, the shepherd, and the princess had each a bad dream. The king dreamed he had lost his crown-diamonds; the young princess, that she had gone to see her mother's tomb, and had not returned; and the shepherd, that wild beasts had devoured the pet-lamb of his flock (Joseph). After this dream the king called his three daughters and told them that the first of the three who should bring him a basket of strawberries should become his best-loved daughter, who should possess his crown and his seven kingdoms (King Lear). The princesses went away to search for strawberries, and came to a green hillock. The eldest cried, "Basket, be filled, that I may receive my father's crown." But the basket remained empty. The second daughter

said, "Basket, be filled, that I may receive the seven kingdoms of my father." Yet the basket remained empty. After these two dark-haired sisters (the two halves of the Night) had thus spoken, the youngest, with the fair hair (the Aurora or Dawn), said tenderly, "Basket, be filled, in order that I may become the well-beloved daughter of my father." Immediately, her basket filled with strawberries. Seeing this, the two envious sisters, fearing to lose the royal crown and kingdoms (Cain), put their sister to death; and, having buried her under an old maple-tree, broke her basket, and divided the fruit between them. They went home and told their father that their sister had ventured too far into the forest and been devoured by a wild beast (Joseph). Their father then put ashes on his head (Jacob), and cried, "Alas! I have lost the most precious diamond in my crown." At the new moon, the shepherd tried to play his flute, but it would not play. Indeed, why should the flute play, when there was no fair princess to hear it? Near the green hillock, on the third night, he saw a fresh young shoot springing up near the old maple-tree at the spot where the princess had been buried. As time wore on, the shoot grew, and he wished to make a new flute of it. As soon as he had put this flute to his lips (stories of Sakuntala, Polydorus, Dog-berry tree, and Magic Flute), the enchanted flute sang thus:—"Play, my dear; formerly I was a king's daughter; now I am a shoot of maple, a flute of a maple shoot." The shepherd took the flute to the king, who tried to play it, and it sang the same refrain. The two wicked sisters then tried it, and the instrument sang:—"Play, my murderer; formerly I was a king's daughter; now I am a flute of maple." Then the king cursed his two daughters, and drove them out of his kingdom. Such is the story, but it is evidently incomplete. From the details furnished by other similar stories, there should follow the resurrection of the princess slain by her envious sisters.

The maple is still an object of veneration in many parts of Germany.

The Palm-tree, one of the chief beauties of an Eastern landscape, has been the subject of many myths, especially in countries bordering on the Mediterranean. According to an Adriatic legend;—"A shipmaster in Venice saw seven witches come on

board his ship at night-fall; he concealed himself to see what they would do; in a single night they drove the ship to Alexandria, in Egypt; he went ashore and broke a branch of a tall tree, and took it on board. The witches then brought the ship back to Venice the same night, and disappeared at cock-crow. The captain found at daybreak that the branch was covered with dates, which convinced him that he had really been at Alexandria, since dates do not grow at Venice. We have here a new version of the nocturnal voyage of the sun, of which the palm-tree is the personification; it is during the night that he recovers his golden dates, shown to the world in the morning sunshine." The association of the palm-tree with the sun, as victor over darkness, is seen in some Hindoo myths, one of which relates that Arguna stole a small branch of the Betel-palm when in Paradise, and planted it on earth. This explains why the Hindoos always steal a shoot of Betel when wishing to plant it. Hercules is said to have carried a palm-tree with him in his miraculous journeys. In Arabia, it is believed to have been formed from the residue of the clay of which Adam was made.

The Cedar has long been accounted a sacred tree, of which the wood-work of Jewish and Greek temples was usually made. A Chinese legend runs thus:—"Hanpang, Secretary to King Hang, had a young and fair wife, named Ho, whom he tenderly loved. The king, having taken a fancy for this woman, put her husband to death. She threw herself from a steep place, and was taken up dead. In her scarf was found a letter addressed to the king, asking, as a last favour, that he would bury her in the same grave as her husband. But the king, in his wrath, ordered her to be buried in a far separate place. During the night, two cedars shot up, one from each tomb, and in ten days they had become so tall and strong that they managed to interlace their branches and roots, although widely apart. The people then named these cedars "the trees of faithful love."

The Elm, which Virgil calls the "Tree of Dreams," a name it still retains in France, may have got this name from the fact of village-justice having been often administered under its shadow, the prophetic or inspired character of early judges being supposed to be re-inforced in states of trance or dream. In the story of

Orpheus making plaint on his lyre for the death of his wife, Eurydice, the elm is said, for the first time, to have sprung into life in sympathy with his dirge.

A Spanish legend regards the White Poplar as the first tree God made, and as the immediate progenitor of Adam. The Black Poplar, according to a Greek myth, was the form into which the gods changed the sisters of the solar hero, Phaeton, when they mourned his disappearance in the ocean.

The Oak, king of British forests, has had its full share of myth. The ancient Greeks thought it the oldest tree. Scandinavian story ascribed man's origin to the oak or the ash—a myth also prevalent among the Romans. The Arcadians believed their ancestors were oaks before they became men. As showing the persistence of such myths after all faith has gone out of them, it is said that in Piedmont, to this day, in order to evade the awkward questions of children as to the arrival of babies, people say that they are born out of the trunk of an old oak—akin to the practice of Scotch mothers who assign that function to the cabbage.

The Pomegranate is, in the East, emphatically the tree consecrated to love. The worship of Rimmon, denounced in the Old Testament, was the worship of the Syrian Adonis, Rimmon being the Syriac for the pomegranate. "In a Hindoo story, the parents of a princess confine her in a garden which nobody can enter; at the same time, they announce that whosoever will enter the garden and carry off three pomegranates on which the princess and her attendants sleep, will marry her."

The Walnut figures in a Slavonic legend of the Deluge, in which the good people who escape and re-people the world are saved in a walnut-shell.

The Apple, having been regarded as *the* fruit, has appropriated to itself the word *pomum* in Latin, which is a generic name for fruit (specially of fruit having stones or seeds, as the apple, pear, quince, pomegranate, fig, etc.), while *Pomona* is the goddess in charge of *all* fruit trees. Adam's apple is equivalent to Adam's fruit; and it is a waste of time to discuss whether it was an apple or an orange, or a fig, or any other fruit full of seeds. According to a Hanoverian legend:—"A young girl descended to hades by a

ladder which appeared under an apple-tree in her garden. In the lower regions she saw a garden in which the sun seemed even more beautiful than on earth; and the trees were laden with fruit. She filled her apron with apples, which became golden as soon as she came back to the earth." This is supposed to represent the sun's journey at night ending in the golden dawn. A German popular song begins:—

"Bitterly wept the dear Sun
In the apple-garden;
From the apple-tree has fallen
The golden apple.
Weep not, little Sun,
God is making another
Of gold, of iron, and of silver."

The sun at first loses his golden apple and weeps; people try to put him to sleep in the orchard, and to make him hope to find his golden apple in the morning; he still weeps, and they tell him he will have another, of the three metals, representing the grey morning, the dawn, and the full sun-glow. A Swedish mythological enigma thus runs:—"Our mother has a bed-cover which nobody can fold; our father has more gold than anyone can count; and our brother has an apple which nobody can bite." The explanation is:—"Our mother is the earth: the earth's counterpane is the sky; our father is in Heaven; his golden stars are countless; our brother is the Divine Saviour, whose apple is the sun." The identity of the sun and the apple in such myths is scarcely open to question.

The Pear-tree has never been so popular as the apple, perhaps on account of the rapidity with which it succumbs to corruption. According to a Thuringian legend, a mad cow was at first changed into a pear-tree, and afterwards into an old woman. This legend is supposed to figure three seasons of the year—the hot sun becomes a pear-tree in autumn, and a sterile old woman in winter.

The Alder appears in a Tyrolese legend, thus:—"A boy mounted a tree and saw what the witches were doing below; they cut to pieces a woman's body and threw the bits up in the air; the boy caught a rib, and kept it beside him. When the witches counted the bits, they found one amissing, and they replaced it by a bit of alder; then the body revived." They say in Germany

that alders begin to weep, to speak, and to shed drops of blood, when people speak of cutting them down.

The Lime-tree, or linden, bulks largely in Scandinavian mythology, where Sigurd, after slaying the dragon Fafnir, bathes in its blood; a leaf of lime-tree falls on his shoulder and renders him vulnerable in that place only, while he is proof against injury in every other part of his body.

The Hazel has been the centre of many popular beliefs, especially about fairies, with whom it was a favourite tree. In the "Manners of the Ancient Irish," the hazel is the subject of the following myth:—"The Irish bards taught that there were fountains in which the primitive rivers had their sources; over each fountain grew nine hazel-trees, which produced beautiful red nuts that fell into the fountains, and floated on their surface until the salmon of the river came up and swallowed the nuts. It was thought that the eating of the nuts caused the red spots on the salmon's belly, and whoever caught and ate one of these salmon was inspired with the sublimest poetical ideas." Hence the expressions, "the nuts of science," and "the salmon of knowledge."

The Cypress, honoured in nearly all mythologies, is the subject of these two Greek myths:—"Cypresses, before becoming trees, had been the daughters of Eteocles. Carried off by goddesses in an endless round, they at last fell into a lake; the earth-goddess took pity on them, and changed them into cypresses." "Cyparissus was very fond of a tame stag. One day he killed it by accident, and he was so sorry that he wished to die. Apollo immediately transformed him into a cypress."

The Beech, a prophetic tree to the ancient Greeks, is still a privileged tree among the peasantry of some districts of France. They relate that—"A man, while hammering red-hot iron on an anvil, struck sparks into the eyes of the good God himself, who cursed him, and condemned him to be changed into a bear, with the condition that he should be allowed to mount at his will every tree except the beech."

From the point of view of the Solar mythologists, a good example of the growth and transformation of myth is found in the Laurel and the story of Daphne. "The Arcadians say that Daphne was daughter of the earth-goddess, and was loved by

Apollo. The gods interfered when he was persecuting her in his passion, and they turned her into a laurel-tree." Max Müller's explanation is that the Dawn was called in Greek *Daphne*, meaning *burning*; so was the *laurel;* hence the myth, from the double meaning of the Greek word. But Andrew Lang's destructive criticism, too elaborate for insertion here, should be taken into account, in dealing with the Daphne myth.

The sweet-smelling Myrtle was the subject of several Greek and Roman myths, such as—"The nymph Myrsine, having, at a race, out-run her friend, the goddess Pallas, the angry goddess killed her on the spot; from her body sprang the myrtle, a tree which Pallas herself afterwards loved, perhaps from remorse for slaying her friend." "Venus, being once afraid of being seen naked, hid behind a myrtle, and ever after adopted it as her favourite tree."

The Fir, with its curious cones, has always been held in high esteem in northern countries. "In the Battle of the Birds, the young prince goes to the top of a fir, by order of the giant, to look for the magpie's eggs; his bride, who felt her father's breath burning her back (the dawn followed by the sun), has marked with her fingers the steps of the ladder on the trunk of the fir, and, thanks to this ladder, the prince reaches both his bride and the bird's eggs."

The Birch, called the "Queen of Scotia's glens," is especially dear to German peasants. "An Esthonian peasant had seen a stranger asleep under a tree when a great storm was about to burst over them. He awoke the stranger, who thanked him, and said —'When you are far from your native land, and feel home-sick, you will see a twisted birch; strike it, and ask—"Twisted fellow, are you at home?"' One day, the peasant, engaged as a soldier in Finland felt sad, as he thought of his home and his children far away; he then saw a twisted birch, and he did as the stranger advised him. The stranger appeared again and ordered his quickest spirits to transport the soldier to his native land, with a bag of money."

About the Vine, dear to Bacchus, we have this Persian legend: —"In order to console the poor and the wretched, God sent to the earth the angels, Aroth and Maroth, with orders to put no one

to death, to commit no unjust act, and to drink no wine. Having looked on a beautiful woman, they forgot their commission and drank wine, which led them to oppression and iniquity."

The Orange is, perhaps, the finest of fruits accessible to everybody. "In popular Piedmontese stories, the rich and marvellous kingdom is often Portugal; and oranges are always called *Portogallotti* in Piedmont. Portugal is the most westerly country of Europe; in heaven, it is at the extreme west, at sun-set, that the kingdom of the blessed was placed. It was also at the extreme west that Hercules found the garden of Hesperides with its tree of golden apples." Portugal, the western region, and this garden, are, in myth, the same country; the orange, the Portogallotto, and the Hesperides apple, are the same fruit. The Greeks also called oranges Portagalea. How is this name explained? Is it because oranges are better or more abundant in Portugal than elsewhere? No. It is because the cultivation of the orange in Europe began in Portugal.

The Fig, the first tree mentioned by name in the Bible, is the subject of a legend told by Hesiod:—"As soon as the divine Mopsus succeeded in counting the figs on the fig-tree before Calchas, Calchas died; whoever eats a fig off that tree, acquires a new lease of life; he becomes like the immortals; but the fig-tree itself is condemned to perish, and Calchas ceases to live as soon as the number of figs on the tree has been counted, representing the days of his own life."

The Rose-tree has many mythological relations. A Hindoo story follows:—"A king had become blind. All the doctors declared that he could not be cured except by the Rose of Bakavali, the virtue of which was so great that it could even give sight to a man born blind. The king's sons went in search of it. The siren Lakka (the moon) told one of them—'The rose you seek is only found in the region of the sun, and no bird even can reach it.' Bakavali is daughter of the fairy-king; this rose is found in her garden, in the middle of a basin of rose-water, sparkling with diamonds. The prince plunges into the water and brings away the rose, extremely beautiful, and of an excellent perfume. By rubbing the king's eyes with this flower they become luminous as stars."

There is a pretty fable told of the moss-rose. "An angel had

slept under the shade of a rose-tree, and, feeling grateful, offered to do it a service. At its request, he threw over the roses a veil of moss." Hence the moss-like growth on the calyx of the moss-rose.

The Cotton-tree is contemptuously spoken of in Hindoo songs, because it has no smell and gives no fruit fit for food to man or monkey. Agassiz tells a strange story as current in Brazil :—"*Caro Sacaibu*, the first of men, was a demi-god. His son, *Prairu*, an inferior being, obeyed the orders of his father, who hated him. In order to get rid of him, *Sacaibu* made an armadillo and stuck it in the earth, leaving its tail on the surface, after rubbing it with mistletoe; then he ordered his son to bring the armadillo to him; but the animal pulled him down through the earth. But *Prairu* managed to get back again, and told his father he had seen men and women under-ground, who might be brought up to till the earth. *Sacaibu* went down to see for himself, having woven a cotton cord, to produce which he had sown cotton seed for the first time. The first men whom he drew up with the cotton cord were short and ugly; but, the more he drew up, the better and taller they grew, until the cord broke, and the finest specimens of humanity were thus left for ever underground. This is why, in this world, beauty is so rare an endowment."

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

Dear Sir,—In my short notice of the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw, there are two small misprints, which you will, perhaps, allow me to correct. The word "gentlemen," on page 231, seven lines from the foot of the page, should be printed "gentleman"; and, at the close of my paper, the sentence—"Mr. Bradshaw was born on February 2, 1831, and died at the early age of 54"—should read simply "Mr. Bradshaw was born on February 2, 1831." The way in which this last mistake originated may be taken as an illustration of the origin and life-history of a large class of curious typographic blunders. The first sheets sent you, stated, on the authority of the *Times* obituary, that—"Mr. Bradshaw died at the early age of 54"; but, in the supplementary sheet which followed, I was able to correct this mistake, and to give the exact date of Mr. Bradshaw's birth." I, accordingly, closed this supplementary sheet with the words—"Mr. Bradshaw was born on February 2, 1831." But the printer put these two things together, with the result of begetting a very curious arithmetical prodigy.

Of this, I do not at all complain. You had no time to send me a proof; and, moreover, my paper was, of necessity, very hurriedly written. In these circumstances, it is much to the credit of your press that the misprints should be so few.—I am, yours faithfully,

DONALD MASSON.

Edinburgh, March 3, 1886.

THE CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

THE real question of interest, with regard to the Celtic Church in Scotland, is the much vexed one—whether she was in communion with the Church of Rome, and acknowledged her authority, or whether she was a separate, distinct church, and opposed to her. Both the Presbyterians and Episcopalians of the present day claim her—on the latter ground—as their common parent. The latest contribution on the subject, is a very interesting paper by Provost Macandrew, in the *Celtic Magazine* (January and February numbers) of this year, in which he favours the view that the old Church was a distinct, separate church from Rome, that its representative at the present day, is the Episcopal, not the Presbyterian, Church of Scotland. What I undertake to show is, that the Celtic Church was essentially Roman.

The learned Provost touches the heart of the matter when he says that the nature and character of the Celtic Church in Scotland, founded by St. Columba, must be determined by the nature and character of the Church in Ireland, from which it came. The Provost acknowledges that the Church founded by St. Patrick in 432 did not differ in any respect from the Church in other parts of Western Europe, which was undoubtedly Roman. But, "soon after the time of Patrick, all intercourse between Ireland and the outer world seems to have ceased for upwards of 100 years, and, during this time, there grew up in Ireland a Church, constituted in a manner entirely different from that founded by St. Patrick," and it was from this new Church, he says, that the Church of Scotland arose. The reasons which seem strong enough to the Provost to warrant him in making such an astounding assertion are three. 1st, The Celtic Church was monastic, and its bishops owed obedience and jurisdiction to the Abbot of Iona. 2nd, According to its computation of the Calendar, Easter sometimes fell upon a different Sunday from that celebrated by the Western Churches; and, 3rd, The form of the monks' tonsure was a little

different from that of other monks. I commence by granting at once the truth of these three allegations. What then? They are totally inadequate to prove the Provost's assertion that the Celtic Church was a separate, distinct Church, independent of Rome. Why? These were matters of pure discipline, and had nothing to do with doctrine. In many of the national Churches (Catholic), at the present day, there are far greater discrepancies and differences in matters of discipline and ritual, between them and the Church at Rome, than ever there were between the latter and the Celtic Church. Who would ever dream of saying that these Churches were on that account independent of Rome? Take one example out of many. Take the case of the Catholic Greek Church. There a priest can retain his wife, if he had been married before ordination, and Rome would find a greater difficulty in breaking through this custom than she found in the case of the Eastern controversy with the Columbite Church. More than that, I have a letter before me, from a much-respected citizen of Inverness—Mr. Colin Chisholm—who informs me, that almost in his own days, the Catholics of Strathglass were Columbites, in the matter of old and new styles!

The fact of the bishops in the Celtic Church yielding a sort of *civil* jurisdiction to their Abbot being regarded as sufficient grounds to stamp her a distinct Church from that of Rome, is beyond my comprehension. Besides, the worthy Provost does not seem to see that his line of argument hits his friends harder than his foes. It is of the essential constitution of the present Episcopal Church that her bishops rule their separate dioceses independently of a higher authority. What, then, can they have in common with a church whose bishops obeyed one who was not even a bishop? and where are the Episcopal monks and abbots? Again, supposing, for the sake of argument, that, as Provost Macandrew says, a new Church had sprang up in Ireland after the time of St. Patrick, what follows? In the first place, it must have broken away from the parent Church; it must then have set up a new establishment of its own, with a new form of government—new doctrines, new practices—and then, we find, that it set about evangelizing other nations and spreading its new doctrines, and that "incredibile dictu" Rome acknowledged it as its own, and enrolled

its saints in her own Calendar! Provost Macandrew himself quotes Bede, an Ultra Roman, as eulogizing the Celtic Church, while the only fault which he finds with its teachers is their perversity in not celebrating Easter on the proper Sunday!

Bede refers to the peculiar custom of its bishops' obedience to their Abbot, but *he* never dreams of that as a reason why he should look upon the Celtic Church as different from his own. At the same time, he puts the matter in its proper light, for, while lamenting these customs, with a vigour, which, to us, seems almost uncalled for (and this itself is surely an indication that, in essentials, there was perfect unity between them), he takes pains to tell us that they were *tolerated* on account of the circumstances of the times.

But it will be urged that the Columbite Church did come in contact with Rome on the Easter question; that Rome demanded submission, and, by its refusal to submit, the Columbite Church showed her independence of Rome.

It is not true that Rome ever demanded submission on this point. The testimony of Bede is sufficient to show the very contrary.

What is true is, that the Celtic Church celebrated Easter on a different day from the Saxon Church, and, when the latter began to spread, and communication to be opened between the two Churches, it happened that confusion and disorder arose from this discrepancy in their calenders. Accordingly, Bishop Wilfrid of York, wishing to bring about uniformity in discipline, as there was in doctrine, endeavoured to persuade the bishops of the Celtic Church to adopt the Roman, and more correct computation, for which purpose a council was held under Oswy, King of Northumbria, Bishop Colman representing the Columban Church.

From the account given by Bede of this council (*Eccles. History, l.* III., c. 25), it is quite evident that the Celtic Church acknowledged the supremacy of the Church of Rome as being the representative of that of Peter. For King Oswy, who acted as arbiter between the two Bishops, having asked Bishop Colman if he acknowledged that the power of the keys was given to St. Peter, and he having replied that he did, and did not claim a similar power for his Columba, continued, thus—"You are both then agreed that the

keys of Heaven were given by our Lord to Peter? Yes, they both answered together." Upon this, the King gave his decision in favour of Wilfrid, as being the representative of the Church of Peter, and the assembly agreed with the decision, except Colman, whose obstinacy would not let him yield to this brother bishop. But Bede tells us that the Celtic Church, a few years afterwards, adopted the Roman computation, and this, surely, is an argument that she acknowledged the right of Rome, particularly when we bear in mind that this submission was brought about by the solicitations of Celtic prelates themselves, from Ireland, on the very plea that they owed obedience and submission to the Roman See.

Usher relates that the well-known Cumian wrote a letter to Segenus, Abbot of Iona, about the year 623, calling upon him to yield, even in matters of discipline, to Rome, "as children to their Mother," declaring that "every Irish tradition was not good, but only such as were approved by the source of their baptism and wisdom, Rome, and that to blame even the customs of Rome was an act deserving excommunication."

Provost Macandrew himself refers to the letters of Cumian's contemporary—Columbanus—to several Popes, and in these very letters is a complete refutation of his statement that after the time of St. Patrick the Church in Ireland had developed into a church that knew not Rome. For Columbanus, addressing Pope Gregory, calls him "the holy Lord and Father in Christ, the chosen watchman possessed of the divine treasureship," he says, "It is in accordance neither with place nor with order, that anything should be set before *thy great authority by way of discussion*, lawfully sitting as thou doest in the chair, to wit, of Peter the apostle and key-bearer." To Boniface IV., his words are still more explicit; one could almost fancy that he had foreseen that the day would come when his faith, and that of his countrymen, would be called in question, and so he put in record, in burning words of eloquence, his love and submission to the See of Rome, that his spirit might speak, as it were, from the tomb, and point to the words of his soul, behold the teaching of my fathers, my country's faith, and my own. The following are some of the expressions bearing on the supremacy. The letter begins thus—"To the most beautiful

head of all the churches in Europe, to the very sweet Pope, to the pastor of pastors, the lowliest to the highest, the last to the first, to Boniface, the father, dareth to write Columbanus." He calls the Pope "the first pastor set higher than all mortals." "The pilot of the spiritual ship," he says, "that his sentences strengthen the traditions of our elders." "The Irish are bound to the chair of Peter." "It is only through this chair that Rome is great and bright among the Irish." "Rome is the principal seat of the orthodox faith." "The Irish are the sons, the scholars, the servants of the Pope." Could words be plainer or stronger than these? Could the most pronounced ultramontane of the present day describe in more explicit language the supremacy of Rome? Is it not a most gratuitous assertion to declare, in the face of these expressions, that the Church in Ireland was ever anything but loyal and submissive to Rome? And, must we not conclude, as a consequence, that the Celtic Church in Scotland, which came from Ireland, and was in everything, if I may use the expression, ultra Irish, was equally with the parent Church—the child, the scholar, the servant of the Pope?

To put the matter beyond the possibility of a doubt, we have a confession of faith, made in the name of the whole Church in Great Britain and Ireland, before the Pope in Rome.

Bede informs us (lib. 5, C. 19) that Bishop Wilfrid went to Rome about the year 679, to appeal against Archbishop Theodore. He arrived while a council was being held by 125 bishops, under Pope Agatho, against the Monotholite heresy. On being called in to the council, his case heard, and he himself acquitted, he was requested to make a confession of faith, his own as well as that of the several Churches of the Island whence he came; and Bede says that this declaration which he made was inserted in the acts of the council in these words:—"Wilfrid, the beloved of God, Bishop of York, appealing to the Apostolic See in his cause, and being by that authority acquitted of certain and uncertain things, and seated in judgment with the other 125 bishops in the Synod, made confession of the true and Catholic faith, and subscribed the same, in the name of all the Northern parts, to wit, the Isles of Britain and Ireland, which are inhabited by the nations of the English and Britons, and by those of the Picts and Scots, and in

all their names made confession of the true Catholic faith, and subscribed it with his subscription."

This appears to be convincing ; of course it may be asked who commissioned Wilfrid to speak in the name of the Scottish Church ? Are we bound to accept him as the mouthpiece of that Church ? I am content to claim him, as contemporary evidence, that he and the Scottish Church were one in faith, and that is sufficient for my purpose. To establish his theory, Provost Macandrew must produce contemporary evidence, as strong and explicit, that the Scottish Church was not in communion with the Saxon or Roman, and denied the latter's supremacy. This, neither he nor any one else has shown. But it may be said that Wilfrid could have said what he thought proper to please the Pope! But, in the first place, if the Scots had an enemy it was Wilfrid, who opposed them at Whitby. If Bishop Colman's refusal to submit on that occasion was a proof that he did not acknowledge the supremacy, who would have known it better than Wilfrid ? and, if he looked upon the Scots as schismatical, how could he have stood up in open council before the Pope and declared that he and they were of the same faith ? To please the Pope ? But Protestant writers tell us that Wilfrid was a haughty, overbearing man, who could not brook opposition. Was not this his opportunity to turn the tables upon his so-called enemies, and denounce them to the Pope as schismatics ? To please the Pope forsooth ! I know that explanation has been given to satisfy the Episcopal mind ; so eager is a drowning man to grasp a straw ! Just fancy His Grace, the present Archbishop of Edinburgh, proceeding to Rome, and, before an assembly of bishops and the Pope, professing the same faith as the Episcopal Church, and this to please the Pope ! Let us sum up in conclusion. We have seen that there were differences between the Scottish Church and the Church of Rome ; but these differences were mere matters of discipline, not of faith, and Bede expressly tells us that they were tolerated. They utterly fail, then, to prove that the Celtic Church held a different faith from that of Rome, or that there was anything in her constitution or practice which could hinder that ultra Romanist, Wilfrid, from professing that he and the Scotch were of the same Catholic faith, and that they, as he, were obedient sons of Rome.

Mount Carmel, Banff. ÆNEAS CHISHOLM.

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR APRIL, 1886.

IV Mhios.] AN GIBLINN, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

● AN SOLUS UR—4 LA—2.31 F. | ○ AN SOLUS LAN—18 LA—2.59 F.
☽ AN CIAD CHR.—11 LA—8.44 F. | ☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.—26 LA—5.16 M.

M.	DI.		*A'ghrian.* E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	*An Lan An Lite.* MAD.	*An Lan An Lite.* FEASG.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* MAD.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* FEASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	D	Latha "Gnothach na Cubhaige."	5.47 E	0.42	1. 2	10.25	10.48
2	H	Latha na Beirbhe, 1801.	6.49 L	1.22	1.40	11. 6	11.24
3	S	Binn Chlann-Ghriogair, 1603.	5.42 E	1.57	2.13	11.42	12. 0
4	D	*IV. Didonaich de'n Charghus.*	6.53 L	2.29	2.45	...	0.18
5	L	Bàs Napoleoin I., 1821.	5.37 E	3. 1	3.16	0.36	0.52
6	M	Slth nan Staidean, 1865.	6.57 L	3.31	3.48	1. 9	1.26
7	C	Breith Adhaimh Ghib, 1714.	5.32 E	4. 5	4.22	1.44	2. 2
8	D	Breith Righ Lochlann, 1818.	7. 1 L	4.41	5. 1	2.20	2.38
9	H	Bàs Mhic Shimidh, 1747.	5.27 E	5.21	5.42	2.58	3.18
10	S	Breith Uilleam Reid, 1764.	7. 5 L	6. 5	6.32	3.38	4. 1
11	D	*Didonaich na Paise.*	5.21 E	7. 0	7.34	4.27	4.56
12	L	A' Chailleach.	7. 9 L	8.11	8.51	5.28	6. 2
13	M	Lagh na Saorsa, 1829.	5.16 E	9.36	10.18	6.43	7.25
14	C	Bàs Sheosaidh Ghràinnd, 1835.	7.13 L	10.55	11.32	8. 5	8.45
15	D	Ceitein na h-Oinsich.	5.11 E	...	0. 3	9.19	9.53
16	H	Latha Chuil-fhodair, 1746.	7.17 L	0.31	0.55	10.20	10.45
17	S	An fheill Donnain.	5. 6 E	1.19	1.43	11.10	11.35
18	D	*Didonaich Shlat Pailm.*	7.21 L	2. 5	2.26	11.58	...
19	L	Cogadh America, 1775.	5. 1 E	2.46	3. 5	0.20	0.42
20	M	Breith Raibeart Fhoulis, 1707.	7. 25L	3.25	3.45	1. 4	1.25
21	C	Diciadaoin a' Bhrath.	4.57 E	4. 5	4.25	1.46	2. 5
22	D	Diordaoin Bangaid.	7.29 L	4.45	5. 5	2.24	2.43
23	H	Dihaoine na Ceusda.	4.52 E	5.25	5.47	3. 2	3.21
24	S	Disathurna na Calsge.	7.33 L	6. 9	6.33	3.40	4. 1
25	D	*Didonaich Caisge.*	4.47 E	6.58	7.27	4.23	4.48
26	L	Breith Dhaibhidh Hume, 1711.	7.37 L	7.57	8.32	5.13	5.44
27	M	Latha Creag Choineachain, 1650.	4.42 E	9.11	9.50	6.20	6.56
28	C	[27] Latha Dhunbar, 1296.	7.41 L	10.26	10.58	7.34	8. 8
29	D		4.37 E	11.29	11.58	8.43	9.13
30	H	Latha Fhontenoy, 1745; Oidhche Bealtainn.	7.45 L	...	0.21	9.40	10. 4

A SONG, BY "IAN MAC-MHURCHAIDH," THE KINTAIL BARD.

AT a meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, held on the 3rd of February, Mr. Colin Chisholm recited several "Unpublished Gaelic Songs," adding historical notes and traditions. Among the songs was one composed by "Ian Mac-Mhurchaidh," the Kintail Gaelic Bard, on a certain interesting occasion, when a young woman to whom he was engaged to be married—a daughter of Donald Macrae of Torloisich—married Kenneth Og Maclennan. Mr. Chisholm, who, at the time, did not wish his name to be given, supplied us in 1882 with all that he then knew of the Kintail Bard's poems, and they will be found in vol. vii., pp. 271, 322, 387, 426, and 464. The pieces there given, with the following song, comprise nearly all that are now known in this country of "Ian Mac-Mhurchaidh's" poems :—

Oh, 's mor is misde mi
Na thug mi thoirt dhi ;
Ge b'e de ni ise,
Dh' fhag i mise bochd dheth.

Aithnichear air mo shugradh
Nach 'eil mi geanach ;
Cha thog mi mo shuil
Ann an aite soillear.
'Nuair a chi mi triuir
A' dol ann an comunn,
Saoilidh mi gur gùm
A bhios gu mo dhomail.
Oh 's mor, &c.

Gu'm beil mi fo ghruaimean
'S mi ann am mulad ;
Cha lugha mo thruas
Ris a h-uile duine.
Liughad fear a luaidh i
'S nach d' rinn a buinnig ;
'S fortanach ma thamh iad
Na'n slainte buileach.
Oh 's mor, &c.

Thainig am fear liath sin
A mhilleadh comuinn ;
Ged dh' fhanadh e shios
Gum bu bheag an domail.
'S dana leam na dh' iarr e
Chur mu mo choinneamh,
'S cha ghabhadh e deanamh
Gun chiad a thogail.
Oh 's mor, &c.

Sin nuair thuirt a mathair,
Cha tugainn i idir
Do dhuine dhe cairdean
Cha b' fheaird' iad ise ;
Chreid mi am fear a thainig

Mi leis an fhios sin
Gur iad fein a b' fhearr
Chumadh ann am meas i.
Oh 's mor, &c.

Oh biodh i nise
Mar tha ise togar;
Gheibh sibh ann an sud i
Bho'n is mise a thog i;
Cha bu mhasladh oirre
Ged bu phairt de coire
Gu'm biodh mo theacairean
Dha cur na roghuinn.
Oh 's mor, &c.

A Choinnich Mhic Dhonuil,
Bu mhor am beud leam
Do theachdaire chomhdach
Le stòraidh breige;
Mas a duine beo mi
Cha bhi thu 'n eis dheth
Gum faigh thu i ri phosadh
Le ordugh Cleire.
Oh 's mor, &c.

'S misde mi gu brach e
Ge d' gheibhinn saoghal;
Cha leasaicheadh cach mi
'S na thug mi ghaol dhuit;
'S muladach a tha mi
Nach d' rinn mi d'fhaotainn;
'S fortanach a tharladh dhomh
Bhi tamh mar ri m' dhaoine.
Oh 's mor, &c.

Thog iad mar bhaoth-sgeul
Orm air feadh an aite
Gun caillinn mo chiall
Mur faighainn lamh riut;
'S iongatach leam fein
Ciod e chuir fos 'n aird sud,
Mur d' aithnich sibh fein
Gu'n deach eis air mo mhanran.
Oh 's mor, &c.

Sguiridh mi dheth 'n oran
Mu 'n gabh sibh miothlachd,
Gus am faic mi 'n cord ribh
Na tha dheth deanta;
Na creidibh a stòraidh
Air feadh nan criochan
Cha 'n 'eil aonan beo
Chuireadh as mo chiall mi.
Oh 's mor, &c.

THE EVICTED WIDOW.

CHAPTER II.

THE FULFILMENT.

MR. CAMPBELL'S house stood in a little wood close to the sea. The mountain-stream that came tumbling down the rocks, ran almost past his door, ere it lost itself in the waters of the bay. About two hundred yards from the house, the stream was spanned by a wooden bridge, and close beside this bridge was situated the little graveyard of Glenfalcon. Here they buried the poor widow and her child, beside some others who had died from the effects of the harsh proceedings which had been so ruthlessly carried out a few days previously. The news of the tragic results from the recent evictions had spread all over the district, consequently, large numbers gathered to the funerals of the victims of oppression. A single glance at the gloomy faces of the bystanders revealed the fact that there were others feelings at work besides the usual grief at the death of relations and neighbours, and after the interment was over, and as the people wended their way home in groups, many were the comments made on the widow's sad fate, and on her curse. A new feeling animated the people. Men asked themselves why such things should be allowed, yea, and have the sanction of the law too, and the first dawning of the spirit of independence and determination to get justice began that day to stir in the breasts of the long-suffering and down-trodden people, which will never again be stilled until the present land laws are abolished, and men will once more dare to call their souls their own, without fear of laird or factor.

The day of the funeral was excessively gloomy, the sky was heavy with unshed rain; a thaw had set in, and the ground was like a sponge. During the night, the rain fell in torrents, and it

continued to fall with unabated force the whole of the next day and night. Not for many years had the inhabitants seen anything approaching the violence of the present storm. All nature seemed to be weeping; inky clouds obscured the sun, so that it appeared more like night than day. As night came on, the storm grew still worse; the people cowered in their miserable huts, listening, with awe-stricken faces and sinking hearts, to the fearful warring of the elements, to the pelting rain, the roar of the mountain torrent, and the loud blasts of wind, which threatened every moment to blow their frail dwellings into space.

On this dreary night, Mr. Campbell sat alone in the parlour of his house. A tall, spare man, with a cold, hard face, indicative of a stern unyielding nature. No affectionate wife smoothed the wrinkles from his brow; no loving children climbed on his knee and taught the stern mouth to smile; for he was a bachelor, wrapped up in his own selfishness.

The unusual severity of the storm even disturbed the nerves of this iron-willed man. He could not settle to his reading; his thoughts oppressed him, and, as he walked restlessly through the room, he muttered,

"I do not know what is the matter with me to-night. A feeling of dread which I cannot shake off hangs about me. I wish Macneil had not given me such full particulars of that affair up the Glen the other day. The woman cursed me, too. Tuts! I am getting superstitious, when the ravings of a mad woman could thus affect me." A louder blast than ever, that threatened to break in the window, made him start and look shudderingly round the room, as if he half expected to see the ghost of the widow by his side. Rousing himself, with an effort, from the eerie feeling creeping over him, he went to the window, and, drawing up the blind, looked out, but he could see nothing but the big rain-drops running down the glass; all without was dense darkness. Turning away, with a muttered oath, he sat down before the fire, and stirred it into a ruddy glow; the next moment he again started to his feet, as his eyes fell on a picture of The Deluge which hung over the mantelpiece.

"I cannot bear to look on that picture to-night, it makes me feel more miserable than ever," he said. "I wish the night was

over; I can hear the torrent roaring as if it meant to sweep the house away. I never felt so nervous before; I must have something to cheer me up."

Ringing the bell, he ordered the servant to bring some whisky and hot water, and then she might retire for the night, as he should want nothing more. Determined to shake off his most unusual depression of spirits, he mixed a stiff glass of toddy, and, sitting down to the table, busied himself with his accounts. Finding the whisky cheered him up, he did not spare, it but continued drinking and writing until near midnight, when suddenly he dropped his pen, and started up with affright. The tempest seemed to have reached a climax; the howling of the wind and the roar of the stream now mingled with an appalling sound of rushing water.

"Good heavens! what was that," he cried in alarm; "I thought I heard a rush of water close by, but there is such a terrible noise outside that I can hardly distinguish one sound from another; perhaps it was only the wind, or my excited imagination." Thus saying, he again resumed his seat, and mixed another toddy.

Before long, his deep potations began to tell; his pen dropped from his fingers, his head sank on his breast, and he fell into a profound sleep. In a little while, his heavy breathing and convulsive movements showed that his sleep was anything but refreshing. Suddenly he woke with a start, and cried out in a terror-stricken voice,

"Keep off! Go back to the grave! Go back to the grave!"

In his agitation, he overthrew the table and upset the lamp, which became extinguished, thus leaving the room in darkness. This increased his fright, and he rushed wildly to the door, only to find it locked. He had locked it to secure himself from intrusion, and had placed the key on the table, and now, in the pitch darkness, was unable to find it. He was now thoroughly awake, but trembling in every limb from the effects of his frightful dreams. His horror of the supernatural was changed into a vivid fear for his personal safety, as he discovered what he had not, in his agitation, noticed before—that he was standing ankle deep in water.

He shouted in vain for assistance; his voice was drowned in the fearful noise of the hurricane. Nearly at his wit's end he ran to the window; it was firmly fastened, and his agitation was too

great to allow him to open it. Every moment the water was rising; now it was up to his knees, and the furniture began to float about. In utter desperation, he smashed the glass of the window, but the heavy frame defied his utmost endeavours. All the while the water kept rising steadily, inch by inch. In vain the unhappy man threw himself against the door, and then tried to force out the window, only to cut and bruise himself. He at length realised that he was doomed; the water had now reached his waist, and, as he recalled the widow's curse, he cried aloud in his agony at its speedy fulfilment, as he found himself entombed alive with no companion but the merciless water, ever creeping up higher and higher. He climbed upon some furniture, and was clinging dispairingly to a shelf, when, with a loud crash, the door was broken from without, and, on the volume of water that rushed in, was borne a black object, which, striking Mr. Campbell on the side, threw him backward, senseless, on the floor, where he was speedily drowned.

On this memorable night, Macneil, the factor, went to the house of a tenant who lived on the other side of the bay, to transact some business. He stayed until a late hour, hoping the storm would abate; but at last, seeing no hopes of its getting better, he determined to face it, so, wishing his neighbour good night, he put on his greatcoat, and, lantern in hand, set out on his way home. He had nearly two miles to go; but, as he knew every inch of the road, he had no fear of losing his way, though the darkness was such as might be felt.

"I did not think it was quiet so bad as this," he said to himself, as he groped his way along, half blinded by the rain which beat in his face, "but I won't turn back now I have started; I will go home, be the weather ever so bad."

Slowly and cautiously he plodded on until he reached the hollow where the bridge spanned the stream. Here he was up to his knees in water, and, as he stood for a moment to gain breath and heard the torrent as it thundered down the rocks with terrific force, he said—"I should not be surprised to find the bridge damaged; I must be careful." So, holding his lantern before him, he slowly and cautiously advanced. He knew he must be near the bridge, and, once over that, he would be safe, as the road

was uphill, and his home was within three hundred yards of the bridge. Just then his progress was arrested by something that lay like a log of wood right across his path; lowering his lantern, he peered through the darkness to see what it was. His horror can be imagined, when he saw that it was a coffin, the lid of which had been partly torn off, and the ghastly face of a dead man, met his horrified gaze. Firm as were Macneil's nerves, they received a rude shock, but a moment's thought was sufficient for him to regain his self-possession. He rightly conjectured that the torrent had overflowed and had washed part of the graveyard away, and he was more than ever convinced of the necessity of the greatest caution on his part, as, doubtless, the bridge had likewise been destroyed. Suddenly, so suddenly that he never clearly comprehended how it happened, he felt himself lifted off the ground, and carried away on a swift stream of rushing water. He was a powerful swimmer, but swimming was of little avail in such a mad torrent, especially encumbered as he was with heavy clothes. He struggled desperately to keep above water, but he must have gone down had he not managed to catch hold of a piece of wood, as it floated past him; clinging to this, he was borne swiftly along, until, at last, he was dashed against what appeared to be a wall. The top was about two feet above the level of the water, and, though greatly exhausted and severely bruised by his rapid transit through the flood, Macneil managed to climb to the top of this wall. He had now time to rest and collect his scattered senses, as he lay on the wall and held on with both hands. The storm still raged with great fury; all around him was a mass of rushing, seething water, but he could distinguish the sound of the wind among trees, and he at once knew he must be near the proprietor's house, as there were no trees anywhere else in this direction. A terrible thought crossed his perturbed mind:—What if Mr. Campbell's house had been swept away, and the inmates drowned? He might be even now on one of the ruined walls, for all he knew. The more he considered, the more convinced be became that it must be so. The house occupied a very low position, to which the water would inevitably rush, after sweeping away the bridge; and, he thought, if he were indeed on the ruins of Mr. Campbell's house, he might be able to get a safer and more comfortable position than the one

he now occupied, so he very slowly and carefully crawled along the top of the wall until he came to an angle where the wall rose higher. This was what he expected, and he still continued to grope his way along, feeling on the inner side of the wall with his hands, to ascertain if any part of the rooms remained intact; at last he felt what were evidently some slates, which, he knew, must have fallen on the floor of one of the upper rooms. He cautiously lowered himself, still keeping a firm hold on the wall with both his hands, until he tested the strength of his standing place. Finding it firm, he did not venture further, but sat down on the floor, under the slight shelter afforded by the fragment of wall left standing. Fortunately, he had some matches in a tin box in an inner pocket which the water had not reached, so, striking one, he attempted to ascertain his position. He saw that he was in the ruins of a room in the upper story; nearly all the roof had fallen, and the floor on which he stood was covered with the debris. A few feet from where he stood was a great hole in the floor, through which he would have fallen had he ventured to move forward without a light. Although his situation was bad enough, he felt in comparative safety, especially as the gale was lessening in force, and the water evidently subsiding, so he made up his mind to stay where he was until morning, when he could see where to go. Body and mind had now been on the rack for, at least, five hours. The sense of safety took away the excitement that had acted like a stimulant while he was in danger, and, although drenched to the skin, and very imperfectly sheltered from the storm, he fell asleep. But, as may be readily imagined, his slumbers were very disturbed. He was still, in his dreams, stumbling over coffins and battling with floods. He dreamed of a precipice towards which he was being irresistibly hurried. He struggled wildly in this terrible nightmare, and woke with a cry of terror, as he felt himself falling through the hole in the floor, to which he had rolled in his disturbed sleep. He fell with a splash into the water which flooded the room below; but his fall was broken by his alighting on a soft substance. Putting out his hand to feel what he had fallen upon, he withdrew it with horror, for it had touched the face of a dead man.

"Good God!" he cried, in terror, "are the horrors of this night never to cease?"

He staggered to his feet, and, when he had somewhat recovered from the great shock he had received, he struck a match, and, holding it down, saw, staring up at him through the surrounding darkness, the ghastly dead face of poor Mr. Campbell, made still more horrible by the look of wild terror that death had frozen on it.

"The widow's curse has been fulfilled," said Macneil, trembling and shaking with fear, yet afraid to move. Thus he stood for what seemed to him a long time, till at last the cold, grey light of coming day diffused itself over the pitiable scene. But the faint light only increased poor Macneil's terror, for it only served to make darkness visible; and his over-strained imagination saw spectres on every side, while he could not take his eyes off the pale face of his late master, gleaming ghastly through the struggling light of early morn.

"If I do not get out of this I shall go mad," said he, at last, making an effort to throw off a sensation of dread which chained him to the ground. He made a step forward, when he stumbled over some heavy object and fell, striking his head against some furniture so severely that, for a time, he lay quite stunned. When he recovered, the daylight was strong enough for him to see plainly his dread surroundings. On raising himself, and turning to see what had caused his fall, he nearly lost his senses again with horror, for what did he see but the body of Mr. Campbell with the head supported on a coffin, the broken lid of which revealed to his terror-stricken view the mangled remains of the widow Cameron.

"It is a judgment from heaven," he exclaimed; "better for me to drown outside than to stay amid these horrors." So saying, he rushed out of the door, and, half wading, half swimming, he managed at length to reach the road leading to his own house; but, as soon as he felt himself on firm ground, and in the open day-light, he fell insensible to the ground, utterly worn out with the varied emotions and dangers he had encountered. Thus he was found by some neighbours, soon afterwards, and carried home, where he kept his bed for some weeks, suffering from the effects of his exposure and fright during that never-to-be-forgotten night.

When the sun rose on Glenfalcon, its rays illumined as sad a

scene as could well be found. The graveyard and the bridge had been carried away by the mad torrent, which tore up every object in its destructive career. Several of the crofters' houses were levelled with the ground. Dead sheep and cattle were to be seen floating amid the waste of water; some were even washed right out into the bay. Mr. Campbell's house was a complete wreck, and around it lay scattered the contents of the graveyard. Coffins lay around in all directions, many of them broken, revealing their ghastly contents in all stages of decomposition. Human bones and skulls lay all around; but the most fearful sight was inside the house, where the people found Mr. Campbell lying, as Macneil described, with his head pillowed on the coffin of the victim of his cruelty.

A feeling of intense awe crept over the people at this fearful sight. "It is a judgment," was the universal verdict, as they recalled the widow's curse. The excitement went down with the flood. The dead bodies were collected and reinterred, and things resumed their usual course. A new and more substantial bridge was built, and the estate passed into the hands of a distant relative of Mr. Campbell, who had the ruins of the ill-fated house levelled with the ground.

It is years since these events happened, but they are still fresh in the memory of the old people in the district, who yet relate the story of the dreadful flood, and some aver that the widow's curse still hangs over the place where the proprietor's house once stood, and that, on dark stormy nights, when the wind howls mournfully through the glen, the sheeted dead leave their graves and mingle their ghostly voices with the storm.

"THE MASSACRE OF THE ROSSES."—A reprint of a very rare pamphlet, of about 40 pages, bearing the above title, has just been issued by A. & W. Mackenzie, *Celtic Magazine* Office, Inverness. This little work gives a detailed and thrilling account of one of the most heartless clearances ever carried out even in the Highlands of Scotland, and which, in point of official brutality, is without parallel in the history of evictions. The pamphlet has been for many years out of print, the one from which this edition is reprinted being the only one ever seen by the Editor. The author was the late Mr. Donald Ross, who recorded the atrocities of the Knoydart, Suishinish, Boreraig, and other evictions, in other pamphlets, largely quoted in Mr. Mackenzie's *History of the Highland Clearances*. The brutal proceedings described in this *brochure* occurred as recently as 1854! Mr. Ross procured his information at the time on the spot, and his statements are corroborated by several trustworthy and respectable persons, among them, the Rev. Dr. Gustavus Aird, then and now of Creich, whose letter on the subject, written at the time, forms part of the pamphlet. The edition is limited—price sixpence—By post sevenpence.

FROM NETHER LOCHABER.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Looking over a deskful of old papers this morning, I find another very happy rendering into Gaelic of a once popular song, by my friend, the late Rev. Dr. Macintyre, of Kilmonivaig.

Shortly after one of his daughters had emigrated to her brothers in Australia, the venerable Doctor somewhere heard sung the plaintively sweet song, "Do they miss me at home?" and both words and air having, for the family at the Manse, a direct and particular meaning and appropriateness with reference to the absent one, the translation into Gaelic was the result.

It is now many years since I heard this song sung either in English or Gaelic, but my recollection is that the air was either the same or very similar to that better known, perhaps, as "Tam Glen."

Dear Mr. Editor,
faithfully yours,

8th March, 1886. NETHER LOCHABER.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved ones
Were saying, "We wish she were here,"
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam,
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss'd me at home!
To know, &c.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long;
And is there a chord in the music,
That's miss'd when my voice is away,
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?
Regret at, &c.

Do they set me a chair near the table
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlour,
And the stars in the calm, azure sky?
And when the "Good Nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to sleep,

Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "Good Night" while they weep?
A whispered, &c.

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me,
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?
Because I, &c.

Manse of Kilmonivaig, March 23rd, 1859.

AM BHEIL IAD GA M' IONNDRAIN?

A bheil iad' gam ionndrain o 'n bhaile?
Bu ghaolach le m' chridhe 's an àm-s'
A' chinnt gu bheil gràdhaich a' guidhe,
"Oh b' fhearr leinn gu'n robh i 'so 'n dràst'"
Am fios gu'n robh 'n cròilein mu'n teallaich
A' smuaineachadh orm-s' tha air falbh,
Dearbh-bheachd gu bheil ionndrain aig bail' orm,
B' àrd-shòlas gun tomhas än sealbh!
B'àrd-shòlas, &c.

'Nuair 'chiaras am feasgar, an tràth sin,
'Tha coisrigt' do 'n dàn, cian nan cian,
'Bheil neach ann a luaidheas air m'ainm-sa,
'S a their "'S fhad air falbh' uainn mo mhiann"?
'S am mothaichear meang anns an òran
'S gun mo ghuth-sa a' comhnadh na téis'?
No 'n dùisg e teud-bhròin anns gach anam
Mi 'bhi uapa air m' aineol, an céin?
Mi 'bhi, &c.

An suidhich iad cathair aig bòrd dhomh
'N 'àm éibhneis an teaghlaich 'bhi dlùth?
'N uair lasar na coinnlean a' s' t-seomar,
'S na reultan 's a' ghorm-speur gu ciùin?
'N uair' ghabhas gach aon cead d' a chéile,
'S a théid iad, fa leth 'ghabhail tàimh,
'M bi cuimhn' air an té' th' air a h-aineol,
'S an guidh iad, fo smalan, dhi "slàint'"
'S an, &c.

'A' bheil iad' ga m' ionndrain o'n bhaile
Trà maidne, tr ı feasgair, tra nòin!
'S na thàrmaich neul dubhach mu' n cuairt doibh
Nach soillsioh ä ghruainn ach mo neoil-s'!
'Bheil sùgradh 'us mànran cho taitneach,
'S a bhà cion a b' ait' bha mi leò?
No' bheil iad fo cheal, o 'n nach dògh dhomh
'Bhi 'n caidribh a' chròilein ni's mò?
'Bhi 'n caidribh, &c.

A LEGEND OF LOCH-EILD, BY "NETHER LOCHABER."—The May Number of the *Celtic Magazine* will contain a Poem, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL.D., "Nether Lochaber," entitled, "A Legend of Loch-Eild."

THE CAMERONS OF RANNOCH.

THERE are, in Rannoch, two distinct septs of the Clan Cameron, viz.—the Camerons of Camuserochd on the North, and of Camghuran on the South side of the Loch. The former are styled in the vernacular, Cloinn-ic-Mhartainn na Leitirach, and the latter, Cloinn-Ian-Cheir, and Cloinn-Ian-Bhiorraich.

The history of the Camerons of Camuserochd derives its interest both from their being representative of the ancient House of Letterfinlay in Lochaber, and from their intimate connection with the Macgregors of Ardlarich and Dunan, two of the principal families of the Clangregor. The iniquitous persecution of that brave clan, by the Government of the day, afforded their enemies of Lochaber the occasion for settlement on the sides of Loch Rannoch, and it is therefore necessary briefly to review the conditions which led up to an event so foreign to the spirit of the age as the peaceable intrusion of a hostile clan on the lands of a powerful neighbour.

At the instigation, to serve his own ends, of the crafty Earl of Argyll, Alister Macgregor of Glenstrae collected his clansmen of Rannoch, and marched, it is said, from Ardlarich, to ravage the country of the Colquhouns of Luss. The overthrow and slaughter of the Colquhouns, at the famous battle of Glenfruin, so creditable to the prowess of the Macgregors, was represented to King James VI. and his Council in a most distorted light—groundless charges of barbaric cruelty and wantonness being preferred against the clan and their chief. Alister soon found out, to his dismay, that he had been led into a trap, and that the wily Earl—a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing—whose tool he had been, was the first to turn on him. The unfortunate chief was arrested and executed, along with several of his principal clansmen, at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, in the year 1604. A commission of extermination was given to the Earl of Argyll, and other chiefs, against all who bore the name of Macgregor, and the ruthless manner in which it was carried out may be judged from the fact that instances are

related of payment of rents being demanded, not in the ordinary currency, but in so many heads of Macgregors. Not even the closest family ties afforded protection. Duncan Macgregor of Dunan, styled in the Decreta 1612, Doncha Mac Ianduy, who was married to a daughter of Cameron of Glenevis, being hotly pursued by his enemies, shortly after the battle of Glenfruin, in which he had taken part, is said to have sent his wife to her brother, to see if he would afford her any protection; but Glenevis, having, along with others, accepted the commission to extirpate the whole race of Macgregors, gave, as his advice, that both she and her husband could do nothing better than cut their own throats. The poor woman returned dejected and exasperated at the reception accorded to her, which she communicated to her husband, and he immediately set off to Ireland. He left his wife in his possessions of Camuserochd, where her subsequent treatment exemplifies the truth of the adage that the pen is mightier than the sword, and forcibly illustrates the melancholy mistake of the Clangregor in scorning all right to their lands save that of their own strong arm. During Duncan's absence in Ireland, where he remained seven years, the Laird of Menzies, who had long before obtained a Crown charter over them, gave a grant of Macgregor's possessions in Camuserochd to one of the name of Kennedy from Lochaber, known in the country as Gillandhurst-beg, and from whom the Kennedys or Clan Gillandhurst in Rannoch are descended. It appears that Duncan MacIanduy's wife still remained on the estate and was much oppressed by Gillandhurst, who obliged her to perform the most servile work for her livelihood. On her husband's return home, accompanied by his comrades in exile, Gillandhurst was summarily ejected, and, betaking himself to Castle Menzies, was speedily followed thither by Duncan. Macgregor, on being admitted into the audience chamber, is said to have been accosted thus by the Laird of Menzies:—

"Suidh sios a MhicGrigair is leig le Gillandhurst suidhe suas." To which Macgregor responded—

"Suidh thusa sios a Gillandhurst-bhig is leig le MacGrigair suidhe suas," and, suiting his action to the word, took Gillandhurst by the neck, and thrust him to the door.

On this occasion, the Laird of Menzies is said to have offered

him an exclusive right to his possessions on very easy terms, which, however, Macgregor rejected with disdain; but, after expelling Gillandhurst, he continued to occupy the lands as before, unmolested. Duncan's daughter, Rachel, celebrated for beauty and the theme of Gaelic song, married, under romantic circumstances (of which presently), Donald Cameron of Blarachaorin, in Lochaber, son of Duncan Cameron of Letterfinlay, the progenitor of the Camerons of Camuserochd.

Duncan Macgregor of Dunan was succeeded by his son, Patrick, whose name occurs in the Leny Papers in September, 1655, and who is referred to in the Privy Council Records as Patrick Mac Doncha-vic Ianduy of Dunan in Rannoch. He purchased the wadset of the lands of Dunan and Kinnachlachar on tha 22nd April, 1675, under reversion of 5000 merks and the sasine; and the same wadset from Sir Alex. Menzies, is recorded 8th December, 1675. In the troublous times that followed the affair of Glenfruin, when the sanguinary enactments of the Privy Council against the Macgregors were little calculated to ensure respect for law and order, especially in the districts occupied by the proscribed clan, the shores of Loch Rannoch were frequently the scene of lawlessness and rapine. Abductions were as common then as are elopements now. Rachel Macgregor of Dunan, already alluded to as sister of Patrick and neice of Cameron of Glenevis, had, it would seem, many wooers, and, among the rest, a "gentle old bachelor" in Lochaber, said to be Raonal na Keppoch, son of Macdonald of Keppoch, whose addresses she despised and rejected. Determined, however, to gain his point, he conceived the project of carrying her off by force or stratagem. Accordingly, he induced about a dozen of his comrades, young men of good families in Lochaber, to proceed with him to Rannoch and take her, nolens volens, provided they got an opportunity. On arriving near Dunan in the evening, they lay in wait, and watched till they saw her walking alone in a birch wood near her father's house. The fellows then rose from their ambush, seized her, and carried her off across the mountains towards Lochaber, by an unfrequented path, so as to avoid pursuit. They entered a lonely bothy or sheiling, where Raonal, now that she was in his power, demanded her surrender to his suit. But, his appearance being anything

but prepossessing, and entertaining a natural repugnance to him, born, probably, of family feuds, Rachel would on no account consent to marry him. They tried all fair means to persuade the obdurate beauty, but to no purpose, when one, less principled than the rest, proposed, by way of punishment for her tenacity, that she should be dishonoured, and then allowed to return to her father if she pleased. Another objected to this brutal proposal, saying that it was as discreditable to themselves as it was shameful to the girl, and made the chivalrous suggestion that all the gentlemen present *(and blackguards too, most likely)* should be drawn up in line, and that she should be allowed to choose which of them she pleased for a husband. Expressing her heartfelt gratitude for his magnanimity, Rachel immediately fixed on himself; "as," said she, "you have given me proof of your humanity, generosity, and good sense, I choose no other than you." Cameron of Blarachaorin, the man of her choice, is said to have been an exceedingly handsome youth. Next day the marriage was solemnised by a priest at Lochaber, and a messenger at once despatched to Dunan to inform her father of her fate.*

(To be continued.)

* The song—"Air an Airidh 'm Braidh Raineach," the air of which is so beautiful, is said to have been composed on the occasion of Rachel Macgregor's abduction from Dunan.

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CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

RORY MOR, shortly before this, got into special favour with James VI., who, on the 18th of May, 1610, wrote him a letter, requiring his assistance in an affair, the nature of which the King communicated to him through the Earl of Dunbar, and which, His Majesty said, "We shall not fail to remember when any occasion fit for your good shall be offered." King James, by a letter dated at Whitehall, the 5th of November, 1611, granted to Andrew, Bishop of the Isles, "all and whatsoever sums of money shall be resting, owing to His Majesty," by Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan, and several other Island and Highland chiefs therein mentioned, for their shares of whatsover taxations had been granted to His Majesty, within his kingdom, at any time preceding the first day of July, 1606.

Early in 1613, the King conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. In the month of June, His Majesty wrote no less than three separate letters, dated Greenwich, recommending Sir Roderick and his affairs, in the strongest terms, to the favourable consideration of the Privy Council. This year, Sir Roderick Macleod of Harris, Donald Gorm of Sleat, Hector Maclean of

Duart, and Donald MacAllan Macdonald of Clanranald, are mentioned in "James Primrois' Information," and in the Records of the Privy Council from January to July, as having settled with the Exchequer, and continuing in their obedience to the laws of the land.

In the same year, Sir Roderick found himself in possession of the person of Neil Macleod, the Bastard, who stood out so long against the Mackenzies in the Lewis, and had finally to abandon the Rock of Berrisay, where he held out for three years after all the Macleods had been driven from the mainland of the Island. Being forced to evacuate this rock by Sir Roderick Mackenzie, tutor of Kintail, Neil escaped to Harris, "where he remained for a while in secret, but at length surrendered himself to Ruari Macleod of Harris, whom he entreated to take him to the King of England. This, the Chief of Harris undertook to do; but, when at Glasgow with his prisoner, preparing to embark for England, he was charged, under pain of treason, to deliver Neil Macleod to the Privy Council at Edinburgh, which he accordingly did; and, at the same time, gave up Neil's son, Donald. Neil was brought to trial, convicted and executed, and died 'very christianlie,' in April, 1613." According to the Mackenzie family manuscripts, it was Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach who was instrumental in getting Macleod of Harris charged to give up Neil the Bastard to the Privy Council, and Rory Mor, according to the same authorities, prevailed upon Neil and his son to accompany him to Edinburgh to seek forgiveness from the King in person, upon which pretence Roderick induced Neil and his son to go, and, on their arrival in Edinburgh, he at once delivered them to the Privy Council, when, as we have seen, Neil was executed, and his son was banished to England, where he remained for three years, under the protection of Sir Robert Gordon, tutor of Sutherland, and afterwards went to Holland, where he died, without issue.

On the 16th of September, 1613, Sir Roderick is served heir in special, to his uncle, William Macleod, in the lands of Troternish, Sleat, and North Uist, and, on the 11th of February, 1614, he was infeft in these lands on a precept from Chancery.

In 1615, Sir James Macdonald of Islay, having escaped from prison, and broken out, with his followers, into open rebellion, Sir

Roderick Macleod, the Captain of Clanranald, and Macdonald of Sleat, received instructions to defend their own estates against an old pirate, Coll MacGillespick, who assisted Macdonald, with two hundred men each. These three, it was afterwards alleged, entered into a special bond of friendship with Sir James Macdonald of Islay, and other arrangements had to be made. In 1616, Sir Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan, Macdonald of Clanranald, the Chiefs of Duart, Lochbuy, and Coll, and Mackinnon of Strath, appeared before the Privy Council, when strict measures were taken for their future obedience. They had to bind themselves mutually as sureties for each other that they would observe the following conditions:—*First*, That their clans should keep good order, and that they themselves should appear before the Council, annually, on the 10th of July, and oftener if required, on being legally summoned. *Secondly*, That they should exhibit annually a certain number of their principal kinsmen, out of a larger number contained in a list given by them to the Council. Duart was to exhihit four; Macleod, three; Clanranald, two; and Coll, Lochbuy, and Mackinnon, one of these chieftains, or heads of houses, in their clans, respectively. *Thirdly*, That they were not to maintain in their household more than the following proportions of gentlemen, according to their rank—viz., Duart, eight; Macleod and Clanranald, six; and the others three each. *Fourthly*, That they were to free their countries of "sorners" and idle men having no lawful occupation. *Fifthly*, That none of them were to carry hackbuts or pistols, unless when employed in the King's service; and that none but the chiefs and their household gentlemen were to wear swords, or armour, or any other weapons whatever. *Sixthly*, That the chiefs were to reside at the following places, respectively—viz., Macleod at Dunvegan; Maclean of Duart at that place; Clanranald at Elantirim; Maclean of Coll at Bistache; Lochbuy at Moy; and Mackinnon at Kilmorie. Such of them as had not convenient dwelling-houses corresponding to their rank at these places were to build, without delay, "civil and comelie" houses, or repair those that were decayed. They were likewise to make "policie and planting" about their houses, and to take "mains," or home-farms, into their own hands, which they were to cultivate, "to the effect they might be thereby exercised, and eschew idleness."

Clanranald, who had no "mains" about his Castle of Elantirim, choose for his home-farm the lands of Howbeg, in Uist. *Seventhly*, That, at the term of Martinmas next, they were to let the remainder of their lands to tenants, for a certain fixed rent, in lieu of all exactions. *Eighthly*, That no single chief should keep more than one birlinn, or galley, of sixteen or eighteen oars; and that, in their voyages through the Isles, they should not oppress the country people. *Ninthly*, That they should send all their children, above nine years of age, to school in the Lowlands, to be instructed in reading, writing, and speaking the English language; and that none of their children should be served heir to their fathers, or received as a tenant by the King, who had not received that education. This provision regarding education was confirmed by an act of Privy Council, which bore that "the chief and principal cause which has procured and procures the continuance of barbarity, impiety, and incivility, within the Isles of this kingdom, has proceeded from the small care that the chiefs and principal clansmen of the Isles have had of the education and upbringing of their children in virtue and learning, who being careless of their duties in that point, and keeping their children still at home with them, where they see nothing in their tender years but the barbarous and uncivil form of the country, they are thereby made to apprehend that there is no other form of duty and civility kept in any other part of the country; so that, when they come to the years of maturity, hardly can they be reclaimed from these barbarous, rude, and uncivil forms, which, for lack of instruction, were bred and settled in them in their youth; whereas, if they had been sent to the Inland (the low country) in their youth, and trained up in virtue, learning, and the English tongue, they would have been the better prepared to reform their countries, and to reduce the same to Godliness, obedience, and civility." *Lastly*, The Chiefs were not to use in their houses more than the following quantities of wine, respectively—viz., Duart and Macleod, four tuns each; Clanranald, three tuns; and Coll, Lochbuy, and Mackinnon, one tun each; and they were to take strict order throughout their whole estates that none of their tenants or vassals should buy or drink any wine. A very strict act of the Privy Council against excess of drinking accompanied this obligation of the Chiefs. It

proceeded on the narrative that "the great and extraordinary excess in drinking of wine, commonly used among the commons and tenants of the Isles, is not only an occasion of the beastly and barbarous cruelties and inhumanities that fall out among them, to the offence and displeasure of God and contempt of law and justice, but, with that, it draws numbers of them to miserable necessity and poverty, so that they are constrained, when they want from their own, to take from their neighbours." In terms of their engagement the previous year, Sir Roderick Macleod, and the other Island chiefs, presented themselves and their kinsmen, of whom Macleod had to produce three, before the Council, in July, 1617, and continued to do so, with fair regularity, until 1619, when the date of the visit, was, at their own request, changed from July to February. In 1621, however, the date was again altered from February to July, owing to the roughness of the weather in the early spring months of the year.

On the 16th of June, 1616, the King granted Sir Roderick a licence, under his own hand and seal, by which he was permitted to travel out of Scotland, and go to the English Court, whenever he should find it convenient to do so, without anyone having the right to challenge or pursue him for so doing.

In 1618, he disponed the lands of Troternish, Sleat, and North Uist, so long in dispute between the families of Sleat and Dunvegan, to Sir Donald Gorm Og Macdonald. There had been an action at law going on in connection with these lands between Macleod and Donald Gorm Mor, who died in December, 1616. This action had been continued by his nephew and successor, Sir Donald Gorm Og, and in 1618 an agreement by arbitration was come to under which a certain sum of money was awarded to Sir Roderick Macleod for his claim on these lands, and in order to secure payment of this award it was agreed that he should keep possession of the lands for several years, and pay himself with the rents, when, at the time named in the decree arbitral, they should pass to Sir Donald Gorm Og and his heirs.

In 1622, Sir Roderick presented himself, with several others of the Highland chiefs, on which occasion several important acts, relating to the Isles, were enacted by the Privy Council. By the first of these, they were bound to build and repair

their parish churches to the satisfaction of the Bishop of the Isles, whom they promised to meet at Icolmkill, to make the necessary arrangements as to the form, manner, and time, in which this act was to be carried out.* By another act, masters of vessels were prohibited to carry more wine to the Hebrides than the quantity granted to the chiefs and gentlemen of the Isles by the Act of 1617, the quantity allowed Sir Roderick Macleod being, it will be remembered, four tuns per annum. According to the preamble of the Act of 1622, the chief cause which retarded the civilisation of the Isles was the great quantity of wine imported to them yearly. We are told that "with the insatiable desire whereof the said Islanders are so far possessed, when there arrives any ship or other vessel there with wines, they spend both days and nights in their excess of drinking so long as there is any of the wine left; so that, being overcome with drink, there falls out many inconveniences among them, to the break of His Majesty's peace." By a third act, Sir Roderick Macleod, Sir Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat, Macdonald of Clanranald, and Mackinnon of Strath, were bound not to molest those engaged in fishing in the Isles, under very severe and heavy penalties.

In 1624, Macleod, with other chiefs who had previously become answerable for the good conduct of the MacIans of Ardnamurchan, was called upon to exhibit the leaders of that tribe before the Privy Council in January, 1625, they having broken out in rebellion during the year. Failing to comply with this order, he was, along with the other sureties, denounced a rebel, according to law. The Clan Ian were for a time the terror of the whole West Coast of Scotland and the Isles, and we find them being chased out of Skye, in 1625, by Sir Roderick Macleod and a body of his clan, by whom they were pursued to Clanranald's lands, where they hid themselves in the woods. Soon after, Macleod was joined by Lord Lorn, who, with his forces arrived at

* The agreement is as follows:—"At Edinburgh, 23rd July, 1622, the whilk day Sir Donald Gorme, Sir Rorie Macleud, and the Lairds of Mackynnoun, Coill, and Lochbuy compeir, and personallie befoir the Lordis of Secrete Counsell, thay acted and oblist thame to builde and repaire their Paroche Kirkis at the sicht of the Bishope of the Ilis; and that thay shall convene and meit with the Bishope at Icolmekill upoun suche daye and dayis as with mutuall concert sall be aggreit upoun, and thair confer, ressoun, resolve, and conclude upoun the forme and maner and upoun the tyme quhen and in what forme the said kirkis sall be biggit."

Ardnamurchan, where, meeting Macleod and others, engaged against the Clan Ian, they joined together, speedily suppressed the insurrection, and killed or banished the leaders. From that date the warlike Clan Ian of Ardnamurchan are never again met with as a separate and independent tribe, the survivors of them seeming to have joined and identified themselves with their neighbours, the Macdonalds of Clanranald.

Sir Roderick is described as a man of noble spirit, celebrated for great military prowess and resource. His hospitality was unbounded, and he was in all respects well entitled to be called "Mor," or great, in his time, in all the good qualities that went to constitute a great Highland chief and leader of men in those days. The Gaelic bards were enthusiastic in their praise of his great qualities of head and heart. No wonder, says a recent writer,* that his piper, Patrick Mòr MacCrimmon, should have taken his death very much to heart. He could no longer wait at Dunvegan Castle, but, shouldering his great pipe, he made for his house at Borreraig, and composed and struck up, as he went along, *Cumha Ruairidh Mhoir*"—Rory Mòr's Lament—which is considered the most melodious, feeling, and melancholy *Piobaireachd* known. "The Gaelic words to this air," he says, "may be here given with an English translation" (by D. Mackintosh) :—

" ' Tog orm mo phiob 'us theid mi dhachaidh,
'S duilich leam fhein, mo leir mar thachair;
Tog orm mo phiob 'us mi air mo chradh,
Mu Ruairidh Mor, mu Ruairidh Mor.

' Tog orm mo phiob—tha mi sgith;
'S mur faigh mi i theid mi dhachaidh;
Tog orm mo phiob—tha mi sgith,
'S mi air mo chradh mu Ruairidh Mor.

' Tog orm mo phiob—tha mi sgith,
'S mur faigh mi i theid mi dhachaidh,
Clarsach no piob cha tog mo chridh,
Cha bheo fear mo ghraidh, Ruairidh Mor.' "

* * * * * * * * *

" ' My pipe hand me, and home I'll go,
This sad event fills me with woe;
My pipe hand me, my heart is sore,
My Rory Mòr, my Rory Mòr.

' My pipe hand me—I'm worn with woe,
For if you don't then home I'll go;

* Cameron's *History and Traditions of the Isle of Skye*, p. 69.

My pipe hand me—I'm weary, sore,
My heart is grieved for Rory Mòr.

'My pipe hand me—I'm worn with woe,
For if you don't then home I'll go,
Nor harp nor pipe shall cheer me more,
For gone's my friend, my Rory Mòr.'"

The following note, bearing on the hospitality of Sir Rory Mòr, is appended to one of the editions of Scott's *Lord of the Isles*:—"There is in the Leabhar Dearg a song, intimating the overflowing gratitude of a bard of Clan Ronald, after the exuberance of a Hebridean festival at the patriarchal fortress of Macleod. The translation, being obviously very literal, has greatly flattered, as I am informed, the enthusiastic gratitude of the ancient bard; and it must be owned that the works of Homer and Virgil, to say nothing of MacMhuirich, might have suffered by their transfusion through such a medium. It is pretty plain that when the tribute of poetical praise was bestowed, the horn of Rorie Mòre had not been inactive:—

"UPON SIR RODERIC MOR. MACLEOD, BY NIALL MOR MACMHUIRICH.

"The six nights I remained in the Dunvegan, it was not a show of hospitality I met with there, but a plentiful feast in thy fair hall, among thy numerous host of heroes.

"The family placed all around under the protection of their great chiefs, raised by his prosperity and respect for his warlike feats, now enjoying the company of his friends at the feast. Amidst the sound of harps, overflowing cups, and happy youth unaccustomed to guile or feud, partaking of the generous fare by a flaming fire.

"Mighty Chief, liberal to all in your princely mansion filled with your numerous warlike host, whose generous wine would overcome the hardiest heroes, yet we continued to enjoy the feast, so happy our host, so generous our fare."

Sir Roderick Macleod married Isabel, daughter of Donald Macdonald, eighth of Glengarry, with issue, five sons and six daughters:—

1. John, his heir and successor.
2. Roderick, afterwards Sir Roderick Macleod of Tallisker, tutor of Macleod, of whom and his family hereafter.
3. Norman, afterwards Sir Norman Macleod of Bernera, was

Lieutenant-Colonel of the Macleod regiment at the Battle of Worcester, and became one of the most distinguished of the name. Most of the famous Mary Macleod's compositions, supposed hitherto to have been composed to the chiefs of the clan, were composed to him, and hence the reason why she was transported to the Island of Mull by the chief, who became envious of her laudations of his distinguished relative. This will be dealt with at length, hereafter, in connection with the history of the family of Bernera and Muiravonside, who were descended from this distinguished soldier and diplomatist.

4. William Macleod of Hamer, from whom the Macleods of Waterstein and others, and of whom hereafter.
5. Donald Macleod, progenitor of the Macleods of Grishernish, of whom in their order.
6. Margaret, who married Hector Mor Maclean, eldest son and heir of Hector Maclean of Duart, without issue. She married secondly, as his second wife, Æneas Macdonell, seventh of Glengarry, with issue—a daughter, Margaret, who married Cuthbert, of Castlehill, Inverness. She thus became the progenitrix of the famous Charles Colbert, Marquis of Seignelay, Minister of Louis XIV. of France.*
7. Mary, who married Sir Lachlan Maclean of Morvern, first Baronet, with issue—two sons and two daughters.
8. Moire or Marion, called "Moire Mhòr," who married John Macdonald, tenth of Clanranald, with issue.
9. Janet, who married John Garbh Macleod, of Raasay, without issue.
10. Florence, who married Donald MacSween.
11. A daughter, who married Lachlan Maclean, of Coll, with issue—three sons and two daughters.

Sir Roderick Mor Macleod died in 1626, when he was succeeded in the family estates by his eldest son.

(To be continued.)

* See *History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles*, p. 303.

YACHTING AND ELECTIONEERING IN THE HEBRIDES.

V.

SOON after leaving Kilmaluag, we alighted, in order to visit the ruined Castle of Duntulm, an ancient seat of the Macdonalds of Sleat, which stands upon a lofty and precipitous rock overhanging the sea. It is supposed to have been originally a Danish fort, the residence of one of the Vikings, called David, from whom it took the name *Dun Dhaibhidh*, or David's Fort. It is recorded that the word DAVID was cut upon a stone in front of the original tower, but the stone, with many others having sculptures upon them, was carried away as a curiosity by some antiquarian visitor. When King James V. made his tour through the Isles in 1540, he inspected, and expressed his admiration of, the fortifications of Duntulm. In 1549, Dean Monro mentions the Castle of "Dountwyline" as one of the five castles in Skye. Towards the end of the 16th century, the Castle was occupied by Donald Gorm Mor, VII. of Sleat. This chief's nephew, Uistean MacGhilleaspuig Chleirich, laid a plot to obtain possession of his uncle's property, but, his designs having become known to his uncle through the accidental substitution of a letter Uistean had written his confederates, for one he had written Donald Gorm, he was seized and cast into the dungeon of Duntulm Castle, where he was chained in the centre of the floor. After he had been left without food until on the point of starvation, a plate of salt meat and a covered pitcher were placed in the dungeon. Uistean devoured the meat ravenously, and was soon seized with a fearful thirst. He took up the pitcher to have a drink, but, to his horror, it was empty! After undergoing untold agonies for many days, death at length put an end to his terrible sufferings. The dungeon is still in good preservation, and, at the time of my visit, was filled with lobster-pots! Sir Donald Macdonald, XII. of Sleat, is said to have been the last of the family born in the Castle of Duntulm, and, accord-

ing to Alexander Smith, in his delightful work on Skye, he, clad in full armour, in the witching hours of night, is still occasionally seen ascending and descending from basement to turret in his loved abode.

The ruins present a picturesque appearance from every point of view, but they have been considerably marred within recent years by a former tenant of the farm of Duntulm, who, I was informed by Mr. Archibald Macdonald, actually had portions of the Castle blown up with gunpowder, to obtain stones for a dyke he was building on the farm! It seemed to me almost incredible that anyone could be guilty of such Vandalism, but I was assured that it was a fact.

Shortly before reaching Kilmuir, we passed, some distance to the left, the old burying-ground of Kilmuir, where, in 1790, the remains of Flora Macdonald were interred in presence of several thousand people of all ranks from Skye and the adjacent Isles. The spot is now marked by a fine monument of Aberdeen granite, in the form of an Iona Cross, 28 feet high, erected some years ago by public subscription. There is a splendid view from the Free Church Manse and Church of Kilmuir, and the sunset, on the evening we were there, lighting up a great stretch of the Outer Hebrides, was perfectly magnificent. Passing Kilmuir, we observed, on our right, the old house of Monkstadt, near which Prince Charles landed on his arrival in Skye from the Long Island, accompanied by Flora Macdonald, during his wanderings after the Battle of Culloden. The Prince spent the night in a cave by the sea-shore near at hand, while Flora stayed at Monkstadt House, where, by her conversation, she completely misled Captain John Macleod, a Government officer, as to the whereabouts of the Prince. I understand there is some interesting old furniture in the house, which was for some time the residence of the Macdonald family.

Close to Monkstadt House there is a fine stretch of arable land, in a hollow a little below the road, extending to some 230 acres. This tract was the bed of Loch-Colum-cille, which was drained about sixty years ago at a cost of several thousand pounds. It was proposed to drain it as early as 1715, and the work was actually commenced, under the superintendence of Sir Donald

Macdonald, XI. of Sleat, but, on his being attainted for his share in the Rising under the Earl of Mar, the operations ceased. In 1763 the work was recommenced by the then proprietor, and this time an oaken boat was discovered deeply imbedded in the bottom of the lake. The trenches, however, were allowed to get choked, and the Loch again filled up. In 1824 the drainage was again commenced by the Lord Macdonald of that day, who employed a great number of crofters at the work, and, after operations which extended over a period of five years, the Loch was completely drained. On an eminence which once formed a little island in the centre of the Loch, are still to be seen the foundations of an ancient building, supposed to have been a monastery dedicated to St. Columba. Before being drained, the Loch was yearly the resort of large flocks of swans, which appeared on the 25th October annually, and remained for about five months. "In autumn, after the lake was drained, they made their appearance at the usual time, but, on observing the destruction of their favourite haunt, they hovered, with a cry of sadness, for a brief period over it, then disappeared, and have seldom been seen since near the place."* For some time after the Loch had been drained, the land thus reclaimed was allotted to the crofters, who, by dint of hard work, converted it into splendid arable land. But mark the sequel! No sooner had the bed of the Loch been made available for agricultural purposes, than the proprietor took it away from the crofters, through whose exertions the result had been achieved, and added it to the already large sheep-farm of Monkstadt. It was simply the old story—the proprietor appropriating the labour of the reclaiming crofters. The Highlands can furnish innumerable instances of this injustice, even at the present day.

It was late in the evening ere we got on board the *Carlotta* again in Uig Bay, after as hard a day's work as occurred during our travels.

On Friday, 18th September, we had meetings at Bernisdale, Loch Snizort, and Stein in Waternish; on Saturday, at Glendale and Dunvegan; and, on Monday, at Struan, in Bracadale. We steamed, on Friday morning, from Uig Bay to Loch Snizort, the

* *New Statistical Account of the Parish of Kilmuir*, by the late Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A.

shores of which are replete with Jacobite associations. On the left is the farm of Peinduin, where Flora Macdonald died, on the 5th of March, 1790. On the same farm are the ruins of *Caisteal Uistean*, or Hugh's Castle, said to have been erected shortly after the middle of the 16th century, by the same Uistean Mac-Ghilleaspuig Chleirich who died of thirst in the dungeon of Duntulm Castle, as already narrated. It was built on a rock by the seashore, and had neither doors nor windows, but was to be entered at the top, by means of a ladder. A little further up the Loch, on the same side, stood Kingsburgh House, where Prince Charles received a night's shelter from its hospitable proprietor, on the return of the Prince from the Long Island, after the Battle of Culloden. The site of the garden is still marked by a square of old plane-trees. At the head of Loch Snizort stands Skeabost House, a fine modern residence, upon which the proprietor, Mr. Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost, one of the best landlords in the Highlands, was, at the time of our visit to the Loch, making extensive improvements. At Bernisdale we met a fine old man, John Nicolson, Tote, who, though verging close upon seventy years of age, is the acknowledged leader of the people in the parish of Snizort. Mr. Nicolson has fought well in the service of his country, having been all through the Crimean Campaign and a great part of the Indian Mutiny with the 42nd Regiment. He has received medals or clasps for Sebastopol, Balaclava, the Alma, and Lucknow, besides the Turkish medal. In India, he was in five engagements. He attained the rank of sergeant, and was discharged with a pension after the Mutiny. It was worth while to see the brave old veteran marching to meet us, at the head of his neighbours, his medals displayed upon his breast, and the old military swing in his walk, head up, chest well forward, hands in a line with seam of trousers—all in the regulation manner.

From Loch Snizort we steamed for Stein, Waternish. When rounding Waternish Point, we experienced a very uncomfortable swell, caused by the cross-currents from Lochs Snizort and Dunvegan. The old Church of Trumpan, the scene of a sanguinary encounter between the Macleods and the Macdonalds, is a conspicuous object upon the coast of Waternish, and in its churchyard was interred the ill-fated Lady Grange. Soon after passing

it we entered Loch Bay, an offshoot of Loch Dunvegan. On our right lay the Island of Isay, which, in the early part of the 16th century, became the scene of one of the most cruel and cold-blooded massacres on record. Allan MacRuari, who then held the lands of Gairloch, on the mainland of Ross-shire, had married, as his first wife, a daughter of Alexander Ionraic, VI. of Kintail, by whom he had two (or three) sons. He married, secondly, a daughter of Roderick Macleod of the Lewis, by whom he had one son. Roderick determined to murder all the male issue of the Macleods of Raasay, and those of Gairloch by Allan's first wife, in order that his own grandson, by Allan's second marriage, might succeed to Gairloch and Raasay. With this view, he invited all the members of the two families to the Island of Isay, pretending he had matters of great consequence to communicate to them. All the members of both families, and their more immediate relatives and friends, accepted the invitation. Roderick feasted them sumptuously on their arrival, at a great banquet. In the middle of his festivities he informed them of his desire to have each man's advice separately, and that he would afterwards make known to them the momentous business on hand, and which closely concerned each of them. He then retired into a separate apartment, and called them one by one, when they were each, as they entered, stabbed to death with dirks by a number of murderous villains who had been appointed by Roderick to execute the crime. Not one of the family of Raasay was left alive except a boy nine years of age, who, being fostered away from home, did not go to Isay with the rest. Macleod of Gairloch's sons, by his second wife, were all murdered.*

In 1549, Dean Monro described Isay as "ane faire laiche maine ile, inhabit and manurit, verey fertill and fruitfull for corne and gerssing." Not very many years ago there were twelve crofts upon it, but the occupants were evicted, and crowded into the already congested district of Glendale, while their holdings in Isay were given over to deer.

The village of Stein lies at the head of Loch Bay. It was originally established by the British Fisheries Society, but turned out a failure as a fishing-station, and appears to be going rapidly

* *History of the Clan Mackenzie.*

to decay. The residence of the proprietor, Captain Allan Macdonald of Waternish, a handsome building with a grand outlook, is surrounded with a fine plantation. Waternish is one of the six Baronies once belonging to Macleod of Macleod. Its next possessor, a century since, was a Mr. Shaw, banker in Inverness; then it passed to the Grants, and, finally, to the present family. Several respectable families of some standing, such as those of Ardmore and Gillen, had their cheerful homes on this estate. The present laird of Waternish is the descendant of that gallant Jacobite, Macdonald of Belfinlay, so dreadfully wounded at Culloden. The particulars are very minutely related by Bishop Forbes, together with Belfinlay's miraculous preservation thereafter. A little one-masted sailing-yacht, belonging to Waternish, lay at anchor in the Bay as we entered, and her crew of two red-capped seamen came aboard the *Carlotta* while we were ashore, and exchanged notes with our men. The minister of Waternish, the Rev. Donald MacCallum, has become a man of considerable note in Skye within recent years in connection wilh the Land Agitation. A fearless and outspoken preacher, and a pulpit-orator of no mean order, he has secured for himself considerable influence with the whole people of Skye, and has earned the soubriquet of the "Prophet of Waternish."

It was getting dark ere we left Waternish, and we had still some eight or nine miles to steam before reaching Dunvegan, where we intended to lie at anchor until Monday morning. At length, the lights of Dunvegan Castle apprised us that we were near our destination, and in a few minutes more we were at anchor. The Castle, with its many windows, nearly all lighted up, presented a beautiful appearance. The oldest part of this fine building is said to have been erected in the 9th century. A high tower was added, four centuries later, by Alastair Crotach, and, in the reign of James VI., these two portions were united by a long low building by the famous Rory Mor. Several additions have been made since that time, and the whole now forms a very handsome and imposing structure. "It is situated on a precipitous rock, washed on one side by the sea; on another by a stream of some size; on a third it is guarded by what was at one time a moat, consisting of a natural hollow between the Castle rock, and

another steep rock at some yards' distance; on the fourth the base is easily accessible, but, owing to the height of the rock, and to its being surmounted everywhere by a wall with deep embrasures, even here it would be difficult to storm it, if at all well garrisoned. The entrance was of old from the seaside, by a very long, steep, and narrow stair; but a new approach has been of late formed by throwing a bridge over the chasm already noticed, which now renders it of easy access. There is a small but very convenient harbour right before it, and a spring of excellent water rising on the top of the rock which forms the courtyard."* In the Bay, there lay near us an ugly but powerful-looking steam-yacht belonging to the shooting-tenant of Dunvegan; and the celebrated Postal Packet, which plies between Dunvegan and Lochmaddy.

Next morning (Saturday) we drove from Dunvegan to Glendale. As we skirted the head of Loch Colbost, an offshoot of Loch Dunvegan, the *Dunara Castle* had just come into the Loch, and was putting ashore a number of Glendale men who had been at the East Coast fishing. Groups of women were hurrying down to the seashore, and, as each man stepped from the boat, he was hugged and kissed by his wife, mother, or sweetheart, as the case might be, in the most affectionate manner, while a torrent of welcoming and endearing terms was poured forth with all the fervour of which the Gaelic language alone is capable. Driving on, we met several more women on the road, coming to meet their friends. A young man who was trudging along in front of us, with his heavy trunk upon his broad shoulders, seemed to be a particular favourite, and received a cordial greeting from everyone he met. At length we saw a good-looking young woman running towards him as fast as she could, while, at the same time, the young man dropped his trunk and ran to meet her. A close embrace, a sounding kiss, and a few affectionate enquiries, and then the two, with entwined arms, returned to where the trunk had been so unceremoniously abandoned. The last I saw, as a turn of the road hid them from sight, was the two walking briskly along, carrying the trunk between them, and conversing with great animation. They were sweethearts, our driver informed us, waiting patiently until better days should enable them to marry.

* New Statistical Account.

A little further on, we observed a white flag displayed upon an eminence close to the road. As we drove past, a man came out of a cottage near at hand, and, plucking the flag out of the ground, waved it over his head, cheering us lustily as he did so.

The men of Glendale are, without doubt, the finest-looking fellows I have come in contact with. The majority are tall and broad-shouldered. They are industrious, well-clothed, and courteous to strangers. John Macpherson, the "Glendale Martyr" and leader of the people, is a good type of the average Glendale-man. He is a broad-shouldered, hardy-looking Celt, with a bushy brown beard, just tinged with grey. His forehead betokens considerable brain-power, his eyes are brimful of intelligence, and his hard-set chin and firm lips denote decision of character. But it is as a speaker that John Macpherson is seen at his best. When thundering forth his denunciations of the oppressor and the tyrant to an enthusiastic audience of his own countrymen, at one moment rousing them to the highest pitch with some faithfully-drawn picture of the wrongs suffered by the people, at another causing roars of merriment by some apt simile or well-aimed hit—it is then that one can fully realise and appreciate the power which Macpherson possesses over the minds and feelings of his fellow-Highlanders. He is about fifty years of age, and was born in the township of Milivaig, Glendale, where he has been a crofter for thirty years. He belongs to a talented family, being a nephew of Donald Macleod, "Domhnull nan Orain," known as the "Skye Bard," and having several relatives holding good positions in the South. His present croft consists of about three acres of very shallow land, for which he pays £4 4s. of rent and nine shillings of rates. He is married, and has seven of a family, most of whom bid fair to inherit the patriotic feelings and ability of their father. In the early part of 1883, Macpherson was apprehended, with two other Glendale-men, for breach of interdict, and sentenced, by Lord Shand, in the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, to two months' imprisonment. From this circumstance, he has ever since been known at home and abroad as the "Glendale Martyr," a name of which he is naturally proud. His co-leaders in the Glen are Donald Campbell, Hamara, Alexander Gillies, Milivaig, and Peter Mackinnon, Lephin. The story of Peter Mackinnon's life,

as told by himself before the Crofters' Commission, is an interesting but sad one. A native of Glendale, born at Borrodale in 1828, he left the Glen at the age of sixteen, enlisted in the Royal Navy in 1852, passed his examination as first-class gunner of the Royal Marine Artillery at Portsmouth in 1853, and embarked on board H.M.S. *Royal George*, in the same year, for service in the Baltic. In 1854 he was transferred to H.M.S. *Spiteful*, for the Black Sea Fleet, as lance-bombardier, and was present at all the engagements from that time until the end of the Russian War. He afterwards served in H.M.S. *Nile* and *Sanspareil*, and was invalided at Haslar Hospital in 1860, through injuries received in his country's service, being discharged with first-class certificates for ability, gallantry, and good conduct, and being also awarded a pension. Retiring to his native Glendale, he erected and opened a shop near the road at Lephin, and was afterwards appointed postmaster of the district. From that time, he says, he became the subject of persecution by the factor, and received no less than four summonses of eviction. He has now been deprived of the Post Office, which has been removed to a highly unsuitable place near the sea, and depends almost entirely upon his small pension for support.

HECTOR ROSE MACKENZIE.

(To be continued.)

TREE MYTHS AND FOREST LORE.

[By William Durie.]

III.

II.—SUPERNATURAL AND MYTHICAL BEINGS.

In the introduction, some general statements were made regarding the worship of trees. Feelings of fear or curiosity, and primitive speculations on the uses to which trees might be put by supernatural beings, have given rise to various other beliefs, of which a brief summary follows.

Showing the popular notions of the food of the gods, some tribes in India propitiate their divinities by offerings of cocoa-nuts previous to undertaking any enterprise. The old Greeks not only imagined that each tree concealed a divinity or a nymph, but attributed to it a divine or mythical origin—thus:—The plane-tree had been planted by Menelaus, the oak by Zeus, the olive by Minerva, and the laurel and cherry by Apollo. Forests, according to the Romans, were guarded by the nymph Egeria. Even Cato, the Censor, in his book on Country Affairs, warns the farmer not to cut down any tree without first asking pardon from the unknown gods concealed in it. We are told that Socrates swore by the oak, a tree said to have been the chosen abode of Jupiter, whose priests pretended to know his will through the rustling of the leaves of an oak grove. Jupiter had nearly as many favourite trees as he had wives. His sceptre was made of cypress; so were the arrows shot by the god of love. While Minerva presented the olive-tree to the Athenians as the best gift in her power, Bacchus had the credit of originating the luscious fig-tree, and of making the heart-cheering vine his constant companion. Venus is often represented with an apple or a quince in her hand; but the rose was most closely identified with that goddess; our common phrase, "under the rose," being traceable to the rites of Venus, which were under the guardianship

of the god of silence, signifying that the rites of love should not be revealed. Roses are painted or hung over tables in Germany, and formerly in England, to forbid "telling tales out of school." The old Scandinavian worship consecrated the oak to Thor, the thunder-god. The mistletoe, tendril of the oak, plays a part in the legend of the Norse god, Balder. He was so much loved that everything living on earth had sworn to save him from harm. But the mistletoe that grows on trees, and not on the earth, had been forgotten; Loki, the devil, killed him by means of a twig of it. It was then ordained that it should never again be used to man's hurt until it touched the earth, hence it is now hung from the ceiling to invite the friendly kiss. The Druids, to whom the oak-forest was the only fit temple, venerated both oak and mistletoe especially, cutting the latter with a golden knife, amid imposing ceremonies. Naturally, every race venerated the tree most conspicuous in its own climate. The Hindoos thus incorporated the wide-spreading pippul-tree in the Buddhist worship. Buddha, before he became a deity, is said to have retired under its shade for meditation and fasting. His queen, becoming troubled at his long absence, gave orders to cut down the tree. But, at the sight of the levelled tree, Buddha was so grieved that he fainted. On regaining consciousness, he poured 100 pitchers of milk on its roots, and then, prostrating himself on the ground, he vowed that, if the tree did not revive, he would never rise to his feet again. The tree immediately threw out its branches, and, by degrees, rose to its present height of 120 feet. It is now called the famous Buddha or Bo-tree.

The fear of demons, especially of the arch-fiend, had many connections with the popular notions about trees. The cherry and the chestnut were particularly assigned as abodes to evil spirits. The walnut was the favourite haunt of witches; while fairies were partial to the hazel. It was of a hazel-nut that Queen Mab's coach was made.

III.—RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES, SCRIPTURAL CHARACTERS, SAINTS, &C.

Much of the beautiful symbolism of Christianity—the Vine, the Lily, the seed in the parables—is borrowed from the plant-world.

Intimately associated with it also are the fateful trees in Eden, and the tree of the Cross, not to mention the tree on which Judas hung himself, and the barren fig-tree. This bond of union between religion and vegetation has been fully admitted by men of catholic breadth of view.

As we might expect, the legend of the first man, Adam, has many tree-connections. Nearly every large fruit has competed for the doubtful honour of having been the instrument of his ruin. The fruit most common in their own climate has usually decided the people's belief on the point. Traditions concur in fixing on the fig-tree, as both furnishing a fit covering for his nakedness, and as giving him an asylum of retreat from the presence of his Maker. The following lines give the plant-lore of his expulsion from Eden :—

"When Adam fled from Eden,
He seized the bunch of dates,
And snatched the single wheat-ear ;
And, as he passed the gates,
He plucked the leaves of myrtle,
And clasped them to his breast,
And, driven by the Angel,
Fell fainting towards the West."

A Jewish tradition declares Abraham to have raised an altar to God near a clump of turpentine-trees (much venerated by the Jews) in the valley of Hebron. Josephus maintained that these very trees were as old as the creation ; Eusebius says they were pointed out as Abram's trees in his time.

From Abraham to the Virgin Mary is a long stretch of time. The following is a tree-myth respecting her :—In journeying with Joseph and the infant Jesus to Egypt, to escape Herod's persecution, she felt tired and thirsty, and, seeing a palm-tree with fruit, she sat down under its shade, and said to Joseph—"I much desire to eat of the fruit of this tree." He answered—"Mary, I marvel much you should wish to eat of this fruit." Then the child Jesus, who was sitting on her knee, ordered the palm-tree to bow down and let his mother eat of the fruit at her pleasure. The tree obeyed, and Mary satisfied her longing for the fruit. As the tree still continued to bow, Jesus permitted it to resume its upright position, and, for its devotion, chose it as the symbol of eternal

life for the dying, and declared he should make his triumphal entry into Jerusalem with a palm branch in his hand. At another time, in the same journey, when they came up to an orange-tree in charge of a blind man, Mary asked him to spare an orange for her thirsty child; the man gave her three—one for Jesus, another for Joseph, and the third for herself. Then the blind man received his sight.

The Weeping Willow was believed, in early Christian days, to have wept since the time when its twigs were used to inflict stripes on the Saviour, whose Crown of Thorns gave rise to these lines on the Hawthorn:—

> "The Hawthorn's knotted branches frown,
> As when they formed that cruel crown,
> With which the Roman and the Jew
> Did mock the Saviour neither knew."

Of the Holm Oak, this legend is related:—"When it was decided at Jerusalem to crucify Christ, all the trees met, and unanimously vowed not to allow their wood to be made the instrument of shame. But there was also a Judas among the trees. When the Jews came with axes to cut the Cross destined for Jesus, all the trunks broke into a thousand little pieces, so that it was impossible to utilise them for the Cross. The holm oak alone remained standing quite whole, and gave up its trunk for the bad purpose. This is why Ionian woodmen are afraid to tarnish their axes by touching this cursed tree. Such is the fate of many benefactors in this world; but Jesus Himself did not share this bad opinion of the tree. He seems, on the contrary, to have shown a preference for the generous tree, which, in dying with Him, shared the fate of the Redeemer. We are told that the Christ showed Himself most frequently to the saints near a holm oak.

Cameron states that, in the Highlands, the Aspen-tree (Gaelic *critheann*—trembling) is believed to be the wood of which the Cross was made; hence, its leaves have trembled ever since. The Elder has been popularly taken for the tree on which Judas hung himself—a tradition Shakespeare mentions in Love's Labour's Lost.

The Rose, the flower of Venus, has become, under Christianity, the flower of the Virgin Mary; thus, it has long been the custom

for the Popes to send every year a golden rose to the most pious of Christian princes; and the Rosary itself, on which pious women count their prayers, is said to have got its name from the red hips of the dog-rose, which formed the original beads.

The traditions regarding Mahomet give some prominence to certain trees. The rose is said to have sprung up out of the sweat he dropped on the ground in an agony of prayer. And, at the hour of his death, he is represented as inhaling the sweet odour of apples, brought him by his angel-guides to Paradise.

IV. THE SYMBOLIC USES OF TREES

Will now be considered:—

Whatever may be the explanation given by Gaelic scholars as to how it came about, it is a singular fact that the names of the letters of the Gaelic Alphabet, from A to U, are the names of trees, beginning with the Elm, and ending with the White Thorn. It would be interesting to learn (but the living authorities do not seem to know) on what principle the names first belonging to trees were afterwards distributed among the letters of the alphabet.

Apart from the obvious symbolic language of plants in the Lovers' Calendar, their symbolic use in other fields is common in our day. The Primrose, as a modest souvenir of Lord Beaconsfield, is a recent example; still more recent is the proposal made at a Liberal gathering to wear a button-hole decoration in honour of Mr. Gladstone on his birthday, to consist of a lily for purity, supported by leaves of oak and ivy, to represent strength and tenacity.

With the Jews, the Almond-tree was the emblem of vigilance, because it is the first to show by its flourish that spring has come. The Spaniards adopt the Pomegranate as the national tree, on account of its many-seeded fruit, the emblem of fecundity; the Prussians thus adopt the Linden or Lime-tree, the emblem of married love, while the English have the national Rose for beauty, and the Oak for strength. Grandeur and dignity are well attributed to the Ash and the Elm. The Sycamore, perhaps because it was the hiding-place of Zaccheus, is emblematic of curiosity, and the Holly, of forethought; while the Quince symbolises temptation, following the story of the fatal apple; the Pear-blossom stands for

affection, and the Myrtle, for love. The Orange-blossom implies chastity; the tree itself, generosity. Intemperance is the ungrateful meaning given to the heart-cheering Vine. The Olive fares better as the immemorial emblem of peace; and the Myrrh, as dropping gladness. The Hazel tells of reconciliation; the Hawthorn, of hope; the Palm, said to grow faster for being weighed down, of victory; and the Cedar, of immortality. Death and regeneration are signified by the Walnut and the Cypress, while sorrow and mourning find representatives in the Yew and the Willow. The Poplar typifies bravery; the trembling Aspen, fear; and crime is fitly symbolised by the Tamarisk, the leaves of which were used by the Romans to cover the eyes of criminals on the way to death.

V.—COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Most villages and towns, not hopelessly prostrate before the aggressive inroads of an unromantic civilisation, possess one or more "Lovers' Walks," for which an avenue of trees to line the path seems to be a great recommendation. Trees and their fruit have had much to do with the mysteries of love. Our own Hallowe'en rites are proof of this, in the burning of hazel nuts to discover the matrimonial future, as graphically described by Burns. Akin to this game is the custom among young girls in Belgium on St. Michael's Day. They mix together full walnuts with nuts that have been emptied, but sealed up again; then, blindfolded, they take one at random. She who gets a full one will soon get a husband; if an empty one, she will continue a "wanter."

When two Greek lovers part, they exchange, as a test of fidelity, the halves of a leaf of plane tree. When they next meet, each produces his or her half; both together must form a complete leaf, or the courtship would be imperilled. Roman lovers used to plant a rose-tree on the grave of a sweetheart dying before marriage. In some Danubian districts, a young woman is engaged to her lover when he offers and she accepts an apple, which is an essential symbol of nuptial gifts. In Southern Italy, when apples are served at a wedding dinner, each guest takes one, and, having made an incision, he puts a piece of silver in it. All the apples are then handed to the bride, who bites into the apples, and

retains the money as a luck-penny. Sicilian girls, on St. John's Day, throw apples from their windows to the street, and then watch who will pick them up. If a man does so, the girl will be married within a year; if a woman, no marriage that year; if the person looks at it, without touching it, that foreshadows early widowhood for her; if a priest passes first, the girl will die unmarried. At marriage ceremonies in Corsica, the church-door is decked with garlands of laurel, supposed to prevent domestic brawls. Formerly, near Bologna, when a daughter was born, it was the custom, if the family could afford it, to plant 100 poplars, of which great care was taken till the girl's marriage, when they were cut down and sold, to provide a dowry for her—the most sensible thing recorded of all these curious practices. It had probably been derived from a Roman usage of planting cypresses on the birth of a girl, the trees being called, from that time, her dowry.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MASSACRE OF THE ROSSES.—The *Christian Leader* says regarding this pamphlet:—"The remarkable change for the better that has come over the public sentiment in regard to the Highland crofters receives a striking illustration in the story of a pamphlet, *The Massacre of the Rosses in Strathcarron*, by Donald Ross (Inverness: A. & W. Mackenzie). [Price sixpence.] It was first published little more than thirty years ago, when the horrible incidents it narrates took place; but the impression it made, save in a limited circle of sympathetic souls, was comparatively slight, and so rare had the pamphlet become that, when collecting materials for his "History of the Highland Clearances," Mr. Mackenzie of Inverness was unable to procure a copy. Having now succeeded in recovering one, he has reprinted it; and, at length, three decades after the faithful Highland citizen of Glasgow wrote it with his heart on fire, the story procures an audience. Truth to tell, the nation thirty years ago did not adequately realize the barbarous cruelties that were being practised upon the peasantry of the Highlands. Mr. Ross called the attention of the Lord-Advocate of the day to the shocking work that was wrought in Strathcarron in 1854 upon an inoffensive people who had paid their rents regularly, but were being evicted from the land their forefathers had cultivated for centuries, in order to make room for sheep. Like his successor in office in our own day, the only reply his lordship vouchsafed was to the effect that the majesty of the law must be vindicated! Happily, the nation is now thoroughly aroused on this subject; and never again will it be allowed to sink out of sight until an honest endeavour has been made by the legislature to rectify the evil. The Bill at present before Parliament is insufficient, evading the most essential points, especially that which relates to the absolutely needful enlarging of the crofts; and continued agitation, deepening in intensity, is therefore inevitable. With upwards of a hundred true and resolute friends in the House of Commons, the crofter's case is no longer hidden away, and his ultimate deliverance is certain."

THE SPRING BENEATH HIGH WATER-MARK IN LOCH-ERIBOLL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GAELIC BY THE AUTHOR, MARY MACKELLAR.

THE following verses were composed on a half-tide spring-well in the shores of Loch-Eriboll, Sutherlandshire; and the legend concerning it runs thus:—Many years ago, on a communion Sabbath in the heat of summer, the services were held on the hill-side, and the people were parched with thirst. Many of them had travelled far; the services continued until late in the afternoon, and there was no water to be had, the brook having run dry. One good man knelt in his distress on the seashore and prayed for relief, and, immediately, this spring bubbled up, pure and sweet, amidst the rough pebbles of the shore; he told the others, and they all crowded to it, with thankful hearts, and were refreshed. Since composing this poem, I discovered another spring of the same kind in the shore of Fassiefern, Lochiel-Side, entirely covered at half-tide, and, when the sea recides beyond that again, its waters are cool, sweet, and refreshing.

PART FIRST.

What hath made thee, little fountain,
Spring beneath the ocean's flow,
Where a bird will never seek thee,
Where the grass can never grow?

Sweet thy waters are, O springlet,
Yet, how wild is thy unrest;
Ever, while the tide is flowing,
Hidden in the ocean's breast.

Springlet, I would rather see thee
Shining in the leafy grove,
Where, at noon or dewy evening,
Hind and fawn would lightly rove.

Where the stag would come at dawning,
From his lofty mountain bed,
Eager for the crystal waters,
That had made his coat so red.

Where the hunter's eye would seek thee,
Coming wearied from the hill,
And he'd bound away so lightly,
When he'd drink from thee at will.

Where the little birds, in joyance,
Would refresh their tuneful throats,
Ere they woke the fragrant woodlands
With their wild and gladsome notes.

Where thou would'st a trysting place be
For the maiden fair and young,
Where she'd list the honey'd whispers,
From her lover's ardent tongue.

Stealing glances of her beauty,
In the mirror of thy wave,
And he grudging thee her kisses,
When her lips in thee she'd lave.

There I fain would see thee, springlet,
Far away from the rude shore,
Where thou pourest thy sweet waters,
In the salt sea evermore.

And not all thy fragrant streamlets,
Flowing through the years to be,
Can this rugged shore make smoother,
Nor make sweet the bitter sea.

ANCIENT IMAGE-WORSHIP IN STRATHNAIRN.

WE have to express our obligations, for the following interesting fragment of old local lore, to Mr. Macgillivray, formerly teacher at Culloden, and now resident in Inverness. We have no doubt the decisive action of the Presbytery of Inverness, in demolishing the obnoxious idol, had the same satisfactory results as followed the somewhat similar, but much more extensive, destruction of images at St. Andrews, described by Tennant in his "Papistry Stormed," when—

"The sinfu' people o' the Elie
Were spained frae image-worship hailie."

We should like some of our local antiquarians to throw further light on the interesting circumstance to which the subjoined extracts refer.

At Inverness, 23rd November, 1643.

Convened, all the Brethren,

That day, report was made to the Presbitrie, that there was in the Parroch of Dunlichitie, ane idolatrous image called St. Finane, keepit in a private house obscurelie, the brethren, Mr. Lachlan Grant, Mr. Patrick Dunbar, and Alexander Thomson, to try, iff possible, to bring in the said image the next Presbitrie day.

At Inverness, 7th December, 1643.

Convened, the whole Brethren,

Alexander Thomsone presentit the idolatrous image to the Presbitrie, and it was delyverit to the ministers of Inverness, with ordinance that it should be burnt at their Market Corse the next Tuysday, after sermone.

At Inverness, 21st December, 1643.

Convened, all the Brethren except Mr. Lachlan Grant,

The ministers of Inverness declairit that, according to the ordinance of the Presbitrie the last day, they caused burne the idolatrous image at the Market Corse, after sermone, upon Tuysday immediatlie following the last Presbitrie day.

THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

(Continued.)

THE TROUBLES BETWEEN LORD KINTAIL AND GLENGARRY.

THE year of God, 1602, the Lord Kintail, and his kin the Clan Kenzie, fell at variance with the Laird of Glengarry (one of the Clan Donald), who, being unexpert and unskilful in the laws of the realms, the Clan Kenzie intrapped and insnared him within the compass thereof, and charged him, with a number of his men and followers, to compear before the Justice at Edinburgh, they having, in the mean time, slain two of his kinsmen. Glengarry, not knowing or neglecting the charges, came not to Edinburgh at the prefixed day, but went about, at his own hand, to revenge the slaughter of his kinsmen. Thereupon, the Lord of Kintail, by his credit in Council, doth purchase a commission against Glengarry and his countrymen; which, being obtained, Kintail (with the assistance of the next adjoining neighbours, by virtue of his Commission) went into Morar (which appertained to Glengarry), and wasted all that country; then, in his return from Morar, he besieged the Castle of Strome, which, in end, he took, by treason of the Captain unto whom Glangarry had committed the custody thereof. Afterward, the Clan Kenzie did invade Glengarry's eldest son, whom they killed with forty of his followers, not without some slaughter of the Clan Kenzie likewise. In end, after great slaughter on either side, they came to an agreement, wherein Glengarry (for to obtain his peace) was glad to requite and renounce to the Lord of Kintail, the perpetual inheritance of the Strome with the lands adjacent.

TROUBLES IN THE ISLAND OF RAASAY IN 1611.

In the month of August, 1611, there happened an accident in the Isle of Raasay, which is among the West Isles, where GilleCallum, Laird of Raasay, and Murdoch Mackenzie (son to the Laird of Gairloch), with some others, were slain, upon this occasion. The lands of Gairloch did sometime pertain to the Lairds of Raasay,

his predecessors, and when the surname of Clan Kenzie began first to rise and to flourish, one of them did obtain the third part of Gairloch in wadset; and thus once getting footing therein, shortly thereafter doth purchase a pretended right to the whole, which the lawful inheritors did neglect; whereby, in process of time, the Clan Kenzie do challenge the whole, whereof the Laird of Gairloch, his father, obtains the possession, excluding the Laird of Raasay and his kin, the Clan Vic-GilleChallum, whom Gairloch and the Clan Kenzie did pursue with fire and sword, and chased them out of Gairloch. In like manner, the Clan Vic-GilleChallum invaded the Laird of Gairloch and his country with spoils and slaughters. In end, the Laird of Gairloch apprehended John MacAllan, and chased John Tolmach, two principal men of the race of Clan Vic-GilleChallum, and near cousins to the Laird of Raasay, at which skirmish there was slaughter on either side, the year of God, 1610. The Laird of Gairloch, not fully satisfied herewith, he sent his son Murdoch, accompanied with Alexander Bayne (son and heir to Alexander Bayne of Tulloch), and some others, to search and pursue John Tolmach; and, to this effect he did hire a ship (which then, by chance, happened to lie upon that coast) to transport his son Murdoch, with his company, into the Isle of Skye, where he understood John Tolmach to be at that time. But how soon Murdoch, with his company, were embarked, they turned their course another way, and (whether of set purpose, or constrained thereto by contrary winds, I know not) arrived at the Isle of Raasay, running headlong to their own destruction. The Laird of Raasay, perceiving the ship in the harbour, went aboard to buy some wines and other commodities, accompanied with twelve men. How soon Murdoch did see them coming, he, with all his company (least they should be known or seen), went to the lower rooms of the ship, until the other party had gone away. The Laird of Raasay entered the ship, and, having spoken the mariner, he departed with a resolution to return quickly. Murdoch, understanding that they were gone, came out of the lower rooms, and perceiving them come again, he resolved not to conceal himself any longer. The Laird of Raasay desired his brother, Murdoch MacGilleChallum, to follow him into the ship with more company, in another galley, that they might carry to

the shore some wine and other provisions which he had resolved to buy from the mariner; so the Laird of Raasay, returning to the ship, and finding Gairloch's son there, beyond his expectation, he adviseth with his men, and thereupon resolveth to take him prisoner, in pledge of his cousin, John MacAllan, whom Gairloch detained in captivity. They began first to quarrel, then to fight in the ship, which continued all the day long. In the end, the Laird of Raasay was slain, and divers of his men; so was Murdoch, the son of Gairloch, and Alexander Bayne killed, with their whole company, three only excepted, who fought so manfully that they killed all those that came into the ship with the Laird of Raasay, and hurt a number of those that were with Murdoch MacGilleChallum in two galleys hotly pursuing them. At last, feeling deadly hurt, and not able to endure any longer, they sailed away with prosperous wind, and died shortly thereafter.

(To be continued.)

"DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

Sir,—In the *Celtic Magazine* for the present month I see a Gaelic translation, forwarded to you by "Nether Lochaber," of the once popular lyric, "Do they miss me at home?" Your correspondent ascribes the translation to the late Rev. Dr. Macintyre of Kilmonivaig, and, in corroboration of the fact, he supplies the circumstance which is believed to have prompted the translation. I find, however, the same Gaelic version in Vol. II. of the *Gael* (1873-4), where it is credited to the late Mr. James Munro, author of the well-known Gaelic Grammar. Both gentlemen were highly competent Gaelic scholars, and perfectly able to translate the song into that language, but equally true it is that neither of them would claim as his own what belonged to the other. Unfortunately, however, they are both dead, and it remains with the living to settle the award in this case as best they can. Perhaps "Nether Lochaber" can furnish some additional evidence that the translation is that of Dr. Macintyre. I confess that beyond some linguistic peculiarities favoured by Munro, but which may equally have been accepted by Dr. Macintyre, I have nothing to urge on Munro's behalf in addition to the direct assertion in the *Gael* that he was the author of the translation.—Yours &c., I. B. O.

13th April, 1886.

THE SHEILING.

A Legend of Loch-Eild.

"Up, girls, and busk ye! vernal flowers are blooming,
Up and make ready! Beltain-tide is coming;
The withe-bound panniers on the old grey mare,
Your mother's hands have packed with eident care,
All that you need is there; up, girls, away!
(And, hark! the birds trill forth their song of May),
Time you were off! by a good hour and more
The sun is up and south of Ben-an-Or."

Thus spake the father to his daughters three;
To Flora fair, and dark-eyed Kate and me;
Ours for the summer months to milk the cows
In sheiling circled round by heathery knowes,
Far up amongst the mountains stern and wild,
At whose feet nestles calm the fair Loch-Eild.

We were three sisters in that sheiling lone;
The busy happy days were all our own,
The calves grew up apace; the cows with coats of silk
Fill'd the hooped cogs with streams of richest milk;
With butter kits and many a kebbuck round
Of choicest cheese, the sheiling walls were crowned.
And morn and eve, our dairy labours done,
We sat and laugh'd and knitted in the sun.

Now and again a shepherd swain would come
With welcome tidings of the folk at home;
But oftenest (bearer of glad tidings still),
Came Ranald Bane, the hunter on the hill;
Chief of the Forest, guardian of the wild,
And all the antler'd race that drink of Eild.
Of an old clan whose honour ne'er knew stain—
Handsome, and brave, and true was Ranald Bane.

When Ranald came, my sister's cheek blush'd high,
(My winsome Kate, girl of the black-brown eye!)
Ranald had told his love, as lovers do,
And Kate soon felt that all he told was true.
Love begets love, and when his tale was done,
A whisper told that Kate was all his own.

One evening as we sat beside the burn,
That by the sheiling murmurs its sweet croon,
Seeking Loch-Eild by many a winding turn,

Hidden or seen, still murmuring that old tune !
Until at last through hazel-copse, and brake,
With lap and lisp it mingles with the lake.

All on a bank impearl'd with many a flower,
We sat and knitted all the afternoon ;
With song and story passed the pleasant hour
On that bright summer eve of golden June.
And when it fell to Kate a song to sing,
We made the rocks with the loud chorus ring.

KATE'S SONG.

Up on the hills after the deer,
(Ho hì, ho hò, Ranald away !)
The stag in the corrie is trembling with fear
And the mavis sings sweetly at dawn of day.

The stag and hind are down the wind,
(Ho hì, ho hò, Ranald away !)
Oscar, though swift, is far behind,
And the mavis sings sweetly at dawn of day.

The hunter shot his bolt too soon,
(Ho hì, ho hò, Ranald away !)
He might as well have shot at the moon,
And the mavis sings sweetly at dawn of day.

Oscar returns from a bootless chase,
(Ho hì, ho hò, Ranald away !)
He ran amain, but he lost the race,
And the mavis sings sweetly at dawn of day.

The hunter descends by corrie and cairn,
(Ho hì, ho hò, Ranald away !)
But the stag is couched amongst the fern,
Till the mavis sings sweetly at dawn of day.

When next the hunter bends his bow,
(Ho hì, ho hò, Ranald away !)
That antler'd head will be lying low,
When the mavis sings sweetly at dawn of day.

Whilst yet the echo of my sister's song
Was lingering 'mongst the hollows of the dell,
Adown the steep came bounding fast along,
Oscar, young Ranald's dog, we knew him well ;
A staghound bold, lean-flank'd, though strong of limb,
And Ranald loved him as the dog loved him.

As Oscar fawned upon us each in turn,
Ranald appear'd himself, and laughing, said—
"I hid me in a hollow by the burn,

And heard your song, my Kate—O saucy maid,
Wait till September, girls, and you shall know
How Oscar runs and Ranald bends the bow.

"But come, my Kate, I promised you erewhile
Some summer eve to row you on the lake;
I'll take you in my boat to Willow Isle,
Where wild fowl breed—the tern and kittiwake,
The wild duck, sunderling, and many more,
That find their food in Eild, and haunt its shore."

And Kate went with her lover in his boat;
We watch'd and saw them landing on the Isle;
As we watch'd still, they were again afloat,
And paddling through the dimples of the smile
That the lake smil'd back to the golden sun,
Whose long day's race at length was nearly run.

Sudden, beneath the sunlit mirror's sheen,
The boat went down as if it were a stone!
A single shout, so piercing, loud, and keen,
Rose from the skimmering ripples that went on,
Widening and widening their circles in the beam
Of golden light that fell on hill and stream.

And they were lost—alas and well-a-day!
Clasped in each others arms the twain were found;
And still our maidens sing a mournful lay
Of how the lovers in Loch-Eild were drowned;
And still, beside the lake, you may discern,
In memory of the event, a rude, grey cairn.

And ever as midsummer eve comes round,
'Tis said that sweetest music still is heard,
Floating along in cadences that sound
Sweeter than maiden's voice, or harp of bard—
A heavenly music, heavenly-sweet and clear,
O'er the reed-margin'd mirror of the mere.

And well-a-day, and well-a-day, the times
Are not now what they were; the world is changed;
Memories of the past may ring their chimes;
But from all joys of earth I'm far estranged.
Last of my race! when summer bowers are green,
I dream a waking dream, and think of what has been.

NETHER-LOCHABER.

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR MAY, 1886.

V Mhios.] AM MAIGH, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

● AN SOLUS UR—4 LA—3.43 M. | ○ AN SOLUS LAN—18 LA—1.47 M.
☽ AN CIAD CHR.—11 LA—2.20 M. | ☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.—25 LA—5.16 F.

M.	DI.		*A'ghr'an.* E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	*An Lan An Lite.* MAD.	*An Lan An Lite.* FRASG.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* MAD.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* FRASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	S	A' Bhealltainn.	4.33 E	0.42	1. 1	10.26	10.46
2	☽	*A' Mhionchaisg.*	7.49 L	1.20	1.37	11. 4	11.24
3	L	La an Ròid.	4.28 E	1.54	2.12	11.44	...
4	M	Latha Allt-Eire, 1645.	7.54 L	2.30	2.48	0. 4	0.24
5	C	Bàs Livingstone, 1873.	4.24 E	3. 6	3.23	0.43	1. 2
6	D	[5] Bàs Ghilliendras Gheddes, 1844.	7.57 L	3.42	4. 1	1.22	1.42
7	H		4.19 E	4.21	4.42	2. 2	2.22
8	S	Bàs Shir Seumas MacCoinnich, 1691.	8. 1 L	5. 4	5.28	2.43	3. 5
9	☽	*II. Donaich an dèigh na Caisge.*	4.15 E	5.56	6.25	3.29	3.54
10	L	Breith Shir Iain Sinclair, 1754.	8. 5 L	6.55	7.27	4.21	4.50
11	M	[10] Breith Iain Hope, 1725.	4.11 E	8. 4	8.42	5.20	5.54
12	C	Latha Langside, 1568.	8. 9 L	9.23	10. 3	6.31	7. 9
13	D	An t-seann Bhealltainn.	4. 7 E	10.37	11. 9	7.46	8.21
14	H	Bàs Raibeirt Kirke, 1692.	8.13 L	11.37	...	8.53	9.24
15	S	Bàs Shir Sheumais Dhomhnullaich, C.M.F.,* 1857.	4. 3 E	0. 5	0.31	9.54	10.22
16	☽	*III. Donaich an dèigh na Caisge.*	8.16 L	0.57	1.21	10.48	11.13
17	L	Bàs an Ollaimh Mhic Aoidh, 1873.	4. 0 E	1.44	2. 6	11.37	...
18	M	An Eaglais-Shaor, 1843.	8.20 L	2.28	2.48	0. 1	0.22
19	C	Fosgl. Ardsgoil Chill-Ribhinn, 1411.	3.56 E	3. 7	3.26	0.43	1. 4
20	D	Coinneamh nan Ardsheanadh.	8. 24L	3.45	4. 3	1.25	1.44
21	H	Bàs mhentròs, 1650.	3.53 E	4.21	4.41	2. 2	2.20
22	S	Latha Ionaruiridh, 1308.	8.27 L	5. 1	5.21	2.39	2.58
23	☽	*IV. Donaich an dèigh na Caisge.*	3.50 E	5.43	6. 5	3.17	3.36
24	L	Breith na Banrigh, 1819.	8.30 L	6.29	6.53	3.57	4.20
25	M	Bàs Dheòrsa Fhordyce, 1802.	3.47 E	7.20	7.50	4.43	5. 8
26	C	Breith Sheòsaidh Ghrànnd, 1805.	8.34 L	8.22	8.54	5.36	6. 5
27	D	Breith Shir Thòmais Mhunro, 1761.	3.45 E	9.29	10. 4	6.37	7.10
28	H	Comunn Gaidhealach Lunnainn, 1778.	8.37 L	10.34	11. 3	7.43	8.14
29	S	Bàs a' Chardinail Pheutoin, 1546.	3.42 E	11.30	11.56	8.44	9.12
30	☽	*V. Donaich an dèigh na Caisge.*	8.31 L	...	0.18	9.38	10. 2
31	L	Bàs Deòrsa Chalmers, 1825.	3.39 E	0.39	1. 0	10.24	10.47

* A' chrois mhòr Feadhnach—[G.C.B.]

THE PAST AND PRESENT POSITION OF THE SKYE CROFTERS.

MR. LACHLAN MACDONALD of Skaebost, Isle of Skye, has recently issued a valuable pamphlet, for private circulation, entitled "The Past and Present Condition of the Skye Crofters." We present it to our readers, for whom, it will be seen, it was originally written, in the following abridged form. A series of 23 valuable full-page tables are printed at the end of the pamphlet. These would be unsuitable for our pages. We, however, think that Skaebost should publish the whole pamphlet in the usual way, and so make it accessible to the general public :—

It is scarcely an exaggeration [he writes] to say that, were the Island of Skye polled to-morrow, and the wishes of the people taken, the voice of the large majority would be—Perish Landlordism, and let the land be divided among us.

"Give us more land, and restore to us the land robbed from our forefathers under cover of Landlord-made laws," has been the demand of the crofters ever since the present agitation commenced ; and no doubt this feeling had its origin, and possibly still exists, from a sense of indignation arising out of a widely-spread belief among them, that a great and grievous wrong was done to their ancestors, from the consequences of which the present generation is now suffering.

My object in writing this is to try and ascertain, if possible, the truth of the above charge, and to what extent the Skye crofters were injured by the Skye proprietors, and whether the Skye crofters of to-day are justified in the attitude they have assumed towards the Skye proprietors. The way in which I propose tackling this knotty problem is by an examination of authentic figures, showing the past and present rentals, and distribution of the lands of the Isle of Skye.

According to the return presented to Parliament in 1872-73, popularly known as the Domesday Book, the Island of Skye contained 408,657 acres, and in former times 219,596 acres of this land belonged to the Macleods, and was called and known as Macleod's country ; the remaining 189,061 acres belonging to the Macdonalds and Mackinnons. The following figures embrace the whole of these lands, with the exception of 13,000 acres of the Mackinnon lands, now belonging to Mr. Alexander Macalister of Strathaird, and entered in the Valuation Roll for 1885 at a rental of £939 19s., of which about 11 per cent. is paid by crofters. Also, say about 5000 acres now belonging to Lord Macdonald, and entered in the Valuation Roll for 1885 at a rental of £538 16s., and which is occupied by 68 crofters, paying £488 10s., and one other tenant paying £50 6s.

THE MACLEOD COUNTRY.

In 1664, the whole of Macleod's country belonged to the Macleod of Macleod of the day ; now the same lands are owned by eight different proprietors.

Macleod's country was occupied in 1664 by

73	Tacksmen rented at	£917	4 8
105	Joint-tenants rented at	246	1 8
178		£1163	6 4

The same lands were held in 1885 as follows :—

5	Proprietors rated at	£3242	0 0
10	Tacksmen rented ,,	6219	15 8
8	Farmers ,, ,,	277	14 0
745	Crofters ,, ,,	3052	2 5
12	Others paying	296	17 6
780		£13,088	9 7

Those figures show that a great change has taken place since 1664. They show that the rent is now more than eleven times greater in Macleod's country than it was in 1664; and, in the second place, that the tacksmen class of that day has become extinct. They show also that the lands occupied by 73 tacksmen, then paying 78½ per cent. of the entire rental, are now mostly held by 10 large graziers, and by 5 proprietors paying 72½ per cent of the present rental; and that the lands then occupied by 178 individuals are now held by no fewer than 780 persons. At the same time, the figures make it apparent that, whoever has cause to complain of the joining of field to field, the crofters do not seem to have suffered so much as is generally supposed. Those paying under £30 a year now pay 23 per cent. of the rental, and other small farmers pay 2 per cent., or a total of 25 per cent., against 21½ per cent. paid by joint-tenants in 1664. This proves that, instead of the crofters' possessions decreasing, they have increased. But it may be said anything can be proved by statistics, and it may doubtless be asked, how can we account for all the green spots which we find here and there surrounded by wildernesses of heather, and marking the sites of former habitations, as, for instance, in Bracadale, that Parish in Macleod's country which is most coveted by the crofters, and to which the Royal Commission pointed as an instance of the reduction of numbers?

An examination of its figures will show that this Parish of Bracadale was formerly, as now, mostly occupied by the gentry, and that the crofters' ancestors (those of them who are descended from joint-tenants) never had much of a footing, either in it or in Minginish.

The present Parish of Bracadale consists of part only of the ancient Barony of Bracadale, and of the whole of the Barony of Minginish, and the lands which now comprise it were held in 1664 by

32	Tacksmen rented at the sum of	£448	0 2
17	Joint-tenants rented at	50	12 4
49		£498	12 6

The same lands were occupied in 1885 as follows :—

1	Proprietor rated at the sum of	£1620	0 0
5	Tacksmen paying a rental of	3849	3 6
6	Small farmers ,, ,,	200	0 0
57	Crofters ,, ,,	91	5 0
3	Other persons ,, ,,	131	10 0
72		£5891	18 6

Showing that the crofters pay about 1½ per cent. of the rental, and that the other small tenants pay nearly 3½ per cent., or a total of only 5 per cent., against 10 per

cent. paid by joint-tenants in 1664. And here we have a clear case of a decrease in the crofters' interests, and which might be made much of by one, from a party point of view, intent only on showing that lands held by joint-tenants in former days are now held by tacksmen; and, consequently, that the descendants of the joint-tenants who occupied those lands in 1664 must have been expatriated. Yet this would be quite an unfair conclusion to arrive at, for the descendants of the joint-tenants of 1664 were only removed from one part of the parish to another part, or, at most, to a neighbouring parish.

The crofters of to-day seem to be under the impression that there were no removals or changes under the government of the ancient Chiefs; but this is a mistake, which is proved by the evidence of the joint-tenants and cottars of 1733.

The barony known as Bracadale, in the 1664 rental, comprised that part of the present parish of Snizort, south and west of the Skaebost River; and the barony of Minginish, in the 1664 rental, is now included in the present parish of Bracadale. In 1664 those lands were occupied by

38	Tacksmen paying a rental of - - - - -	£516	9 6
17	Joint-tenants ,, ,, - - - - -	50	12 4
55		£567	1 10

Showing the joint-tenants paid 9 per cent. of the rental, and the same lands are now held by

2	Proprietors rated at the sum of - - - -	£1820	0 0
6	Tacksmen paying a rental of - - - - -	3994	3 6
7	Small farmers ,, ,, - - - - -	247	0 0
154	Crofters ,, ,, - - - - -	540	1 4
6	Other persons ,, ,, - - - - -	174	15 0
175		£6775	19 10

By which it is seen that the crofters contribute 8 per cent., and other small farmers pay about 3½ per cent., or a total of 11½ per cent., against 9 per cent. paid by joint-tenants in 1664.

The present parish of Duirinish comprises the whole of the lands of the ancient baronies of Duirinish and Waternish, as given in the 1664 rental, and those two baronies were then held by

35	Tacksmen paying a rental of - - - -	£400	15 2
88	Joint-tenants ,, ,, - - - - -	195	9 4
123		£596	4 6

Showing that the joint-tenants paid 33 per cent. of the rental at that time, and the same lands were held in 1885 by

3	Proprietors rated at the sum of - - - -	£1422	0 0
4	Tacksmen paying a rental of - - - - -	2225	12 2
1	Small Farmer ,, ,, - - - - -	30	14 0
591	Crofters ,, ,, - - - - -	2512	1 1
6	Other persons ,, ,, - - - - -	122	2 6
605		£6312	9 9

By which it is seen that the crofters of to-day pay 40 per cent. of the rental, against 33 per cent. paid by joint-tenants in 1664. Yet, did we apply the same test to a part of the lands of this Parish as I did to a portion of Bracadale, it would be found that in the ancient barony of Waternish the joint-tenants paid 55 per cent. of the rental,

and the tacksmen the remaining 45 per cent. In 1885, the tables are exactly reversed—the tacksmen and proprietors paying 55 per cent., and the crofters the remaining 45 per cent. The true solution is, therefore, only to be found in a comparison of the statistics for the whole of Macleod's country, which show, as before mentioned, that the crofter class of to-day pay 25 per cent. of the entire rental, against 21½ per cent. paid by the joint-tenants in 1664. The fact of finding one part of the country stocked with sheep, and another part overcrowded with crofters, may simply be put down as the accidents incidental to experiments. I must mention that the population of Duirinish was always excessive compared with the rental and acreage of the parish; for, when examining the figures, in order to ascertain the probable number of cottars in Duirinish, I could not possibly account for 700 of the population, though I could account for all in Bracadale except 139.

There were in all 114 farms in Macleod's country, rented at £1163 6s. 4d. in 1664. 56 of those farms, originally rented at £618 13s. 2d., were always held by tacksmen or proprietors; and 12 farms, originally rented at £126 12s 9d., were always occupied either by joint-tenants or crofters. So those 68 farms, originally rented at £745 5s. 11d., being accounted for as unchanged, we have only the remaining 46 farms, originally rented at £418 os. 5d., to deal with, and they are the farms really constituting the crofters' grievance in Macleod's country. Of those 46 farms, 12, originally rented at £119 8s. 11d., and which were occupied by joint-tenants in 1664, are now held by proprietors or tacksmen. 12 farms, originally rented at £108 15s. 11d., and held by tacksmen in 1664, were made over to crofters at various periods between 1745 and 1880; the crofters were afterwards removed from those farms, and they are now possessed by proprietors or tacksmen. Putting these farms together, we have a total of 24, originally rented at £228 4s. 10d., to which the crofters can point as once having belonged either to their ancestors or to themselves; and many of them can point to such land, now under sheep, as the land that gave them birth. But 22 farms, originally rented at £189 15s. 7d., and held by tacksmen in 1664, are now possessed by crofters. So to balance the account, and to show the actual wrong done, and to what extent the changes have operated to the disadvantage of the crofters, we have only to place the figures thus—

From 24 farms to which crofters can lay claim as once having belonged to them, and originally rented at -	£228	4	10
Deduct 22 farms now possessed by crofters, which formerly belonged to tacksmen, originally rented at - - -	189	15	7
2 Farms . . . . Balance - - -	£38	9	3

By this analysis it is seen that the crofting interest has been reduced to the extent of two farms, and the money value of £38 9s. 3d., according to the old valuation, from what it was in their palmiest days. But let it be born in mind that the possessions of the present crofters are considerably larger than were the possessions of the joint-tenants in 1664; for in those days 105 joint-tenants held 24 farms, valued at £246 1s. 8d., against which we have now 745 crofters and 8 small farmers occupying 34 of the old farms, which were originally rented at £316 8s. 4d.

I shall now proceed to examine the figures regarding

THE MACDONALD AND MACKINNON LANDS.

The Macdonald lands had a much larger proportion of joint-tenants on them than either the Macleod or the Mackinnon lands had. The joint-tenants on the Mac-

donald lands paid 40 per cent. of the rental against 21½ per cent. paid by the joint-tenants on the Macleod lands, and 24 per cent. paid by joint-tenants on the Mackinnon lands, and though the Macdonald possessions in Skye were not so extensive as the Macleod possessions, yet the Macdonalds outnumbered them. The Macleod lands were possessed by only 178 tenants, whereas the Macdonald lands had 428 tenants, which may account for the latter having been able to hold possession of Troterness by no other title than the sword for nearly a century, notwithstanding Macleod of Macleod's crown charter.

The present rental of the Macdonald and Mackinnon lands is nine and a half times greater than in 1733 and 1751. I have gone into this question of the increase of rental in detail, and find some great and striking differences between some of the present and past rentals, but even in instances where the present rentals are found to be twenty times higher than the figures at which they stood in former days, I find that they are now really no higher rented than the neighbouring lands, where the increase is only eight or ten times higher than in old times. Waternish, which had a large proportion of joint-tenants in 1664, has a present rental of only eight times greater than it was upwards of 200 years ago, and Kilmuir, which is so loudly complained of as being rack-rented, stands only nine times higher than it did in 1733.

The Macdonald and Mackinnon lands were occupied as follows in 1733 and 1751 :—

135	Farms held by 64 Tacksmen and Proprietors, rated at - - - - - - - - -	£1090 18 11
77	Farms held by 374 Joint-Tenants, paying - -	654 16 11
212		£1745 15 10

By which it is seen that Tacksmen and Proprietors paid 62½ per cent. of the rental, and the joint-tenant the remaining 37½ per cent.

The present rental and distribution are—

2	Proprietors rated at the sum of - - - -	£410 1 0
19	Tacksmen paying a rental of - - - -	8721 10 6
4	Small farmers ,, - - - -	279 0 0
1298	Crofters ,, - - - -	6305 6 7
20	Others ,, - - - - -	607 7 6
1343		£16,323 5 7

The tacksmen's interests in the land, instead of having increased, have been reduced, for they now pay only 56 per cent. of the rental, against 62½ per cent. paid by their class in 1733 and 1751, and the crofting interests have slightly increased, for the crofters pay 38½ per cent., and if the 1¾ per cent. paid by the small farmers be added, we find that in all they pay 40 per cent. of the entire rental, against 37½ paid by the joint-tenants in 1733 and 1751.

I shall now subject the changes that took place on the Macdonald and Mackinnon lands to the same test as I applied to the changes that took place in Macleod's country.

Ninety-eight farms, originally rented at £747 14s. 6½d., were always held by tacksmen, and 46 farms, originally rented at £438 15s. 6d., were always occupied either by joint-tenants or by crofters; so those 144 farms formerly rented at £1186 10s. 1d., being accounted for as unchanged since 1733 and 1751, we have only to consider the remaining 68 farms, originally rented at £559 5s. 7½d.

The total figures show that the crofters were deprived of 38 farms, originally rented at £271 8s. 10½d (¾), but against this must be put figures, showing that in return they got 30 farms, originally rented at £287 16s. 9d. (¾), or a loss to the crofters of 8 farms, and a gain to them in land of the yearly value of £16 7s. 10½d., according to the old valuation. From what I have said, it must not be supposed that I uphold all the changes, or the system under which such changes were possible. On the other hand, I quite approve of fixity of tenure.

The figures for the Mackinnon lands only give the names of 10 tacksmen, but as 19 pennies of land were held by joint-tenants, I think we may calculate the number as having been about 38, which would make a total of 654 tenants for the whole of Skye; and taking 5 persons to represent a family, we have 3273 souls who had a direct interest in the land.

The general impression among Reformers is that this Island contained a larger population in former days than it does now. In 1750 it was given at 10,671, and previous to that date it could not have been larger and live; and probably it was as large in 1664 as in 1733. Constant loss on the battlefield and periodical famine would have kept it at its normal figure. We know from tradition and from accounts given by travellers shortly after this time, and before any great changes had taken place, and from the stones and mounds that still mark the spots on which stood the cottars' huts, that the cottars must have been a numerous class, though it is utterly impossible to determine the number who held lands from tacksmen, and who paid rent either in money, or in kind, or in labour.

In the judicial rental for 1733, we have the evidence of 36 cottars in Slate, and of 4 cottars in Kilmuir, and from their positions, and from the evidence of some of the tacksmen, especially that of Alex. Macdonald of Glentalton, I take six or seven pennies of land and about £20 of a rental to have been—say the maximum a tacksman kept in his own hands, and all lands held over that value I count as subset. On this assumption I base my calculation of the probable number of cottars in the island at the time the judicial rentals were taken. The calculation is, of course, uncertain, but I have no more trustworthy source of information. We know the tacksmen required a certain number of hands to do the tillage of their farms, as in those days every available spot was cultivated. The stock consisted of black cattle, requiring to be hand-fed in winter, the easier method of putting most of the land under sheep not having been introduced till about the beginning of the present century. And in making the following calculation, I have kept before me the size of the farms and the probable number of small tenants in the neighbourhood. The average rental paid by joint-tenants in the Barony of Macdonald was £1 11s. 1½d. In Slate it amounted to £2 1s. 2d., but in Snizort only to £1 5s. 8d. The smallest rental I could find paid by a joint-tenant direct to his chief was 5s. 3d. yearly. The Slate cottars paid at an average of 19s. 2d., and held a little more than a farthing of land each; but we are bound to conclude there must have been very many small holdings to enable us to account for the population, and probably a farthing of land was the maximum for a cottar to hold. The following, from the judicial rental of 1733, refers to this question:—

"Thereafter, several of the sub-tenants or cottars of the said Alex. Macdonald "of Glentalton were called and examined on the rent of their possessions under him, "and they declared that they have their possessions sub-sett to them at the same rate "that Glentalton has the lands himself from Sir Alexander Macdonald, only that

"some of them who possess a farthing pay, give an acknowledgment to the Lady "Glentalton of a wedder and two merks and a half of **kitchen* for being continued "from year to year on their possessions."

Including the number of cottars required to work the various tacks, I have allowed in all for Slate 69 cottars, for Strath 118, for Portree 80, for Snizort 140, for Kilmuir 106, for Bracadale and Minginish 260, and for Duirinish and Waternish 258 —total 1031 cottars, which, multiplied by 5, gives 5155, and added to 3270 already accounted for, we have a total of 8425 out of a population of 10,671 accounted for, leaving 2246 who must have existed by some other means.

To sum up the position, the lands mentioned were held in the past by

132	Tacksmen or proprietors paying - - -	£2008	3	7
517	Joint-tenants paying - - - - -	900	18	7
and say 1031	Cottars holding from tacksmen.			
1690		£2909	2	2

The actual [present] position is—

7	Proprietors rated at - - - - - -	£3652	1	0
29	Tacksmen rented at - - - - - -	14,941	6	2
12	Farmers paying - - - - - -	556	14	0
2043	Crofters ,, - - - - - -	9357	9	0
32	Other persons paying - - - - -	904	5	0
2123		£29,411	15	2

It now only remains to be added, in order to enable the reader to judge of the probable condition of life enjoyed by the inhabitants of the past, with the position of life enjoyed by the present generation, to mention what the output of the Island was in past times. Pennant estimated it in 1772 as follows :—

4000	Cows at £2 10s. each - - - - -	£10,000	0	0
250	Horses, but he does not mention the price, say £10 at most, - - - - - -	2500	0	0
9000	Bolls of meal at £1 - - - - -	9000	0	0
		£21,500	0	0

which would be nearly £2 per head, in a favourable year, but which would be down to zero in a bad one.

At the time Pennant made this rough estimate of say £21,500 as the output of the Island, he remarked that the rentals had risen by an "unnatural force," in some instances to double and treble what they had been in 1750. So if we take say £7000 as representing the rental of 1772, the output was about three times greater than the rental, and matters have not changed much, comparatively speaking, or rather proportionately, since then ; for the present agricultural rental, in round figures for the whole Island, amounts to say £30,500, and the output now-a-days may be put down at about £95,000, which makes it very nearly, as it was in 1772, about three times greater than the rental.

So far, therefore, as the resources of the land are concerned, they are now, as they always were, meagre in the extreme, as compared with the population to be supported. If we suppose a family of 5 persons to live on £70 a year, the Island at this rate would support only 1357 families ; but, as a matter of fact, we have fully more than 3600 families now living in it, and our yearly expenditure is more than

* This term applies to dairy produce, such as butter and cheese.

a quarter of a million, so we are practically much more dependent on the state of trade, and on our fishings, and on the demand for labour in the South, than we are on the land.

I commenced compiling the statistics I now give, with the intention that they should appear in the pages of the *Celtic Magazine*, to which periodical I had contributed other papers on the crofter question, but as they have become so bulky, I now print them in pamphlet form, and as the public attention is at present directed to the crofter legislation now under the consideration of Parliament, I hope they may be found to be of some interest as showing the position of affairs, past and present, regarding this question in the Island of Skye.

Skaebost, Isle of Skye, L. MACDONALD.
March 12, 1886.

THE CAMERONS OF RANNOCH.

(Continued.)

DONALD CAMERON of Blarachaorin was, as already stated, son of Duncan Cameron of Letterfinlay, a cadet of the House of Lochiel, commonly styled Doncha vic Mhartainn. The traditions of the oldest residents in Rannoch, written down towards the end of last century by the late Lieut. Alexander Macgregor of Tempar, are to the effect that one of the Lochiels of the day married the heiress of Letterfinlay, and, afterwards, bestowed the estate on a younger son whom he had named Martin after his mother, and from whom the Macmartin Camerons are descended. Be that as it may, Cameron of Blarachaorin was styled in the vernacular by his patronymic of Mhic-'ic-Mhartainn na Leitirach, and his descendants in Rannoch are known, to the present day, as the Cloinn-'ic-Mhartainn.

Blarachaorin's marriage with Rachel Macgregor proved to be a happy one, and a warm friendship soon sprung up between him and his father-in-law, who not only condoned the abduction of his daughter, but allowed her a handsome marriage portion. This friendship, so singular in origin, cemented by frequent intermarriages, subsisted to the latest times between the Camerons of Camuserochd, where Blarachaorin's descendants were settled for several generations, and the Macgregors of Dunan and Ardlarich. Indeed, the present account of the Camuserochd family has been largely compiled from the genealogical researches of the grandson of the last of the Macgregors of Ardlarich, the late Captain John Macgregor of the 24th Regiment, whose MSS. are in the possession of his nephew, Robert Cameron, of Prospect Hill, Gourock.

Cameron of Blarachaorin had, by his wife, a son John, the immediate ancestor of the Camerons of Camuserochd, and a daughter, who married her cousin, Ianduy Oig of Dunan.

I. John Cameron, commonly called John Ban Abrach, and sometimes Mac-'ic-Mhartainn na Leitirach, settled at Camuserochd about the year 1677, and was the first of the name who owned lands in Rannoch. His uncle, Patrick Macgregor of Dunan, being very old, and feeling that his end was near, sent for John Ban, and, by an offer of the lands of Camuserochd, obtained from him a promise to marry his young widow (as to whose future Patrick was very solicitous) after his demise. Patrick had been thrice married, his third wife being a daughter of John Macgregor of Ardlarich, whose name is mentioned in the decree against the tenants of Slismine, dated 24th May, 1695. By the widow of Patrick, John Ban had three sons, Donald Roy, who succeeded him, Duncan, and John, who, along with their kinsman, Duncan Mac Ianduy Oig, took part in the rising of the clans in 1715.

II. Donald Cameron, commonly called Donald Roy vic Mhartainn, when quite a boy, succeeded his father, who died circa 1690. He married Miss Kennedy, daughter of Kennedy of Lionachan in Lochaber, by whom he had a numerous family of sons and daughters. His eldest son, Alister, joined in the rebellion of 1745 under Major Menzies of Shian and Robert Macgregor of Ardlarich, and was killed at the Battle of Culloden. A younger brother, also in the army of Prince Charles, is supposed to have

been cut off in the retreat from Derby. Donald was succeeded in Camuserochd by his second son, Ewen.

III. Ewen Cameron married Miss Robertson, daughter of Robertson of Drumachaon in Rannoch. He was a tall, powerful man, of whose feats of strength several anecdotes are recorded. He is said to have been endowed with the second sight,* and many weird tales are related of his visions, particularly referring to the disastrous events of the Rebellion, in which two of his brothers, whom he had tried to dissuade from joining the army of the Pretender, had met the fate that awaited so many of their fellow-clansmen in that romantic but ill-starred enterprise. The following anecdote is told of Ewen :—

The eldest of his boys was named after Robertson of Drumachaon, his father-in-law, the second after Ewen's own father. While yet little fellows, they one day quarrelled and fought. The youngest knocked down his elder brother and was on top of him, whereupon the father sung out this extempore verse :—

Tha an seol so mur bu choir dha,
'San doigh so mur bu dual dith,
† Gnasach Bein-a-brichda
Air muin slichd ‡Bein-a-chuallach.

Ewen's oldest boy having died young, he was succeeded by the second son, Donald.

IV. Donald Cameron was born in Camuserochd in 1735, and married, in 1758, Janet Macgregor, of the family of Dunan, by whom he had several sons and daughters. Like his father, Donald was endowed with the second sight, and many stories are told of him in this connection by his grandson, Robert, now living, who himself speaks of the second sight with the greatest reverence, and would almost rank as a blasphemer anyone who should speak of it disrespectfully. He writes :—

"The gift of the second sight, though sneered at and discredited by pseudo-philosophers of the present day, was not at all

* A very unhappy rendering of *An da Shealladh*, which means rather the double sight, a vision, that is, at once of the present and the future. Deuteroscopia is an ignorant and barbarous term for second sight.

† The native inhabitants of Ben-a-brichda, near Ben Nevis.

‡ A hill north of Mount Alexander, and then the property of the Robertsons of Drumachaon, a district on the north side of the River Tummel.

a rare thing among the inhabitants of Rannoch in my youth. There must be something in it when the sceptic Dr. Johnson was converted into the belief of it during his tour in the Western Islands.

> "'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

On one occasion Donald went to see a sick neighbour who was then on his death-bed. He found in the house of the bed-ridden man a number of other friends and acquaintances, all of whom Donald saluted, except one whom he looked at but did not further notice. When the company, including this person, left the room, the people of the house expressed to Donald their surprise at his strange conduct in ignoring the presence of one of his nearest neighbours. "Good heaven," replied Donald, "was it that man? I did not recognise him, for his whole person and face were enveloped in a shroud." Next day the startling news came of the person's death. He had passed away even before the sick man whose last moments he had come to witness on the previous night!

So common were apparitions of this nature in the Highlands, that the number of one's days on earth could be foretold with almost scientific precision by those who had the gift of the second sight. In a company of people one might be seen with a shroud covering his legs, or perhaps a small portion of his body besides, indicating that death was yet a long way off. But if the shroud reached high up, so as to cover the face or the entire person, it was a sure sign that the grave was about to close over him for ever.

Besides daughters, Donald had five sons, Ewen, the eldest, who succeeded him; Angus and John, who lived and died in Rannoch; Donald and Duncan, who emigrated to Nova Scotia and leave descendants there.

V. Ewen Cameron, called sometimes Ewen Du an Daraich (Black Ewen of the Oak), factor to Sir Neil Menzies, Bart. He was born at Camuserochd in 1759 and died there in 1844, ætat 85. He married, in 1805, Rachel, daughter of Macgregor of Lerigan,

and grand-daughter of Alister Mac-Gillespa,* the last of the ancient family of Macgregors of Ardlarich.† Rachel lived till the year 1871, and was 94 years old at her death. Her brother, the late Captain John Macgregor of the 24th Foot, has left a MS. history of the Macgregors and Camerons of Rannoch, embodying the result of much careful research.

Two of Ewen's sons are still alive; (1), Robert, the eldest of the family; (2), Angus, born 1819, residing at St. George's, Gloucester. He married Jessie, daughter of the late Dr. Johnstone of Edinburgh, with issue—three sons and three daughters.

VI. Robert Cameron, Prospect Hill, Gourock, the present representative of the family, was born in Rannoch in 1809. He married, in 1840, Jessie, daughter of the late Lieutenant John Macdonald of the East India Company's service, with issue—

(1.) John, M.D., Edinburgh, J.P. for Argyleshire.
(2.) Evan, M.D., died 1871.
(3.) Ann, married with issue.
(4.) Christina.
(5.) Duncan, M.A., Indian Civil Service, married, in 1885, Jessie-Sophia, daughter of the late Captain Russell Thomas Birch, of the 20th Foot, and grand-daughter of Sir William Russell, Bart. of Charlton Park, Gloucester.
(6.) Robert William Dickenson, M.D., Edinburgh.

CAMERONS OF CAMGHURAN.

Besides the Cloinn-'ic-Mhartainn, there is in Rannoch another sept of Camerons on the *south* side of the loch at Camghuran, who are known as the Cloinn-Ian-Cheir and the Cloinn-Ian-Bhiorraich. Their origin is involved in obscurity, but a small

* Captain Macgregor states that his grandfather, this Alexander Macgregor of Ardlarich, was the heir of the Macgregors of Glenstrae, and, as such, claimed the title of Chief of the Clan Gregor. Alexander died in 1788 at the age of 88. His only son died young, and with him the male line became extinct.

† The families of Ardlarich, Dunan, and Lerigan were offshoots of the House of Roro, in Glenlyon.

colony of Camerons, from Glenevis principally, seems to have settled on that side of Loch Rannoch towards the end of the seventeenth century.

Between them and the Macgregors there were frequent feuds, and, on one occasion, they were well nigh exterminated by the latter. One of the chief men of Camghuran was married to a Macgregor from Ardlarich, and a tragic tale is told of how her seven boys, all but one, were butchered before her eyes by her own kinsmen. A party of Camerons, who had gone to Ardlarich with corn to be ground at a mill there, impudently tethered their horses to her father's stacks, and, on being remonstrated with, one of them loosened his horse's halter, with which he dealt Macgregor, an old man, such a violent blow on the face that he fell bleeding and insensible. This insult was speedily followed by a terrible retribution. The old man's sons and others of his relatives, on hearing what had happened, were highly incensed, and demanded of the Camerons of Camghuran the immediate surrender of the man who had dared to offer a Macgregor such an indignity. A refusal, couched in sarcastic language, being returned, the Macgregors resolved to be avenged on their contumaceous neighbours. They invited the assistance of The Mackintosh from Badenoch, and fell suddenly on the Camerons, whom they slaughtered without mercy, old and young alike. Several who tried to save themselves by swimming the loch, got entangled in the weeds, and were either killed or drowned. One man actually succeeded in making good the opposite shore, but he had no sooner got out of the water than he was seized by a party of Macgregors who had hurried round the loch to intercept him. Being brought before The Mackintosh, and asked whether he would prefer to throw himself on his mercy or that of the Macgregors—"Co dhiu a chuireas thu fein fo mheachainn Mhic-Griogair na fo mheachainn Mhic-an-Toishich?" Cameron, who despised that it should be said that he owed his life to the grace of a Mackintosh, replied—"Fhad sa bhitheas Griogarach beo air thalamh cha chuirinn mi fhein fo mheachainn cait."* He was immediately despatched, Mackintosh remarking that had he relied

* Referring to the motto of the Mackintoshes.

on his favour he might have come better off.

A single Cameron only, a little child—the youngest of seven—is said to have escaped on this occasion. The mother of this family, a Macgregor, referred to above, whose husband had just been put to death before her face, was told that if she begged on her knees for the life of her children they would be spared to her. With the pride characteristic of the Macgregor race, she scorned to humble herself. Never, said she, would a tear be seen in her eye although the last of them were slain. With all the fortitude of a stoic she beheld her children brought out one by one and brained against a stone before her eyes. But when the last of them, an infant only a few weeks old, was about to be similarly despatched, the maternal instinct so overpowered her pride that she implored its life in a flood of tears.* This infant, the only one of the name of Cameron that survived the massacre, is said to have been the progenitor of those who are known at the present day as the Cloinn-Ian-Cheir and the Cloinn-Ian-Bhiorraich of Camghuran.

About sixty years ago the population of Rannoch was considerable, and a full half of the people were Camerons. But since then they have become scattered in all directions by the harshness of the land laws and other causes. Many found their way to Athole and Argyleshire, and a great number emigrated, chiefly to Canada and Nova Scotia, so that very few of the name are now to be found in the district. Alas! the Rannoch of to-day is a vast solitude given over to sheep and deer.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
Where *deer* accumulate and men decay."

* "A bhean gun cheill," said Mackintosh to her, "b' fhearr a chianamh n'an drasd."

THE CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.—Provost Macandrew's reply to the Rev. Æneas Chisholm is too late for this issue. It will appear in our next.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

XIV. JOHN MACLEOD of Harris and Dunvegan, on the 9th of November, 1626, was served heir to his father, Sir Roderick Macleod, in the various lands forming the Barony of Dunvegan, including the Castle of that name, and five *unciate* of the lands of Waternish of the old extent of £18 13s. 4d., and infeft in the whole family estates, on a precept from Chancery. He was afterwards, on a decreet of the Privy Council of Scotland, proceeding on the contract, already referred to, entered into by his father, Sir Roderick, with the Earl of Argyll, obliged to resign his lands of Glenelg into the King's hands, in favour of the Earl's son and successor, and to take a charter of it, holding it of him, while he had to pay him 20,000 merks for taxing the ward, marriage, and relief, by which tenure it was held by the Macleods of Dunvegan. During the reign of John Macleod, some difficulty arose between the Island Chiefs and the Court, in connection with the fishings on their coasts. The landowners were charged with exacting sundry duties from His Majesty's subjects, to their great prejudice, when fishing in the West; and, also, with "bringing in strangers and loading the vessels with fish and other native commodities, contrary to our laws." Charles the First wrote a letter to the Privy Council, dated the 26th of May, 1634, requested their lord-

ships to call before them "the landlords of the Isles where the fishing is, and taking account of them by knowing upon what warrant they take these duties." The Privy Council appointed the Lord of Lorn and the Bishop of the Isles to make the enquiry demanded by the King. These gentlemen appeared personally before the Lords of the Privy Council at Edinburgh, on the 20th of November following, and handed in a report at Inveraray, dated the 9th of August. Here, in response to the summonses calling upon them to appear before the Commissioners, the following landlords and heritors presented themselves for examination:— Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat; John Macleod of Harris and Dunvegan; John Macdonald, Captain of Clanranald; Neil MacNeil of Barra; Sir Lauchlan Maclean of Movern; Murdoch Maclean of Lochbuy; Lauchlan Maclean of Coll; and Lauchlan, son of Charles Mackinnon, for the laird of that ilk. Each was asked in turn by the Commissioners what duties they exacted from people fishing on their respective coasts, when Sir Donald Macdonald; John Macleod of Dunvegan; the Captain of Clanranald; and Neil MacNeil of Barra, declared *viva voce*—"that it was the ancient custom, before the date of the contract after-specified (which they think to be about years or thereby), for everyone of them in whose bounds the herring fishing fell out, to exact of every bark and ship resorting thereto, for anchorage or ground lease, *one barrell of ale or meal*, in the owner's option; and, for each anchor laid on shore, *six shillings and eightpence;* and, out of every last of herring slain there, *three pounds of money;* together *with the benefit of every Saturday's fishing;* and that now they exact, only, from His Majesty's subjects of the Association, for each ship and bark that comes to the herring fishing, *thirty-six shillings*, Scots money; and, for each ship that comes to the gray and white fishing, *twenty merks;* and this for anchorage and ground lease, conform to a contract passed between the said Sir Donald, John MacRanald [of Clanranald] and [the] umquhile Sir Rorie Macleod, and some others of the Islanders, on the one part, and certain of the Burghs in the East country on the other part, in 1620 or thereby." In answer to questions, they maintained that they were entitled to make the charges complained of, in terms of this contract; that they uplifted the duties, being heritors

of the grounds, and, therefore, entitled to do so, it being an ancient custom past memory of man. The other Chiefs named, declared that there were no fishings within their bounds, but, if there were, "they would be content to exact no more than the said North Islanders do"! The document is signed by all those whose names are mentioned in the body of it, as well as by Lord Lorn and the Bishop of the Isles—Macneil, Maclean of Coll, and Lauchlan Mackinnon, declaring that *their* names were written "at our commands, because we cannot write ourselves."

On the 7th of August, 1635, a Proclamation was issued in which it stated that "great insolencies" had been committed upon His Majesty's subjects, fishing in the Isles, by the Islanders coming in troops and companies to the lochs where the fish are taken, and there violently spoiling the King's subjects of their fish, "and sometimes of their victuals and other furniture; pursues them of their lives, breaks the shoals of the herring, and commits more insolencies upon them, to the great hinder and disappointing of the fishing, hurt of His Majesty's subjects, to the contempt of his Majesty's authority and laws"; for the preventing of which disorders John Macleod of Dunvegan and the others named, this time including the Earl of Seaforth and Sir Donald Campbell of Ardnamurchan, in addition to those named in the previously quoted document, are charged; "that none of them presume nor take upon hands to give warrant to any persons whatsoever under them, but to such for whose good rule they will be answerable. These documents show the nature of the claims made by the landowners of those days even to the shoals of herring that frequented their coasts.

On the 19th of September, 1628, John Macleod of Dunvegan entered into a contract with the Earl of Seaforth, Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, John Macdonald of Clanranald, Sir Lauchlan Mackinnon of Strath, and Alexander Macleod of Raasay, for the preservation of deer and other game on their respective estates, and for the punishment of any persons trespassing in pursuit of game. The agreement is, in many respects, so like our modern game laws, including the provision that one witness shall be sufficient to procure a conviction, that we give it almost entire, simply modernising the orthography. Having given the names of the

contracting parties by whom, "It is condescended, contracted, finally and mutually agreed and ended" between them, the document proceeds as follows:—

"That is to say, for as much as there has been diverse and sundry good Acts of Parliament made by His Majesty's predecessors, Kings of Scotland of worthy memory, wherein shooting with guns, bows and hounds, are absolutely forbidden for slaying and shooting of deer and roe and other beasts pasturing within His Majesty's bounds of Scotland as, at more length is contained in the said Acts of Parliament; for keeping and fulfilling whereof and for preserving and keeping the deer and roes within everyone of the honorable parties' forests, Isles and bounds, alive, and for keeping good society and neighbourhood among them; wit ye that the said honorable parties are hereby become bound and obliged, like as by the tenor hereof they faithfully bind and oblige them each one of them for their own parts and taking the full burden in and upon them respectively for their whole kin, men-tenants, and countrymen within every one of their bounds and isles, that they nor either of them, their kin, friends, men-tenants nor countrymen, shall nowise hereafter in time coming, presume nor take upon hand to hunt with dogs, to slay with hagbut or bow, any hart, hind, deer, roe, or doe, or any other beasts, either of the said honorable parties' forests, either on the continent, main, or isles, pertaining to either of the said honorable parties, without special license had and obtained in writing of the superior of the forest to the forrester of the forest; and whatsoever person, gentleman-tenant, or common countryman that presumes hereafter to hunt with dogs, shoot with guns or bow, any deer or roe in either of the foresaid honorable parties' forests, without the said license, purchased at the said superior's hands, the offender gentle [man] breaker of this contract and condescending shall hereby be bound and obliged to pay and deliver to the honorable party, owner of the forest, for the first fault, the sum of one hundred merks money of this realm, and the hagbut or bow to be taken from him and to be delivered to the superior of the forest in whose bounds, forest, or isles, the same wrong and contempt [may] be committed and done, and *toties quoties* for every breach of this present contract and condescending; the tenant to be hereby such-like bound and obliged to pay and deliver to the party, owner of the forest, for the first fault, the sum of forty pounds money, and the hagbut to the superior of the forest, and *toties quoties* for every breach of this present contract; and whatsoever common man or any other straggling person that [may] be found carrying a hagbut or bow through any of the said honorable parties' forests

for slaying deer or roe, and that he be not solvendo, nor worthy the unlaw to be imposed upon him for his contempt, the hagbut or bow [is] to be delivered to the superior of the forest where he shall happen to be found and his body [is] to be punished according as pleases the superior of the forest: Like as it is condescended by the said honorable parties in respect that many witnesses do not haunt nor travel through the said forests by reason the same is far distant and spacious from them, *that one witness shall be sufficient probation* against whatsoever person that [may] be found in manner foresaid in either of the said honorable parties' forests with hagbut, bow, or hound, and the party challenging and delaying to have for his pains and reward the third of the offender's fine, and the hagbut to the superior: Such-like the foresaid honorable parties are hereby become bound and obliged, like as they by the tenor hereof bind and oblige themselves, to deliver the transgressor and offender to the effect the party wronged and offended may censure and fine him according to the gravity of his contempt and fault, after trial thereof by famous and honest men; and [that] the party offending be presented to the said superior offended within fifteen days after the wrong is committed, under the pain of one hundred pounds money foresaid to be paid to the party wronged and offended, by the superior of him who commits the wrong and contempt of this present contract; and what the said famous and honest men after trial descerns [against] the transgressor for his fine and contempt, his superior shall be hereby bound and obliged to deliver to the honorable party wronged and offended his readiest goods and gear; aye, and until the honorable party wronged and offended be completely paid of the offender's fine, under the like pains of one hundred pounds *toties quoties:* And, finally, it is hereby specially condescended with consent of the said honorable parties above written that none or either of their countrymen or people shall take their course by boats, either to the lochs or harbours within the forests of Lewis and Harris, excepting the Lochs of Herisole in Lewis pertaining to the said noble earl; the Loch of Tarbert in Harris, pertaining to the said John Macleod; Lochmaddy, Lochefort, Loch-Mhic-Phail, and Kilrona in Uist, pertaining to the said Sir Donald Macdonald, in case they be not driven and distressed by stress of weather; and in case they be driven and distressed by stress of weather in any other lochs within the Islands of Lewis and Harris, it is hereby condescended that the keepage of every boat that shall happen to come in with their boats to any of the lochs above-written (except before excepted) with hagbuts, bows, or dog, shall not pass nor travel from their boats one pair of 'buttis'; and if any be found with gun, bow, or dog, to exceed the said bounds, hereby [he] shall be holden as an

offender and 'contempnar' of this present contract and condescending, and to be punished and fined as is above-written; and ordains this present minute of contract and condescending to be put in more ample form if need require."

The usual agreement follows—to have the document registered in the Books of Council, that it shall have the strength of a Decree of their Lordships, and that Letters of execution, poinding, and horning may follow thereon, "on a charge of ten days," in the usual form. It is subscribed by all the parties thereto, and witnessed by John Mackenzie of Lochslinn; William Macleod of Tallisker; John Mackenzie of Fairburn; and John Nicolson and John Ross, Notars.

John Macleod, on account of his great strength and size, was known among his countrymen as "Ian Mor," or Big John. He has a charter, under the Great Seal, of the lands and barony of Dunvegan, Glenelg, and others, dated the 11th of June, 1634. He was a great loyalist, strongly attached to the interests of Charles I., who wrote him a very friendly and kindly letter, dated Durham, the 2nd of May, 1639, thanking him for his services and promising him his constant favour. He continued in his loyalty all his life, though he appears to have refused to join Montrose. This may be accounted for from the fact that Alexander Macdonald, Montrose's Lieutenant, devasted the lands of the Earl of Argyll, who was Macleod's Superior in large portions of his estates. He is said to have been a most benevolent man, remarkable for his piety, and to have been at great pains to improve the morals and civilize his countrymen, who seem to have been much in need of it; for he secured for himself the designation of "Lot in Sodom," to indicate the contrast between his manner of life and that of those by whom he was surrounded in the Isles. He appears in the Valuation Roll for the County of Inverness, in 1644, as "Sir John Macleod of Dunvegan," his rental in Skye being, in that year, £7000 Scots., the highest rented proprietor appearing in the County at that time. His four brothers appear on the same Roll:—Roderick (of Tallisker), in Eynort and Bracadale, at £1200; Norman (afterwards Sir Norman of Bernera), in the Parish of Kilbride, at £533 6s. 8d.; William (of Hamer), in Kilmuir, at the same sum; and Donald, of Greshornish, at £666

13s. 4d., all Scots money. Macleod of Raasay's rental, at the same date, was exactly the same amount as Donald's of Greshornish.

John Macleod married Sibella, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, by his second wife, Isobel, daughter of Sir Gilbert Ogilvie of Powrie. She was thus half-sister of Colin, first, and full sister of George, second Earl of Seaforth. By her (who, as her second husband, married Alexander Fraser, Tutor of Lovat; and, as her third husband, Patrick Grant, Tutor of Grant), Macleod had issue, two sons and five daughters:—

1. Roderick, his heir and successor.
2. John, who succeeded his brother, Roderick.
3. Mary, who married, first, as his second wife, her cousin, Sir James Macdonald, ninth of Sleat, with issue, John Macdonald of Backney. She married, secondly, Muir of Rowallson.
4. Marion, who married her cousin, Donald Macdonald, eleventh of Clanranald, with issue, among others, Allan and Ranald, twelfth and thirteenth Chiefs of the family in succession. Her husband died at Canna in 1686, and her son, Allan, was killed at Sheriff-Muir.
5. Giles, or Julian, who married, first, Sir Allan Maclean, third Baronet of Morvern and Duart, with surviving issue—Sir John Maclean, fourth Baronet, who fought, when quite a young man, under Dundee, at Killiecrankie, and, afterwards, led his Clan to Sheriff-Muir, where he fought at their head under the Earl of Mar. She married, secondly, Campbell of Glendaruel.
6. Sybella, who married Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, tenth Lord Lovat, with issue, among others, Simon Lord Lovat, beheaded in 1746, for his part in the Rising of 1745; and Alexander, from whom John Fraser of Wales, the claimant to the Lovat honours and estates, claims descent.
7. Margaret, who married Sir James Campbell of Lawers, without issue.

John Macleod died early in September, 1649, when he was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be continued.)

TREE MYTHS AND FOREST LORE.

[By William Durie.]

IV.

VI.—DEATH.

Like the newspaper announcements, death is here treated after marriage. Trees have been called the *most living* symbols of life. Immortality has been held typified in the revival of the trees in spring, notwithstanding the paraphrased language of Job :—

> "The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
> And flourish green again,
> But man forsakes this earthly scene,
> Ah ! never to return."

The mournful appearance of some trees, such as the cypress and the weeping willow, has rendered appropriate their dedication to the dead. The old Romans had a complete rubric for the employment of certain trees for funerary purposes. When a man fell sick, a branch of laurel was hung over the door of the house in compliment to Apollo, the god of medicine. If the sickness ended in death, the laurel was taken down, and black boughs of cypress (emblem of Pluto, god of the lower regions) were substituted, or boughs of larch, which Pliny calls the funeral tree. Upon the coffin were placed wreaths of cypress leaves, decked with lilies and leaves of olive, laurel, and white poplar. And, during the procession to the grave, torches made of pine were burned, while the mourners, carrying sprigs of cypress, walked to the music of flutes, made only of boxwood. It has been supposed that the sprigs of cypress indicated the belief that the dead had died for ever.

The old Celtic inhabitants of our country, and some even yet, were so attached to trees, and thought man's life so intimately bound up with them, that they believed that for every tree cut down, somebody in the district would die in the same

year. The withering of the bay-laurel was once, in England, taken for an omen of death. In Richard II., Shakespeare has it:—

> "'Tis thought the King is dead. We will not stay,
> The bay-trees in our country are all withered."

The ancient Germans used to put hazel-nuts in tombs, as good auguries of regeneration and immortality, a practice still in force in some places. In Russia, when a coffin is being borne to the cemetery, it is covered with branches of pine or fir trees, because of their evergreen foliage, held symbolic of the immortality of the soul. Coles, in his Introduction to the Knowledge of Plants, says :—"Cypress garlands are of great account at funerals amongst the gentler sort in England, but rosemary and bays are used by the commons, both at funerals and weddings."

The Yew, a favourite church-yard tree, emblematic of the resurrection, is called, by Shakespeare, "The double fatal yew," because its leaves are poisonous, and its wood was used for bows. The German and Celtic tribes highly venerated it. "Here," says Ossian, "rests their dust, Cuchullin; these lonely yews sprang from their tomb, and shade them from the storm."

The Willow is the distinctively funerary tree of the Chinese. M. Schlegel tells us that it has been used by them for the last 3000 years to cover their coffins, and to be borne in the hands of mourners as the symbol of another life. Although with us its employment is not so extensive, its frequent use in church-yards testifies to the bond of union joining East and West in the matter of funeral observances.

VII.—WEATHER-LORE.

Before the days of meteorology, many superstitions, crediting trees with powerful influence in changes of weather, were current. These can be mainly reduced to the domain of fable—the cloud-dropping tree, the rain-producing tree, and the storm-compeller, being all obviously of a purely imaginary description. The Celts had a great regard for the Mountain Ash, which was thought a lucky tree. Fishermen used to fasten a small piece of it to their boat, as a charm to bring good weather and a good catch. It is by means of palm-tree leaves that the natives of Southern India pretend to invoke or drive away rain. In North Italy, laurel-leaves

are used to ascertain whether the crops will be good and the weather favourable. The leaves are burned; if they crackle, there will be a good crop; if not, bad. As a charm against thunder-storms, the country people round Venice hang an olive branch over the chimney, with this invocation:—

"Holy Barbara and St. Simon,
Keep away the lightning-stroke;
Keep away the rolling thunder,
Barbara, we thee invoke."

The Romans believed the laurel a safeguard against lightning; and the Germans ascribed the same virtue to the hawthorn.

VIII.—ANIMAL-LORE.

"A Hindoo popular tale about the Bul-bul, a species of nightingale, tells us that this bird remained sitting for twelve years on a cotton-tree, refusing to share it with other birds, for fear they would pluck the expected fruit. When it saw the beautiful flourish come, it rejoiced, but it in vain expected the fruit, which never came. Then it was exposed to the ridicule of all the other birds whom it had chased from the tree." In Alsace, the people used to blame the bat for spoiling the stork's eggs. The touch of the bat killed the young bird. To avoid this, the story goes that the stork put in its nest some twigs of maple, which alone had the power of keeping bats at a distance. The doors of houses used also to be hung with maple to prevent visits from bats.

Shepherds were once in the habit of cutting branches of Elder in order to make flutes, but only in places where they could not hear the cock crow, perhaps from a notion that the vicinity of that bird might have imparted a disagreeable tone to the wood. Juniper, many German ostlers think an excellent means of strengthening horses. It is usual to give them, three Sundays in succession, before dawn, three handfuls of salt and 72 juniper berries.

In Sanscrit, the Oleander is called the "Horse-killer," a name and superstition found also in Italy. The Ass of Apulenis had a mortal dread at the presence of the Oleander. On the contrary, the hazel is thought in Germany to have a good effect on horses, their oats being touched with a branch of hazel during certain

Sunday processions. In North Germany, when cows are taken for the first time to pasture, the last one is often decked with small branches of fir, supposed to assist her in calving. When a cow takes ill in some parts of France, and worms are supposed to be the cause, the peasants take a handful of dwarf-elder leaves, rubbing them in their hands, then saluting the tree, and addressing it in these terms:— "Good morning, Monsieur Dwarf-Elder; if you do not drive the worms from their present place I shall cut you down." This threat, they believe, generally effects a cure; or, if they cut down the tree, they think the cure certain.

This paper will conclude with a few instances under the last head—

IX.—MEDICINAL AND MAGICAL PROPERTIES ATTRIBUTED TO TREES.

> "O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies,
> In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities,"

says Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet." In days before doctors were a necessary part of the equipment of a community, their place was taken, however imperfectly, by priests and magicians. Diseases were imagined to be removeable chiefly in one of two ways—either by the prayers of the priest, if a good spirit had sent the disease, or by the incantations of the magician, working mainly with plants, which were also used for other purposes within the magic circle. Trees were called into frequent use in this connection.

Homeopathy would seem to be only a revival of the views current prior to the scientific study of medicine. "Like should cure like." "Similia Similibus." The red juice of the mulberry, like blood, was thought to be a cure for all kinds of bleeding. The leaves of the Weeping Willow, old medical works assure us, are a sovereign remedy for the same disorder. The Almond was thought by the Romans to arrest the influence of intoxicating liquor. Plutarch tells a story of a physician who, after dinner, defied anybody to make him drunk; but once he was caught before dinner chewing bitter almonds, when he confessed that, if he had not taken that precaution, a small quantity of wine would have intoxicated him. Pennant says—"In many parts of the

Highlands, at the birth of a child, the nurse puts the end of a green stick of ash into the fire, and, while it is burning, receives into a spoon the juice which oozes out at the other end, and administers this to the new-born babe." A similar practice exists in Brittany. When a child there is weak, they put birch-leaves in an oven to dry, and then place them in a cradle to strengthen the child. Birch-leaves were held in the Highlands as good for keeping away serpents, the bites of which were thought, in Italy, to be curable by the application of juniper berries. Pliny seriously attributed to the ash-tree a magical power against serpents. In some Mediterranean countries, warts are believed curable by rotten peach-leaves.

The leaves of the ash and the juniper, when burnt, were held to be a sure cure for the common scourge of leprosy, four centuries ago. It appears to be a practice still in force, near Venice, to bind a tree with ropes for the cure of fever, and then to say thrice without taking breath—"I place thee here, I leave thee here, and I am going to take a walk." The fever should then leave the patient, but the tree ceases to bear fruit. This is another instance of the tree being supposed to act as a substitute for man, and, by its death, to save his life.

The Elder-tree furnishes a popular German remedy for tooth-ache, which Russian peasants try to guard against by dipping Oak-bark in a neighbouring river and keeping it carefully in their houses.

German peasants say that evil spirits avoid places where juniper is hung. Holly used to be held as a charm against evil spirits in England, and it is still so considered in some continental countries. The magician's wand had to be made of hazel-wood, which also furnished the divining-rod for the discovery of hidden treasure, water-springs, and metallic mines—a belief in the virtue of which is not yet extinct. It was a hazel-rod that Donstieswivel in the Antiquary used in searching for the buried gold. Mistletoe-leaf was once believed to open all locks on pronouncing certain formulæ; and the oak leaf is still regarded by Italian peasants as an infallible protection against bullet-wounds, and is carried by young army recruits in that belief. The German peasants believe that the man who stands under an apple-tree on Christmas Eve

will see Heaven open. In Scotland, the apple is associated with a sight of "the other place," which Burns has immortalised in "Hallowe'en."

Many other curious notions under this head might be given, but the writer has ridden his hobby long enough on this occasion, and he concludes with expressing a hope that what he has written and culled from many sources may induce others to continue the investigation of the subject, which is fascinating in itself, and throws light, in many unexpected ways, on the mental and social history of man.

YACHTING AND ELECTIONEERING IN THE HEBRIDES.

VI.

DRIVING back from Glendale, we held a meeting at Dunvegan, at which several ladies attended, and then went on board the *Carlotta*. We lay in the Loch all Sunday, and, early on Monday morning, steamed for Struan, Loch Bracadale. The passage was a very stormy one. So long as we were in the Loch, we got on pretty well, but no sooner had we rounded Dunvegan Head than the yacht commenced to pitch and roll in the most uncomfortable manner. Feeling rather squeamish, I went below to my sleeping-cabin to lie down for a while, but was soon driven on deck again by the water coming in upon me through the port-hole. Not caring to be soaked through, which was evidently not a very remote possibility, I hastily went on deck, just in time to see Macleod's Maidens appearing dimly through the spindrift on the left. Rounding Idrigill Point, a magnificent headland of black rock, rising vertically from the sea to a height of some 400

feet, we entered the comparatively smooth waters of Loch Bracadale, and soon afterwards dropped anchor at Struan. At the Struan meeting we had hoped to have present the old catechist, Donald Macqueen, whom Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh had seen when the Commissioners were in Skye. He was said to be 106 years old in 1883. He was unwell at the time of our visit to Struan, and consequently we did not see him. I lately observed a notice of his death.

We had intended in the afternoon to steam to the Island of Eigg, but, on reaching the mouth of Loch Bracadale, we found that it would be sheer madness to attempt the passage. The sea outside was fearful, and, as Captain Maclachlan said, the yacht "wouldn't look at it," we were compelled to run for shelter into Loch Harport, an offshoot of Loch Bracadale, where we dropped anchor, in perfectly smooth water, opposite the Carbost Distillery.

Next day, Tuesday, 22nd September, seeing that the storm showed no signs of abatement, we despatched a messenger to Sligachan, eight miles distant, for a conveyance to take us to Portree, and, in less than four hours afterwards, we were on our way thither in a light dog-cart, leaving the *Carlotta* at anchor in Loch Harport, until the weather should permit her coming round to Portree, our next destination. During the whole of the drive from Carbost to Sligachan, we did not meet a living soul, except three tinkers in a cart. A picturesque burial-ground, which we passed, surrounded with fine old trees, told of old times, when families, such as the Macleods of Gesto, and others, lived and flourished in the district in numbers and plenty. The whole country—Bracadale, the "Garden of Skye"—is now given over to sheep. At intervals, the solitary residence of a shepherd broke the monotony of the landscape, but, for the most of the way, nothing was to be seen but heather, bracken, and moss, where, not so many years ago, there was a large and thriving population. On every side were to be seen the traces of former cultivation. Every slope, every hollow, every flat, was seamed and furrowed by the operations of the *cas-chrom*, but the heather and the bracken now waved undisturbed over the spots where the ripening corn once gladdened the eyes of the toiler, and the sheep cropped the grass from the place where the crofter's cottage once stood. All

around bespoke "man's inhumanity to man." It was a saddening spectacle, but one, alas, too common in the Highlands.

With a brief halt at Sligachan Inn, we proceeded on our way, observing much land out of cultivation, and reached Portree in the evening, after a fearful day of rain and wind, and put up in Mr. MacInnes's comfortable hotel.

Next morning, we hired a sloop to take us to Clachan of Raasay. The weather was stormy, and the skipper and his three seamen kept expressing the most melancholy forebodings regarding the ultimate result of our journey. They appeared to find a morbid pleasure in giving us at brief intervals the cheering information that, at the exact spot we were then passing over, a boat, precisely the same as ours, had been capsized in similar weather, and all hands lost. Whenever a dark squall came sweeping over the surface of the sea towards us, the skipper, in doleful tones, reminded us that "them squalls wass fery dangerous," and that many boats had been capsized by such gusts of wind on previous occasions. However, the skipper's sound and careful seamanship amply compensated for his Jeremiad, and we at length rounded an ugly-looking reef, and cast anchor safely in the pretty little Bay of Clachan, just in front of the fine modern residence of the proprietor, the late Mr. E. H. Wood of Raasay. This house absorbs the one in which Dr. Johnson and Boswell were so hospitably entertained by the Laird of Raasay and his family, when on their tour through the Western Isles. His room still remains. The Doctor writes, of his visit to Raasay, that he "found nothing but civility, elegance, and plenty. . . . . When it was time to sup, the dance ceased, and six-and-thirty persons sat down to two tables in the same room. After supper, the ladies sung Erse [Gaelic] songs, to which I listened as an English audience to an Italian opera, delighted with the sound of words which I did not understand."

After a good meeting at Clachan, we set sail, this time with a favourable wind, for Torran, near the northern extremity of the Island, and, having held another meeting there, started again about five o'clock in the evening for Portree. In no part of our travels were the evils of undue game preservation more accentuated than at Raasay. It was quite dark when we entered Portree Bay,

but the lights showed us that the *Carlotta* had arrived from Loch Harport, and, in company with four other steam-yachts, and a number of fishing-crafts, was lying at anchor in the Bay. On landing, we found that a splendid reception had been prepared for Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh. A large crowd had assembled on the quay, and a carriage was also waiting for us, with a stout rope attached. As soon as we were seated in the conveyance, a score of willing hands seized the rope, and, with a loud huzza, we were run swiftly up the steep brae leading from the harbour, until we reached the Portree Hotel.

Next morning, we steamed to the Braes, accompanied by Mrs. Mary Macpherson, better known as *Mairi Nighean Iain Bhain*, the "Skye Poetess." At the Brae Schoolhouse we met a fine, gentle specimen of the old Highland matron, the mother of the school-master. Most of the people followed us to a high cliff overlooking the small Bay (where the *Carlotta*, waiting for us, cruised about, her steam up, and all flags displayed), formed into one great line, and, waiting until we got on board, cheered and waved their handkerchiefs until we were out of sight, the circumstances deeply impressing all present. We then left for Kirkton of Glenelg. The view, as we steamed down the Sound of Raasay, was magnificent. Passing through Kyle-Akin, and opposite to Castle Moil, the Poetess sung, with admirable expression, the famed pathetic air, composed within its walls by Coll of Barrisdale's devoted adherent, warning him of his danger, the words—"Colla mo run, Colla mo run," and the music seem, as I write, to be as fresh and vivid as though heard but yesterday. On the right, just outside the entrance to the Kyle, is an ugly-looking rock, marked by a red barrel. This rock, known as the Cailleach, has an interesting historical incident connected with it. In the earlier part of the 17th century, during the time of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, Angus Macdonald, younger of Glengarry, came to Mackenzie's lands with a large fleet of galleys, and, having ravaged the shores of Loch Carron and massacred a number of old men, women, and children there, was returning with his fleet, laden with plunder, through the Kyle. He passed Kyle-Akin in safety, but, in the meantime, the alarm had gone through Lochalsh and Kintail, and a number of Kintailmen set out from Inverinate

in a large twelve-oared galley, to intercept the Macdonalds and contest their passage through Kyle-Rhea. When the Mackenzies neared the Cailleach, it was seen to be covered with snow. The sea was calm, and the night dark. Here they met Macdonald's great galley, which was some distance ahead of the rest of the fleet. Macdonald challenged the Kintail boat three times, being answered the third time by a full broadside from Mackenzie's brass cannon, which disabled his galley and threw it upon the Cailleach rock. The men on board Macdonald's galley, thinking it had been driven on shore, rushed to the bows in their efforts to escape, thus capsizing and filling the vessel. A few of the Kintailmen, meanwhile landed, and killed any of the Macdonalds who attempted to save themselves by swimming ashore. Others killed or drowned those who remained in the disabled galley, and not a soul escaped alive out of it, except Angus himself, who, however, died from his wounds before morning. The remainder of Macdonald's fleet, numbering twenty-one, hearing the uproar, betook themselves to Kyle-Akin in terror and confusion. The men landed in Strathardale, and, abandoning their ships, with their ill-gotten spoils, upon the shore, fled to Sleat, from whence they were taken across to the mainland in small boats.

Passing through Kyle-Rhea, we turned into the Bay of Kirkton, and landed, the yacht immediately returning to Portree to coal. On shore, a large bonfire was burning, and an enthusiastic procession escorted us to the place of meeting. Close to the shore of Kirkton Bay are the ruins of the Bernera Barracks, built by the Hanoverian Government in 1722 to overawe the people of the West Highlands, and stamp out their inherent loyalty to the House of Stuart. The whirligig of Time has worked strange changes with the old Barracks. The building, which was originally erected to subdue the people, is now regularly used, in its ruined state, as the meeting-place of the Glenelg branch of the Highland Land Law Reform Association!

On Friday, while waiting the *Carlotta's* return from Portree, Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh was sent across by Mr. Fraser, schoolmaster, in his nice pleasure-boat, to Kyle Rhea, where he addressed several of the people, and, at noon, we started for Arisaig. On landing there, after a stormy passage and a very lengthened pull

ashore, making us five hours late, we were met and welcomed by Mr. Eneas R. Macdonell of Camusdarroch, and a large concourse of people, notwithstanding the long detention—headed by two pipers in full Highland dress. After the Arisaig meeting, Mr. Macdonell, it being now dark, drove us to the Bridge of Morar, a distance of about eight miles, in the midst of a furious gale of wind and rain. It is most agreeable to find that the only gentleman remaining of the old families, from Knoydart to Moydart, is one who, in appearance, is a king among men, and, in spirit, thoroughly with the people. At the Bridge, we found a considerable number of people, some from as great a distance as Knoydart, the majority of whom had been waiting patiently, in the midst of the severe storm, for several hours, until we should arrive. There was no house near, so the meeting was held in a disused quarry by the roadside. Mr. Macdonell and Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, closely enveloped in their tartan plaids, the earnest faces around, the noisy river, in great flood, roaring and tumbling in front, with the dark face of the quarry behind, the whole lighted up by the flickering glare of a carriage-lamp, made up a curious picture. At intervals, the moon, emerging from behind a cloud, shed a silvery brightness upon the group. The attendant sounds added to the impressiveness of the meeting. The roar of the falls above the bridge, the ceaseless murmur of the waves upon the sands at the mouth of the river, the champing of the spirited horses, and the voices of the speakers, who exerted themselves vigorously in Gaelic, constantly interrupted by enthusiastic bursts of applause from the delighted audience, formed a weird and striking symphony. This meeting at Morar, taking it all in all, was one of the strangest and most interesting incidents in our whole trip, and will give one a good idea of the difficulties and vicissitudes of an electoral campaign, in a great Highland County, under the extended franchise.

The meeting over, we drove back to Arisaig, getting on board the yacht to our dinner about half-past eleven, and, next morning (Saturday), steamed across to the Island of Eigg, dropping anchor in the channel between it and Castle Island. The leader of the people in Eigg was Mr. Thomas D. Macdonald, an intelligent young man, and one who has already made a prominent figure in the Highland Land Law Reform movement. The priest of the

Island, the Rev. Father Maclellan, and the Free Church minister, Mr. Mackenzie, are both in perfect sympathy with the people, and with each other, upon the Land Question.*

After a very good meeting in the Eigg Schoolhouse, we, accompanied by Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Maclellan, and Mr. Mackenzie, ascended the Scuir, an immense rock overtopping the Island. From the summit, 1339 feet above the level of the sea, a magnificent view was obtained, extending over a very large area. The fertile Island of Muck was at our feet, and Ben Nevis easily discernible. The day was fortunately beautiful. From the top, the height of the Scuir is not properly realised, but, on descending to the base, we were able fully to admire its grandeur. We then made our way down the grassy slope at the base of the rock to the seashore, and in a short time reached the mouth of the famous Cave, in which 395 Macdonalds, men, women, and children, were cruelly suffocated by the Macleods in the month of March, 1577. The following interesting tradition in connection with the massacre was supplied to me by Mr. Macdonald:—Before blocking up the entrance to the Cave, Macleod of Macleod offered to spare the life of a lady of some rank among the Macdonalds, and told her to come out. This she would only do on condition that she would be allowed the life of one of her kinsmen also. Her choice lighted upon one whom Macleod had specially marked for vengeance, and he accordingly refused the lady's petition, but offered instead to allow her another kinsman for every finger on her hand. The lady, however, was resolute, and said she would either have her first choice, or remain where she was. Macleod would not

* A curious and amusing incident afterwards occurred in connection with the electors of Eigg on the polling-day. Those who intended to support Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh had hired a sloop for themselves to convey them to the polling place at Arisaig, and they offered the five or six in the Island who intended to vote for Mr. Reginald Macleod, the Conservative candidate, a passage. A message had been sent to the Eigg people, who were expected to vote Conservative, that Mr. Platt's yacht from Dunvegan Castle would come to Eigg for them and take them over to Arisaig, and they accordingly declined the offer made to them by the popular party. The yacht, however, owing to the severity of the weather, never turned up, and they accordingly lost the chance of recording their votes, whilst the occupants of the sloop, accompanied by the priest, arrived safely at Arisaig, and voted to a man for the People's Candidate.

give in, and the noble-minded lady accordingly perished with the rest. The entrance to the cave, which is within a few yards of high-water mark, is a small opening in the face of a large gray rock, surrounded with beautiful grasses and moss. A little stream of water trickles down the sides of the opening from above, and forms a pool just before it. Creeping along the narrow passage, some twelve feet in length, upon our hands and knees, and lighting the candles we had brought with us, we found ourselves in the interior of the cavern. The floor was covered with stones and fragments of rock, of all shapes and sizes, rendering walking somewhat difficult. The air was humid and earthy, and the darkness so thick that the light of the candles served only to make it the more perceptible. The only sound to be heard, save our own footsteps and voices, was the intermittent drip of the water which here and there fell from the roof. A feeling of awe crept over me as I stood in the middle of the great cave, and thought of the terrible atrocity which had been committed within it. The very ground beneath my feet was partially formed of the ashes of the dead; those walls, now dark and silent, had echoed the despairing shrieks of the doomed Macdonalds, and reflected the red glare of the fire from the entrance. Even yet the bones of the unfortunate victims are to be found in the cave, decayed and blackened with age. Sir Walter Scott is said to have carried away a skull, much to the horror of his sailors. For many days after leaving Eigg his vessel was detained by calms—a judgment, the seamen averred, for Sir Walter's sacrilegious act. I myself committed similar sacrilege in a small way, for I found and carried away three small bones. A doctor, to whom I have since shown them, at once pronounced them to be human, one being a finger, and another a toe-bone, both of which, the doctor said, must have belonged to a very large man; the third is a child's rib. The whole length of the cave is said to be 213 feet, the average breadth being about fourteen. Our voices, when raised above a whisper, sounded weird and unnatural, and the black walls seemed to re-echo angrily the noise made by the intruders into the vast hecatomb. I was glad to emerge once more into the open air and the light of day.

Going on board the *Carlotta*, we steamed round the Point of

Ardnamurchan for Tobermory, Mull, arriving there late in the evening, to remain until Monday. Our cruise in the Hebrides was now over, but we had still to visit the historic district of Moidart, and one or two other places on the mainland.

HECTOR ROSE MACKENZIE.

(*To be continued.*)

LORD RONALD.

Lord Ronald to the wars had gone,
And, being long away,
A neighbouring clansman seized his lands,
With keep and rock-bound bay.

The bonnie Lady Jean alone
Held Ronald was not dead;
Her uncle swore she should be forced
Her cousin Roy to wed.

The lady wept, the lady pled,
He heeded not her prayer,
The priest stood ready in the church,
And all were gathered there.

When lo! amid them stood a knight,
Of noble mien and size,
The jewels flashed upon his breast,
The fire flashed in his eyes.

With haughty air and hasty stride,
He reached the bridal pair;
(Oh! knew ye ever such ado?
Or saw ye plight so rare?)

He pushed the bridegroom rudely by,
Kneeled by the ladye's side,
Spake in her ear, then, rising, cried—
"I claim my promised bride."

The servants smiled, the lady blushed,
Her face no longer sad,
They wrung his hands, they sobbed for joy,
The priest himself looked glad.

Oh then what feasting in the hall!
What dancing on the green!
Such rollicking and frolicking,
I wote had never been.

FAUVETTE.

THE CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

Reply by Provost Macandrew to the Rev. Æneas Chisholm.

If your space will permit, I would like to say a few words in answer to the animadversions of Father Chisholm on my paper on this subject, which you recently published.

In the outset, it will be well to define what the point is which is in controversy between us. What I stated in my paper was, that the Celtic Church had certain peculiarities which distinguished it from other churches; and that it was "a monastic tribal Church, not subject to the jurisdiction of Bishops." I certainly assumed that it was a separate and distinct Church, and that it was not subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, or of the Church over which he presided; but I neither said nor implied more than this, and this is what I now propose to maintain. Father Chisholm, however, states the points in dispute in a much wider and more ambiguous way. He says that the question is whether the Celtic Church was "in communion with the Church of Rome, and acknowledged her authority, or whether she was a separate, distinct Church, and opposed to her," and he undertakes to show that, "the Celtic Church was essentially Roman," meaning by Roman—"Catholic." Here is room for a good deal of misapprehension. I did not say, and I do not now maintain, that the Church ruled by the Bishop of Rome, and the Church ruled by the Abbot of Iona, when, after a century of separation, they again came into contact, refused to hold communion with each other. On the contrary, there is ample evidence that they did. They were both Missionary Churches then, in the presence of Heathen, and they did not think of excommunicating each other. I did not say, and I do not now maintain, that the Celtic Church denied the authority of the Church of Rome or of its Chief, within the limits of his Episcopal or Pontifical jurisdiction—that is, within the limits of what had been the Western Empire; on the contrary, it fully acknowledged this authority, and, moreover, it looked up to the Roman Church as the mother of all the Western Churches.

I did not say, and I do not now maintain, that the Celtic Church opposed the Church of Rome; on the contrary, it was quite willing to co-operate with it in the work of proclaiming the truth and converting the heathen. And I did not say, and do not maintain, that the Celtic Church was not Catholic. Perhaps I might be inclined to say that it was *the* Catholic Church. Having cleared away so much, I will proceed to adduce some evidence in favour of the two propositions which I do maintain, premising that they are very much involved the one in the other.

Leaving out of view as much as possible, in the first place, the question of jurisdiction, I say that the Columban Church was a separate and distinct Church, on the following grounds:—(1), It grew up and developed for a hundred years, without any communication whatever with the Church of Rome, in perfect isolation and independence. (2), It developed and perfected a form of ecclesiastical polity and organisation, not only different from, but diametrically opposed to, that of the Church of Rome. The Church of Rome was ruled by bishops possessing territorial jurisdiction, and to whom all ecclesiastics within the territory were bound to submit. The Columban Church was ruled by an abbot, who might and generally was a Presbyter, and to whom every ecclesiastic in the whole Church, whether Bishop, Presbyter, or Deacon, was bound to submit. It was not a case of the Bishop yielding a "sort of *civil* jurisdiction to the Abbot," as Father Chisholm somewhat unfairly puts it. The Abbot was the superior and ruler of the whole Church in all matters ecclesiastical, all matters of faith and worship, in as full, and even in a fuller, sense than the Pope was ruler of his Church, and the Bishops as such had no rule or authority. In matters *civil*, the Columban clergy owed obedience to the temporal rulers, and were not even exempt from military service. (3), The Columban Church felt that it had, and it exercised, a separate mission, and it sent its missionaries, not only among the heathen, but into territories already occupied by Roman clergy, and within the admitted jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff, as witness the mission of Columbanus to Gaul, and Aidan to Northumbria; and (4), It had certain peculiar customs and observances to which it rigidly adhered, although, as I will afterwards show, these were held to be so important by the

Roman clergy as to make the abandonment of them, in their opinion, essential to the inclusion of the Church within the "Catholic Unity." Surely this is enough to satisfy anyone that the Columban Church was separate and distinct.

As to the question of jurisdiction, I think I will be held to have proved my point if I can show that, in a matter enjoined by the highest authority in the Roman Church, and considered vital to Catholic Unity, the Columban Church persistently refused to conform to Rome. I will say nothing under this head on the question of tonsure, because, although it was considered of very great importance, Abbot Ceolfrid was Catholic enough to say, in his letter to King Nectan—to be afterwards noticed—that he would not go the length of pronouncing all who were obstinate on this point worthy of damnation. I will take the question of the proper time for observing Easter. Father Chisholm says this was a matter of no vital importance, but a mere matter of discipline. It does seem very absurd that it should be made a matter of importance, but we must take it as the parties looked on it at the time. They did not look on it as indifferent, but as essential, to unity. I will adduce some instances of this:—(1), The mode of computing the time for the observance of Easter was, in the Roman Church, made a matter of formal Canon. The fourth Council of Orleans (541) decreed this method of computation to be observed, and directed that the festival should be observed by all at the same time.* Obedience to this Canon was incumbent in all who acknowledged the authority of the Roman Church. (2), In 596, Augustine was sent to Britain by Pope Gregory to convert the English. After he had been in this country for some time, he wrote to the Pope, asking for instructions as to how he was to deal with the Bishops of Gaul and Britain; meaning by the latter, the Bishops of the Welsh Church which had remained Christian from the time of the Roman occupation. Gregory replied—"We give you no authority over the Bishops of France, because the Bishop of Arles received the pall, in ancient times, from my predecessor." "But, as for the Bishops of Britain, we commit

* Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, Vol. II., page 9.

them to your care."* In 603, Augustine had a conference with these same British Bishops, who were committed to his care, with the object of bringing them to "Catholic Unity" with him, and, after a long disputation, he said to them—"You act, in many particulars, contrary to our custom, or, rather, the custom of the Universal Church, and yet, if you will comply with us in these three points, viz.—To keep Easter at the due time; to administer baptism, by which we are again born to God, according to the custom of the Holy Roman Apostolic Church; and jointly with us to preach the Word of God to the English nation—we will readily tolerate all the other things you do, though contrary to our customs." The British Bishops answered that they would do none of these things, nor receive him for their Archbishop, and, thereupon, Augustine doomed them all to destruction, and left them.† (3), In 605, Laurentius, the successor of Augustine as Archbishop of Canterbury, hearing that the course of life and profession of the Scots, as well as of the Britons, "was not truly ecclesiastical, especially that they did not celebrate the solemnity of Easter at the due time," wrote to their "Lords Bishops and Abbots" on the subject. In this letter, he says—"But, coming acquainted with the errors of the Britons, we thought the Scots (Irish) had been better, but we have been informed by Bishop Dagun, coming into the aforesaid Island, and the Abbot Columbanus in France, that the Scots in no way differ from the Britons in their behaviour; for Bishop Dagun, coming to us, not only refused to eat with us, but even to take his repast in the same house where we were entertained." This same Laurentius, and the other English Bishops, also wrote to the British Bishops to endeavour to confirm them in "Catholic Unity," "but," says Bede, "what he gained by so doing the present times" (that is about 731 when Bede finished his history) "still declare."‡ (4), In the case of the famous controversy between Wilfrid and Colman (664), the matter was looked upon as so vital by Colman that, when King Oswy resolved to adopt the Roman custom, he did not submit or conform, but retired with all who adhered to him to Iona, to consult the authority

* *Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, Book I., Chapter 27.
† Bede II., 2.
‡ Ibid. II., 4.

which he acknowledged and from which he held his mission, and the result was that the connection between the Columban Church and Northumberland ceased entirely.* (5), When Nectan, the King of the Picts (710,) wrote to the Abbot Ceolfrid for instruction about this matter, the latter wrote a long letter, in which he gives all the arguments in favour of the Roman methods of computation, and, in this letter, he says—"He, therefore, who shall contend that the full Paschal moon can happen before the Equinox, deviates from the doctrine of the Holy Scripture in the celebration of the greatest mysteries, and agrees with those who confide that they may be saved without the grace of Christ forerunning them, and who presume to teach that they might have attained to perfect righteousness though the true light had never vanquished the darkness of the world by dying and rising again."† (6), I will take the case of the letter which Cummain wrote to Seginus, third Abbot of Iona (623), which Father Chisholm himself refers to. Cummain belonged to the Suthern portion of the Irish Church, which had, at this time, been induced to conform to Rome in the matter of Easter, and the object of his writing to Seginus was to get the Columban Church, over which he ruled, to follow this example. He puts the matter so high as to say that to blame even the customs of Rome deserved excommunication. Yet the Columban Church did not conform, and it was Seginus who sent the mission to Northumberland. (Lastly), Wilfrid, then a priest, returned to England from Rome about 664, and was admitted to the friendship of King Alfrid, "who had always followed the Catholic Rules of the Church," and Alfrid, finding him to be a "Catholic," gave him the Monastery of thirty families at Ripon. This place Alfrid had previously given to "those that followed the doctrines of the Scots" to build a monastery upon. "But, for as much as they afterwards, being left to their choice, would rather quit the place than adopt the Catholic Easter and other canonical rites, according to the custom of the Roman Apostolic Church, he gave the same to him, whom he found to follow better discipline and better customs." This is

* Bede III., 25.

† Ibid, V., 21.

afterwards mentioned by Bede as the banishment of the "Scottish Sect."*

Here there is ample authority for saying that, at the time of which I am treating this matter of the time of observing Easter, was a matter on which the highest authority in the Roman Church —the Pope in Council—had enjoined a rule; and that both parties to the controversy regarded the difference as one vital to Catholic Unity. Yet, from the first contact of the Columban and Roman Churches, about 569, till the time of Nectan in 710, the Roman Church was constantly urging conformity on the Columban Church (as well as on the British and Irish Churches), and the Columban Church persistently refused to conform. Even at the last mentioned date, when Nectan compelled his people to adopt the Roman custom, he could only effect his purpose by expelling the Columban Clergy and introducing others from England, and thus laying the foundation of the claim of the English metropolitans to supremacy over the Scottish Church, which long afterwards caused so much trouble. Surely this is enough to show that the Celtic Church of Scotland did not acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome or the supremacy or authority of the Roman Church or its Councils.

I will now say a few words on the instances which Father Chisholm gives in support of what he contends for:—(1), He refers to the respectful and deferential terms in which Columbanus addresses the Bishop of Rome; but this is quite consistent with his claim for freedom from his jurisdiction, and right to retain his own customs. The object of this letter in which these expressions occur was to assert and maintain his freedom. He was then residing in Gaul, within the bounds of the Roman Empire, and admittedly within the territory of the Roman Church; yet he claims to be still "in his fatherland, and not bound to accept the rules of these Gauls; but as placed in the wilderness, and offending no one, to abide by the rules of his elders"; and he quotes and founds on the decree of the Second Council held at Constantinople in 381, which declares that churches among the Barbarians, or beyond the limits of the Roman Empire, shall be regulated by

* Bede V., 19.

the customs of their fathers.* (2), He says that, in the Controversy between Wilfrid and Colman, already referred to, Colman acknowledged the supremacy of the Roman Church as representing St. Peter. But this is not so. It must be borne in mind that we get the account of this Controversy from Bede, who was a Roman Churchman, and he, naturally, gives the best of it to Wilfrid. But what he tells us is, that Colman claimed to rest his practice on the authority of St. John, that Wilfrid claimed a higher authority for the Church of Rome as representing St. Peter, and quoted the well-known passage in which the keys were committed to Peter. Oswy asked if it was admitted that these words were "principally directed to St. Peter, and that the keys of heaven were given to him by our Lord." Bede says that both answered in the affirmative, and that then Oswy, like a wise and prudent man, said he would be on the side of the keeper of the keys, "lest, when I come to the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven, there should be none to open them, he being my adversary who is proved to have the keys."† But this argument had no weight with Colman, and he accordingly retired to Iona, abandoning the Monastery of which he was the head, and the Bishopric over which he ruled rather than conform; and (3), He quotes the declaration of Wilfrid at the Council of Rome, under Pope Agatha, that the nations of the English, the British, the Picts, and the Scots, were of the true Catholic faith, as contemporary evidence that the Roman and the Scottish Churches were one in faith. But, at this time, Wilfrid was a fugitive from his own Church, having been expelled from his diocese. He had no kind of authority from the Scottish Church, and, at this very time, the South Saxons were not even Christian, and were afterwards converted by him. It is impossible now to say what Wilfrid meant by the "true Catholic faith," but I have sufficiently shown that the Churches were not in "Catholic Unity" about a point which both looked on as essential.

H. C. MACANDREW.

* Skene II., 11.

† Bede III., 25.

TALADH NA BEAN SHITH.

THE following peculiar relic of antiquity may prove interesting to your Gaelic readers, especially to the Macleods, whose history you are at present writing.

Regarding this *Tàladh*, tradition goes on to say that, many years ago, on a calm autumn evening, a fairy of considerable beauty and graceful form, dressed in green, entered Dunvegan Castle, the seat of the Chief of the Macleods, in Skye, and that she marched, quietly and silently, through every chamber and department of it, until she came to the room in which the heir of the family, a boy of about a year old, was lying sound asleep in his cradle.

His nurse was sitting in the room at the time busy sewing, of whom the fairy did not condescend to take the least notice.

The fairy sat beside the cradle and took the child upon her knee, and, with almost unearthly beautiful voice, she began to sing the aforesaid *Tàladh*. After doing so, she laid the child back again into his cradle, and took her departure in the same manner as she came, but from whence or where remains a mystery. The nurse was spell-bound, and awe-struck with the whole affair. But the peculiarity of the words, and the wild, but beautiful, melody of the music, took such a hold upon her mind that she could repeat and sing it herself ever after. For many years afterwards, this *Tàladh* was considered a valuable relic in Dunvegan Castle. So much so, that they would not allow a nurse in the family but one able to sing it; as it was firmly believed to have a certain charm, or *seun*, in it, and that boys, to whom it was frequently sung, were sure to thrive. Especially in the hour of battle and danger, not unfrequently occurring in those days, it was believed the *bean shìth* would use her influence to shield and protect her favourite from the deadly spear and arrow of the enemy. One thing certain regarding this *Tàladh* is, that it must be very old. Some people gave the great poetess, Mary Macleod—or, as she was commonly called, *Mairi Nighean Alastair Ruaidh*—the credit

of being the author of it; but I have heard from very old men, who were told by older men, that it was in existence, and well known in Skye, for many long years before Mary Macleod's time. I do not pretend to give the whole of this *Tàladh*, nor anything like it; but I give what I have, and, perhaps, some of your numerous readers may be able to give a more complete version of it.

NEIL MACLEOD.

TALADH NA BEÁN SHITH.

'Se mo leanabh mingileiseach, maingeileiseach,
Bualadh nan each, glac nan lùireach,
Nan each cruidheach 's nan each snagach,
Mo leanabh beag.

'S truagh nach fhaicainn fhin do bhuaile,
Gu h-àrd, àrd air uachdar sleibhe,
Còta caol caiteanach uaine,
Mu d' dhà ghuallainn ghil, 'us leine.
Mo leanabh beag.

'S truagh nach fhaicinn féin do sheisreach,
Fir 'g am freasdal 'n àm an fheasgair;
Mna-còmhnuill a' tighinn dhachaidh,
'S na Catanaich a' cur sìl.

O mhìle bhog, O mhìle bhog,
Mo bhrù a rug, mo chioch a shluig,
'S mo ghlùin a thog.

'S e mo leanabh m' ultach iudhair,
Sultmhor reamhar, mo luachair bhog,
M' fheòil 'us m' uidhean a ni bhruidhinn,
Bha thu fo' mo chrios an uiridh, lus an toraidh,
'S bidh tu 'm bliadhna gu geal guanach
Air mo ghuallainn feadh a' bhaile,
Mo leanabh beag.

O bhireinn o bhò, na cluinneam do leòn,
O bhireinn o bhò, gu 'm bioraich do shròn,
O bhireinn o bhò, gu 'n liath thu air chòir;
O bhireinn o bhinn thu, cha'n ann de chlann Choinnich thu.
O bhireinn o bhinn thu, cha'n ann de chloinn Chuinn thu,
O bhireinn o bhinn thu, siol is docha linn thu,
Siol nan Leodach nan lann 's nan lùireach—
B'e Lochlainn dùthchas do shìnnsir.

THE OLD GRAVEYARD.

The summer's day is sinking fast,
  The gloaming weaves its pall,
As shadows weird the willows cast
  Beyond the broken wall;
And the tombstones gray like sentinels rise
To guard the dust that 'neath them lies.

The whispering breezes solemn bear
  A requiem, knell-intoned,
As the steeple's throbs alarm the air
  And through the valley sound—
To bid the weary seek repose
When dies the day at twilight's close.

Then silken silence murmurs rest,
  And the peace that reigns supreme
Seems but awaiting God's behest,
  To wake it from its dream;
While yet it soothes the hearts that weep,
Lament for those that lie asleep.

The moon, deciphering virtue's claims
  To deeds of duty done,
Illumes anew the graven names
  That time hath not o'ergrown,
Though the deeds of all are in the book
Where time hath never dared to look.

Five generations slumber here,
  Beneath these crowding mounds,
And still their spirits hover near,
  As memory makes its rounds;
When widowed love here finds retreat,
And sympathetic echoes meet.

The first to find their rest were those
  Who saw the hamlet's birth,
When hum of industry arose,
  To blend with rural mirth;
When progress first beheld its dawn,
Amid the bloom of Cartha's lawn.

But now the glebe a surfeit knows
  Though scarce a century old,
And undisturbed the rank grass grows
  Above the tear-dewed mould,
While men in thousands claim it theirs,
Where lie their kindred and their tears.

And oft 'tis here we learn to die,
  As sorrow sifts the soul,
When love's sweet longings seem to sigh
  And with our griefs condole,
To make us feel what joy it is
To know that Death makes all things his.

For if tradition reads its lore,
In lines of dismal light,
Our higher hopes the tints restore
To dissipate the right,
And courage us to think of death
A change beatified by faith.

Quebec. J. M. HARPER.

"DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

Dear Mr. Editor,—I am obliged to your correspondent—"I. B. O."—for directing my attention to the fact that the same Gaelic translation of "Do they miss me at home," which I sent you as the work of my friend, the late Dr. Macintyre of Kilmonivaig, appeared some dozen years ago in the *Gael*, and is there attributed to James Munro of Blarour, who was also my friend, and with whom I was very intimate—far and away the most accomplished Gaelic Scholar I have ever known. Upon what grounds or authority the translation in question was attributed to Munro, I am entirely ignorant, but I am confident that he had no more to do with it than I had myself. The translator was Dr. Macintyre, and no one else. The manuscript copy which I sent you was in Dr. Macintyre's own hand, and duly signed and dated as you would have observed. It was sent to me by the Doctor as his own composition, and it was upon that footing that my opinion on it was asked, and that I solicited, and was allowed to retain, the holograph from which you printed. It was always sung in the Manse of Kilmonivaig—and often, I can remember, when Munro himself was present—as Dr. Macintyre's composition. In all this I am corroborated by Mr. Alexander Macraild, late of Inverness, now of Fort-William, and at that time of Spean Bridge, who assures me that he remembers perfectly well that it was he that wrote out the first clean copy of the translation from the original rough draft in Dr. Macintyre's hand. I am, in a word, persuaded that not more certainly is the very admirable and amusing "Tha Dai'idh marbh" the composition of "I. B. O." himself, than that the translation of "Do they miss me at home," as it appears in the *Celtic Magazine* of April, 1886, is the composition of my large-hearted and accomplished friend, the late Rev. Dr. John Macintyre of Kilmonivaig.

Dear Mr. Editor, faithfully yours,

NETHER-LOCHABER.

THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

(Continued.)

THE TROUBLES OF THE LEWIS.

RORY MACLEOD of the Lewis had three wives; he married, first, Barbara Stewart, daughter to the Lord Methven, by whom he had Torquil Oighre, who died before his father, without issue. After Barbara Stewart's death, Rory married Mackenzie's daughter, who bore Torquil Connaldagh, whom Rory would not acknowledge as his son, but held him always a bastard; and, repudiating his mother, he married Maclean's sister, by whom he had Torquil Dow and Tormot. Besides these, Rory had three base sons—Neil Macleod, Rory Oig, and Murdo Macleod. After the death of old Rory Macleod, his son, Torquil Dow Macleod (excluding his brother Torquil Connaldagh as a bastard), doth take possession of the Lewis, and is acknowledged by the inhabitants as the lawful inheritor of that Island. Torquil Connaldagh (by some called Torquil of the Cogaidh) perceiving himself thus put bye the inheritance of the Lewis, hath recourse to his mother's kindred, the Clan-Mackenzie, and desires their support to recover the same. The Lord Kintail, Torquil Connaldagh, his brother—Murdo Macleod, and the Brieve of the Lewis, met altogether in Ross, to advise by what means Torquil Connaldagh might obtain the possession of the Lewis, which they were out of all hope to effect so long as Torquil Dow was alive; whereupon the Brieve of the Lewis undertook to slay his master, Torquil Dow, which he brings thus to pass:—The Brieve, being accompanied with the most part of his tribe (the Clan-vic-Gill-Mhoire), went in his galley to the Isle of Rona; and, by the way, he apprehended a Dutch ship, which he brought by force along with him to the Lewis; he invites his master, Torquil Dow, to a banquet in the ship; Torquil Dow (suspecting no deceit) went thither, accompanied with seven of

the best of his friends, and sat down in the ship, expecting some drink; instead of wine, they bring cards; thus were they all apprehended and bound by the Brieve and his kindred, who brought them to the Lord of Kintail's bounds, and there beheaded them every man, in July, 1597. Neither did this advance Torquil Connaldagh to the possession of the Lewis; for his brother, Neil Macleod, opposed himself, and pursued the Brieve and his kin in a part of the Island called Ness, which they had fortified, where he killed divers of them, and made them leave the strength. Thus did Neil Macleod possess the Island, to the behoof of his brother, Tormot, and the children of Torquil Dow, whom he acknowledged to be righteous heirs of the Island. Torquil Connaldagh had now lost both his sons, John and Neil, and had married his daughter to Rory Mackenzie (the Lord Kintail's brother), giving her in marriage the lands of Coigeach. Hereupon, Kintail began to think and advise by what means he might purchase to himself the inheritance of that Island, having now Torquil Connaldagh and his brother, Murdo Macleod, altogether at his devotion, and having Tormot Macleod in his custody, whom he took from the schools; so that he had no one to oppose his designs but Neil Macleod, whom he might easily overthrow. Kintail deals earnestly with Torquil Connaldagh, and, in end, persuades him to resign the right of the Island into his favour, and to deliver him all the old rights and evidents of the Lewis.

In this meantime, the barons and gentlemen of Fife, hearing these troubles, were enticed, by the persuasion of some that had been there, and by the report of the fertility of the Island, to undertake a difficult and hard enterprise. They conclude to send a colony thither, and to civilise (if it were possible) the inhabitants of the Island. To this effect, they obtain, from the King, a gift of the Lewis, the year 1599, or thereabouts, which was alleged to be then at his disposal. Thereupon, the adventurers, being joined together in Fife, assembled a company of soldiers, with artificers of all sorts, and did transport them into the Lewis, where they erected houses and buildings, till, in end, they made a pretty little town, in a proper and convenient place fit for the purpose, and there they encamped themselves. Neil Macleod and Murdo (the sons of old Rory) withstood the undertakers. Murdo Macleod

invaded the Laird of Barcolmy, whom he apprehended, together with his ship, and killed all his men; so, having detained him six months in captivity in the Lewis, he released him upon his promise to pay him a ransom.

Now, Neil Macleod was grieved in heart to see his brother, Murdo, entertain the Brieve and his tribe, being the chief instruments of their brother, Torquil Dow's, slaughter; and, thereupon, Neil apprehended his brother, Murdo, which, when the undertakers heard, they sent a message to Neil, showing that, if he would deliver unto them his brother Murdo, they would agree with himself, give him a portion of the Island, and assist him to revenge the slaughter of his brother, Torquil Dow. Whereunto Neil hearkened, delivered his brother, Murdo, to the undertakers; then went Neil with them to Edinburgh, and had his pardon from the King for all his byepast offences. Murdo Macleod was executed at St. Andrews.

Thus was the Earl of Kintail in despair to purchase or obtain the Lewis; and therefore he lends all his wits to cross the undertakers; he setteth Tormot Macleod at liberty, thinking that, at his arrival in the Island, all the inhabitants would stir in his favour against the undertakers; which they did indeed, as the natural inclination is of all these Islanders and Highlanders, who, of all other people, are most bent and willing to hazard and adventure themselves, their lives, and all they have, for their lords and masters. The King was informed, by the undertakers, that the Lord of Kintail was a crosser and hinderer of their enterprise; whereupon he was brought into question, and committed to ward in the Castle of Edinburgh, from whence he was released, without the trial of an assize, by the Lord Chancellor's means. Neil Macleod, returning into the Lewis with the undertakers, fell at variance with them; whereupon, he went about to invade their camp, and they began, in like manner, to lay a snare for him. The Laird of Wormistoun, choosing a very dark night, sent a company to apprehend Neil; who, perceiving them coming, invaded them, and chased them, with slaughter, to their camp. By this time, came Tormot Macleod into the Island, at whose arrival the inhabitants speedily assembled, and came to him as to their lord and master. Thereupon, Tormot, accompanied with

his brother, Neil, invaded the camp of the undertakers, forced it, burnt the fort, killed most part of their men, took their commanders prisoners, and released them, after eight months' captivity. Thus, for a while, Tormot Macleod commanded in that Island, until the undertakers returned again to the Lewis, being assisted by the forces of all the neighbouring countries, by virtue of the King's commission, directed against Tormot Macleod and his kin, the Siol-Torquil. How soon their forces were landed on the Island, Tormot Macleod rendered himself to the undertakers, upon their promise to carry him safe to London, and to obtain him a remission for his byepast crimes; but Neil Macleod stood out, and would not submit himself. Tormot being come to London, the King gives him a pardon; but, withal, he sent him home into Scotland, to be kept in ward at Edinburgh, where he remained until the month of March, 1615, that the King gave him liberty to pass into Holland, where he ended his days. Tormot thus warded in Edinburgh, the adventurers did settle themselves again, for a little while, in the Lewis, where, at last, the undertakers began to weary; many of the adventurers and partners drew back from the enterprise; some, for lack of means, were not able; others died; others had greater occasion and business elsewhere to abstract them; many of them began to decline and decay in their estates; and so, being continually vexed by Neil Macleod, they left the Island, and returned into Fife.

The Lord of Kintail, perceiving all things thus fall out to his mind, did now show himself openly in the matter. He passed a gift of the Island in his own name, under His Majesty's great seal, by the Lord Chancellor's means, by virtue of the old right which Torquil Connaldagh had before resigned in his favour. Some of the adventurers complained hereof to the King's Majesty, who was highly displeased with Kintail, and made him resign his right into His Majesty's hands; which right, being now at His Majesty's disposition, he gave the same to three of the undertakers, to wit, the Lord Balmerino, Sir James Spence of Wormistoun, and Sir George Hay; who, now, having all the right in their persons, assembled their forces together, with the aid of most part of all the neighbouring counties; and so, under the conduct of Sir George Hay and Sir James Spence, they invaded the Lewis

again, not only to settle a colony there, but also to search for Neil Macleod.

The Lord Kintail (yet hunting after the Lewis) did, underhand, assist Neil, and publicly did aid the undertakers by virtue of the King's commission; Kintail sent a supply of victuals, in a ship from Ross, to the adventurers. In the meantime, he sent quietly to Neil Macleod, desiring him to take the ship by the way, that the undertakers, trusting to these victuals, and being disappointed thereof, might be forced to return, and abandon the Island; which fell out accordingly; for Sir James Spence and Sir George Hay, failing to apprehend Neil, and being scarce of victuals to furnish their army, began to weary, and so dismissed all the neighbouring forces. Sir George Hay and Wormistoun then retired into Fife, leaving some men in the Island to defend and keep the fort until they sent them a fresh supply of men and victuals; whereupon, Neil, being assisted by his nephew, Malcolm Macleod (the son of Rory Og), invaded the undertakers' camp, burnt the same, apprehended all those which were left behind in the Island, and sent them home safely; since which time they never returned again into the Lewis. Then did the Lord Balmerino, Sir George Hay, and Sir James Spence, begin to weary of the Lewis, and sold their title of that Island to the Lord of Kintail for a sum of money; whereby, in end, after great trouble and much blood, he obtained that Island. And thus did this enterprise of the Fife undertakers come to no effect, after they had spent much time, and most part of their means, about it.

Kintail was glad that he had now, at last, caught his long-expected prey; and thereupon he went into the Island, where he was no sooner landed but all the inhabitants yielded unto him, except Neil Macleod, and some few others. The inhabitants yielded the more willingly to Kintail because he was their neighbour, and might still vex them with continual excursions if they did stand out against him; which they were not able to do. Neil Macleod was now forced to retire to a rock, within the sea, called Berrissay, which he kept for the space of three years. During the time of his stay in the fort of Berrissay, there arrived an English pirate in the Lewis, who had a ship furnished with great wealth; this pirate (called Peter Lowe) entered into friendship

and familiarity with Neil, being both rebels; at last, Neil took him prisoner with all his men, whom he sent, together with the ship, to the Council of Scotland, thinking, thereby, to get his own pardon, and his brother, Tormot, released out of prison; but neither of them did he obtain; and all the Englishmen, with their captain, Peter Lowe, were hanged at Leith, the year 1612. Neil Macleod, being wearied to remain in the fort of Berrissay, abandoned the same, and, dispersing all his company several ways, he retired into Harris, where he remained a certain while in secret; then he rendered himself unto his cousin, Sir Rory Macleod, whom he entreated to carry him into England to His Majesty; which Sir Rory undertook to do; and, coming to Glasgow, with a resolution to embark then for England, he was charged there, under the pain of treason, to deliver Neil, whom he presented before the Council at Edinburgh, where he was executed in April, 1613. After the death of Neil, his nephew, Malcolm Macleod (the son of Rory Og), escaping from the Tutor of Kintail, associated himself to the Clan Donald, in Isla and Kintyre, during their troubles against the Campbells, in the years 1614, 1615, and 1616; at which time Malcolm made a journey from Kintyre to the Lewis, and there killed two gentlemen of the Clan Mackenzie; then he went into Spain, and there remained in Sir James Macdonald's company, with whom he is now again returned into England, in the year 1620.

(To be continued.)

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR JUNE, 1886.

VI Mhios.] A' CHIUINE, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

● AN SOLUS UR—2 LA—1.55 F. | ○ AN SOLUS LAN—16 LA—1.39 F.
☽ AN CIAD CHR.—9 LA—7.27 M. | ☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.—24 LA—4.35 F.

M.	DI.		*A'ghr'an.* E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	*An Lan An Lite.* MAD.	*An Lan An Lite.* FEASG.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* MAD.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* FEASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	M	Breith Adhaimh Dhonncha, 1731	3.38 E	1.21	1.42	11.10	11.13
2	C	Latha Dhrumclog, 1679	8.43 L	2. 3	2.24	11.56	...
3	D	Diordain Deasghabhail	3.36 E	2.44	3. 4	0.18	0.40
4	H	[3] Bàs Dhughaill Bhuchannain, 1768	8.46 L	3.24	3.45	1. 2	1.25
5	S	Achd an Arphuntachaidh, 1746	3.34 E	4. 7	4.31	1.48	2.11
6	D	*Donich an dèigh na Deasghabhail*	8.49 L	4.56	5.21	2.34	2.59
7	L	Bàs Bhruce, 1329	3.32 E	5.49	6.17	3.24	3.49
8	M	Eaglais na h-alba, 1696	8.52 L	6.47	7.19	4.15	4.44
9	C	An fheill Chaluim	3.31 E	7.53	8.27	5.15	5.43
10	D	La Banrigh Mairghread	8.54 L	9. 3	9.40	7.21	7.54
11	H	Breith Dheòrsa Ròs, 1744	3.30 E	10.15	10.45	8.27	8.59
12	S	Bàs Righ Séumas III., 1488	8.56 L	11.15	11.43	9.30	9.58
13	D	*Didonaich Caingis*	3.29 E	...	0.11	10.26	10.52
14	L	Latha Naseby, 1645	8.57 L	0.36	1. 1	11.17	11.41
15	M	Meadhon an t-Samhraidh	3.29 E	1.25	1.49	...	0. 4
16	C	B. Shir Iain an Fhasaidh-fhearna, 1815	8.58 L	2.10	2.31	0.27	0.47
17	D	Latha Raon-Ruairidh, 1689	3.28 E	2.52	3.10	1. 6	1.25
18	H	Latha Waterloo	9. 0 L	3.28	3.45	1.44	2. 2
19	S	Breith Righ Seumas VI., 1566	3.28 E	4. 3	4.21	2.20	2.38
20	D	*Didonaich na Trianaid*	9. 0 L	4.41	5. 1	2.56	3.15
21	L	An la 's fhaide 's a' bhliadhna	3.28 E	5.20	5.39	3.34	3.53
22	M	Latha Drochaid Boiseil, 1679	9. 0 L	6. 0	6.21	4.13	4.33
23	C	[24] An fheill Eathain	3.28 E	6.44	7. 7	4.56	5.20
24	D	Diordaoin Chuirp Chriosta	9. 0 L	7.33	8. 2	5.46	6.13
25	H	Bàs Raibeart Fhleming, 1694	3.39 E	8.32	9. 2	6.44	7.15
26	S	Bàs an Ollaimh Mhic a' Ghobha, 1807	9. 0 L	9.36	10.10		
27	D	*II. Donaich na dèigh na Caingis.*	3.29 E	10.39	11. 7	7.47	8.18
28	L	Crùnadh na Banrigh, 1838	9. 0 L	11.34	...	8.49	9.18
29	M	La Pheadair 's Phoil	3.32 E	0. 1	0.26	9.47	10.13
30	C	Bàs Mhr. Stiubhart Chill-Fhinn, 1789	9. 0 L	0.50	1.14	10.39	11. 5

SMUGGLING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BY JOHN MACDONALD, SUPERVISOR.*

THE origin of distillation is surrounded by doubt and uncertainty, like the origin of many other important inventions and discoveries. Tradition ascribes it to Osiris, the great god, and, perhaps, the first King of Egypt, who is said to have reclaimed the Egyptians from barbarism, and to have taught them agriculture and various arts and sciences. Whether the tradition be true or not, all will admit the beauty and fitness of the conception which ascribed to the gods the glory of having first revealed to poor humanity the secret of distilling the water of life, as *aqua vitæ* or uisge-beatha, whose virtues, as a source of solace, of comfort, of cheer, and of courage, have been so universally recognised and appreciated. Truly, such a gift was worthy of the gods.

But however beautiful the tradition of Osiris, and however much in accord with the eternal fitness of things the idea that the gods first taught man the art of distillation, a rival claim has been set up for the origin of the invention. It does not require a very lively imagination to picture some of the gods disrelishing their mild nectar, seeking more ardent and stimulating drink, visiting the haunts of men after the golden barley had been garnered, and engaging in a little smuggling on their own account. But even this reasonable view will not be accepted without challenge. The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in its article on alcohol—not written by Professor Robertson Smith—states that the art of separating alcohol from fermented liquors, which appears to have been known in the far East, from the most remote antiquity, is supposed to have been first known to and practised by the Chinese, whence the knowledge of the art travelled westward. Thus we find the merit of the invention disputed between the gods and the Chinese. I am myself half inclined in favour of the "Heathen Chinee." That ingenious people who, in the hoariest antiquity, invented the manufacture of silk and porcelain, the mariner's compass, the art of block-printing, and the composition of gunpowder, may well

* Read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

be allowed the merit of having invented the art of distilling alcohol. Osiris was intimately connected with the agriculture of Egypt, and, among the Chinese, agriculture has been honoured and encouraged beyond every other species of industry. So that if the Egyptian grew his barley, the Chinaman grew his rice, from which the Japanese at the present day distil their saké. Instead of being an inestimable blessing bestowed by the gods, it is just possible that the art of distilling alcohol, like the invention of gunpowder, may be traced to the heathen Chinese, and may be regarded as one of the greatest curses ever inflicted on mankind. Where doctors differ, it would be vain to dogmatise, and on such a point everyone must be fully persuaded in his own mind. Whether we can agree as to alcohol being a blessing or a curse, we can agree that the origin of distillation is at least doubtful, and that, perhaps, no record of it exists.

Early mention is made in the Bible of strong drink as distinguished from wine. Aaron was prohibited from drinking wine or strong drink when going into the Tabernacle. David complains that he was the song of the drinkers of strong drink. Lemuel's mother warns her son against the use of strong drink, and advises him to "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto him that is heavy of heart. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more"—words which, with characteristic tact and unerring good taste, our own National Bard used as a motto for "Scotch Drink," and paraphrased so exquisitely :—

"Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair ;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care ;
There let him bouse and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves and debts,
An' minds his griefs no more."

But the strong drink of the Bible was not obtained by distillation. The Hebrew word "Yayin" means the wine of the grape, and is invariably rendered "wine," which was generally diluted before use. The word "Shechár," which is rendered "strong drink," is used to denote *date wine* and *barley wine*, which were fermented

liqours sufficiently potent to cause intoxication, and were made by the Egyptians from the earliest times. The early Hebrews were evidently unacquainted with the art of distillation.

Muspratt states that there is no evidence of the ancients having been acquainted with alcohol or ardent spirits, that, in fact, there is every reason to believe the contrary, and that distillation was unknown to them. He quotes the case of Dioscorides, a physician of the time of Nero (A.D., 54-68) who, in extracting quicksilver from cinnabar, luted a close cover of stone-ware to the top of his pot, thus showing that he was unacquainted with the method of attaching a receiver. Muspratt further states that neither poets, historians, naturalists, nor medical men make the slightest allusion to ardent spirits. This is more significant, as the earliest poets and historians make constant references to wine and ale, dilate on their virtues, and describe the mode of their manufacture.

The Egyptians, however, are said to have practised the art of distillation in the time of Dioclesian (A.D. 204-305), and are supposed to have communicated it to the Babylonians and Hebrews, who transmitted it westward to the Thracians, and Celtae of Spain and Gaul; but it was unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans. The distillation of aromatic waters is said to have been known from very remote times to the Arabians. The word "alcohol" is Arabic, meaning originally "fine powder," and becoming gradually to mean "essence," "pure spirit," the "very heart's blood," as Burn says of John Barleycorn. You remember the exclamation of poor Cassio when he sobered down after his drunken row: —"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!" We have now got a name for the intoxicating element of fermented liquors, and call it *alcohol*, which may go some way to prove that the Arabians were early acquainted with the art of distillation. A rude kind of still, which is yet employed, has been used for distilling spirits in Ceylon from time immemorial, and Captain Cook found among the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands a knowledge of the art of distilling spirits from alcoholic infusions.

It is said the art was first introduced into Europe by the Moors of Spain about 1150. Abucasis, who lived about that time, is

spoken of as the first Western philosopher who taught the art of distillation, as applied to the preparation of spirits. In the following century, Arnoldus de Villa Nova, a chemist and physician, describes distilled spirit, and states that it was called by some the "water of life;" and about the same time Raymond Lully, a chemist, noticed a mode of producing intoxicating spirit by distillation. But, for my purpose, the most interesting fact is that shortly after the invasion of Ireland by Henry II. in 1170, the English found the Irish in the habit of making and drinking *aqua vitæ*. Whether the Irish Celts claim to have brought the knowledge of the art from their original seat in the far East, or to have more recently received it from Spain, I do not know, but, without having access to purely Irish sources of information, this is the earliest record I find of distilled spirits having been manufactured or used in the British Islands. Whether Highlanders will allow the Irish claim to Ossian or not, I fear it must be allowed they have a prior claim to the use of whisky.* *Uisge-beatha* is no doubt a literal translation of the Latin *aqua vitæ* (water of life), supposed to be a corruption of *aequa vite* (water of the vine). "The monasteries being the archives of science, and the original dispensaries of medicine, it is a natural surmise that the term *acqua vite* was there corrupted into the Latin and universal appellation, *aqua vitæ* (water of life) from its salutary and beneficial effects as a medicine; and, from the Latin tongue being the general conveyancer of scientific discovery, as well as of familiar correspondence, the term *aqua vitæ* may have crept into common use to signify an indefinite distilled spirit, in contradistinction to *acqua vite*, the mere extract of the grape."—(Muspratt.) Whisky is simply a corruption of the Gaelic *uisge* or *uisge-beatha*. The virtues of Irish whisky, and directions for making it, both simple and compound, are fully recorded in the Red Book of Ossory, compiled about 500 years ago. Uisge-beatha was first used in Ireland as medicine, and was considered a panacea for all disorders. The physicians recommended it to patients indiscriminately, for preserving health, dissipating humours, strength-

* My attention has been called to the fact that in Mr. Skene's "Four Ancient Books of Wales," the Gael are in some of the 6th or 7th century poems called "distillers," furnace distillers," "kiln distillers."

ening the heart, curing colic, dropsy, palsy, &c., and even for prolonging existence itself beyond the common limit. It appears to have been used at one time to inspire heroism, as opium has been used among the Turks. An Irish knight, named Savage, about 1350, previously to engaging in battle, ordered to each soldier a large draught of aqua-vitæ. Four hundred years later we find Burns claiming a similar virtue for Highland whisky :—

"But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is Royal George's will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow."

And again, in that "tale of truth," "Tam o' Shanter"—

"Wi' tippenny we fear na evil;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil."

A similar idea is expressed in Strath-mathaisidh's Gaelic Song "Communn an Uisge-bheatha."—

"Bidh iad làn misnich 'us cruadail,
Gu h-aigiontach brisg gu tuasaid,
Chuireadh aon fhichead 'san uair sin
Tearlach Ruadh fo'n chrùn duinn."

By this time you are wondering what has become of the smugglers and Highland whisky. Although I did not expect to find that Adam, who, of course, spoke Gaelic and was no doubt a thorough Highlander, had engaged in smuggling outside the walls of Eden, or that the plucky Maclean, who sailed a boat of his own at the Flood, had an anchor of good old Highland whisky on board, yet, when I innocently undertook to write this paper, I must admit that I was under the impression that there was some notice of Highland whisky long before the 12th century. I had in view Ossian, sometime in the third or fourth century, spreading the feast and sending round the "shell of joy" brimming with real Highland uisge-beatha, "yellowed with peat reek and mellowed with age." After some investigation, I am forced to the conclusion that the Fingalians regaled themselves with *ale* or *mead*, not with whisky. There is nothing to show that they had whisky. The "shell of joy" went round in stormy Lochlin as

well as in streamy Morven, and we know that ale was the favourite drink of the Scandinavians before and after death. "In the halls of our father, Balder, we shall be drinking ale out of the hollow skulls of our enemies," sang fierce Lodbrog. The scallop-shell may seem small for mighty draughts of ale, but our ancestors knew how to brew their ale strong, and, as to the size of the shell, we learn from Juvenal that in his time shells were used by the Romans for drinking wine. Egyptian ale was nearly equal to wine in strength and flavour, and the Spaniards manufactured ale of such strength and quality that it would keep for a considerable time. However anxious to believe the contrary, I am of opinion that Ossian's shell was never filled with real uisge-beatha. But surely, I thought, Lady Macbeth must have given an extra glass or two of strong whisky to Duncan's grooms at Inverness, when they slept so soundly on the night of that terrible murder. I find that she only "drugged their possets," which were composed of hot milk poured on *ale* or sack, and mixed with honey, eggs, and other ingredients. At dinner the day after the murder Macbeth calls for *wine*,—"give me some wine, fill full;" so that wine, not whisky, was drunk at dinner in Inverness 800 years ago. There is no mention of whisky in *Macbeth*, or for centuries after, but we may safely conclude that a knowledge of the process of distillation must have been obtained very early from Ireland, where whisky was distilled and drunk in the twelfth century.

At a very remote period Highlanders made incisions in birch trees in spring, and collected the juice, which fermented and became a gentle stimulant. Most of us, when boys, have had our favourite birch tree, and enjoyed the *fion*. The Highlanders also prepared a liquor from the mountain heath. Lightfoot, in his *Flora Scotica*, (1777) says—"Formerly the young tops of the heather are said to have been used alone to brew a kind of ale, and even now I was informed that the inhabitants of Islay and Jura still continue to brew a very potable liquor by mixing two-thirds of the tops of heather to one-third of malt. It is a matter of history that Britain was once celebrated for honey, and it is quite probable that, when in full bloom and laden with honey, a fermentable infusion could be obtained from heather tops. Alcohol cannot, however, be obtained except from a saccharine basis,

and I fear that any beverage which could have been extracted from heather itself must have been of a very teetotal character. Mixed with malt something might be got out of it. Now, heather is only used by smugglers in the bottom of their mash-tun for draining purposes. I have often wondered whether Nature intended that our extensive heaths should be next to useless. The earliest mention of the drinking and manufacture of whisky in the Highlands is found in the famous "Statutes of Icolmkill,' which were agreed to by the Island Chiefs in 1609. The Statutes, as summarised in Gregory's *Western Highlands and Islands*, are quoted in Mackenzie's *History of the Macdonalds*. "The fifth Statute proceeded upon the narrative, that one of the chief causes of the great poverty of the Isles, and of the cruelty and inhuman barbarity practised in their feuds, was their inordinate love of strong wines and aquavitæ, which they purchased partly from dealers among themselves, partly from merchants belonging to the mainland. Power was, therefore, given to any person whatever to seize, without payment, any wine or aquavitæ imported for sale by a native merchant; and if any Islander should buy any of the prohibited articles from a mainland trader, he was to incur the penalty of forty pounds for the first offence, one hundred for the second, and for the third the loss of his whole possessions and moveable goods. It was, however, declared to be lawful for an individual to brew as much aquavitæ as his own family might require; and the barons and wealthy gentlemen were permitted to purchase in the Lowlands the wine and other liquors required for their private consumption."

For some time after this, claret appears to have been the favourite drink. The author of *Scotland Social and Domestic*, states that notwithstanding the prohibition of 1609 against the importation and consumption of wine, the consumption of claret continued, and the Privy Council, in 1616, passed an "Act agans the drinking of Wynes in the Yllis," as follows:—

"Forsamekle as the grite and extraordinar excess in drinking of wyne commonlie vsit amangis the commonis and tenentis of the yllis is not onlie ane occasioun of the beastlie and barbarous cruelties and inhumaniteis that fallis oute amongis thame to the offens and displesour of God and contempt of law and justice, bot with that it drawis nvmberis of thame to miserable necessite and powertie sua that they ar constraynit quhen they want of thair nichtbouris. For remeid quhairof the Lords of

Secret Counsell statvis and ordains, that nane of the tenentis and commonis of the Yllis sall at ony tyme heirefter by or drink ony wynes in the Yllis or continent nixt adiacent, vnder the pane of twenty poundis to be incurrit be every contravenare *toties quoties*. The ane half of the said pane to the King's Maiestie and the vther half to their maisteris and landlordis and chiftanes. Commanding heirby the maisteris landislordis and chiftanes to the sadis tenentis and commonis euery ane of thame within their awine boundis to sie thir present act preceislie and inviolablie kept, and the contravenaries to mak rekning and payment of the ane halff of the said panes in Maiesteis exchequir yierlie and to apply the vther halff of the saidis panes to thair awne vse."

In 1622 a more stringent measure was passed, termed an "Act that nane send wynes to the Ilis," as follows:—

"Forsamekle as it is vnderstand to the Lordis of secreit counsell that one of the cheiff caussis whilk procuris the continewance of the inhabitants of the Ilis in their barbarous and inciuile form ot leeving is the grite quantitie of wynes yeirlie caryed to the Ilis with the vnsatiable desire quhair of the saidis inhabitants are so far possesst, that quhen their arryvis ony ship or other veshell thair with wynes they spend bothe dayis and nightis in thair excesse of drinking, and seldome do they leave thair drinking so lang as thair is ony of the wyne rest and sua that being overcome with drink thair fallis out money inconvenientis amangis thame to the brek of his Maiesteis peace. And quihairas the cheftanes and principallis of the clannis in the yllis ar actit to take suche ordour with thair tenentis as nane of thame be sufferit to drink wynes, yitt so long as thair is ony wynes caryed to the Ilis thay will hardlie be withdrane from thair evil custome of drinking, bot will follow the same and continew thairin whensoeuir they may find the occassoun. For remeid quhairof in tyme comeing the Lordis of secreit Counsell ordanis lettres to be direct to command charge and inhibite all and sindrie marsheantis, skipparis and awnaris of shippis and veshells, be oppin proclamation at all places neidful, that nane of them presoume nor tak upon hand to carye and transport ony wynes to the Ilis, nor to sell the same to the inhabitantis of the Ilis, except so mekle as is allowed to the principall chiftanes and gentlemen of the Ilis, vnder the pane of confiscatioun of the whole wynes so to be caryed and sauld in the Ilis aganis the tenour of this proclamatioun, or els of the availl and pryceis of the same to his Maiesties vse."

"These repressive measures," the author continues, "deprived the Hebrideans of the wines of Bordeaux, but did not render them more temperate. They had recourse to more potent beverages. Their ancestors extracted a spirit from the mountain heath; they now distilled usque-beatha or whisky. Whisky became a greater favourite than claret, and was drunk copiously, not only in the Hebrides, but throughout the Highlands. It did not become common in the Lowlands until the latter part of the last century. The Lowland baron or yeoman who relished a liquor more powerful than claret formerly used rum or brandy."

Whisky was little used among the better classes for upwards

of a hundred years after this. "Till 1780," says the same author, "claret was imported free of duty, and was much used among the middle and upper classes, the price being about fivepence the bottle. Noblemen stored hogsheads of claret in their halls, making them patent to all visitors; guests received a cup of wine when they entered, and another on their departure. The potations of those who frequented dinner-parties were enormous; persons who could not drink remained at home. A landlord was considered inhospitable who permitted any of his guests to retire without their requiring the assistance of his servants. Those who tarried for the night, found in their bedrooms a copious supply of ale, wine, and brandy to allay the thirst superinduced by their previous potations. Those who insisted on returning home were rendered still more incapable of prosecuting their journeys by being compelled, according to the inexorable usage, to swallow a *deoch-an-doruis*, or stirrup-cup, which was commonly a vessel of very formidable dimensions."

(*To be continued.*)

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

XV. RODERICK MACLEOD, commonly called "Rory the Witty," was a minor at the death of his father. His uncle, Sir Roderick Macleod of Tallisker, his tutor, took charge of the Clan, and supported Charles the Second against Cromwell. When Charles arrived in Scotland in 1650, he issued a proclamation requesting all his Scottish subjects to gather to his Standard, when Sir Roderick Macleod raised a regiment of 700 men, nearly all composed of Macleods, his nephew's Clansmen. The Lieutenant-Colonelcy of this fine body he gave to his brother, Norman Macleod of Bernera, a brave and distinguished soldier. Having joined, and remained for some time with, the Royal Army, Colonel Norman Macleod was ordered to raise an additional three hundred men to complete his regiment and bring it up to a thousand, which he did in a very short time, but he had great difficulty in supplying them with arms. He applied to John Buncle, then Commissary, to supply these, but he declined to advance them unless Roderick Macleod of Tallisker gave his bond for them. This the Tutor agreed to do, and the arms were obtained; but afterwards, during the usurpation, this cost him no end of trouble, for the bond was assigned

to a William MacCulloch, who pressed it against Sir Roderick, by legal diligence. He was, however, finally relieved of the claim by an Act of Parliament passed in 1661. This fine regiment of Macleods, with the two gallant brothers at its head, accompanied the army of King Charles II., in 1651, to the Battle of Worcester, where most of them fell; and those who did not were taken prisoners, and transported to the plantations in South Carolina, so that scarcely one of them ever returned home. The Clan was almost ruined; its whole manhood having been thus almost cut off by one terrible stroke. So great was the slaughter among them, that it was agreed to by the other Clans in the North that the Macleods should not take part in any other conflict until they had time to multiply and recover their losses on this fatal field. Tallisker managed to escape capture, and, in disguise, to find his way back to the Highlands; but his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Norman, was taken prisoner, kept in confinement for eighteen months, at the end of which he was then tried for his life. Through a flaw in the indictment, procedure was sisted; he was sent back to prison, and finally escaped, after which he succeeded in making his way to the Isle of Skye, where he continued in his loyalty to the King, by whom, after the Restoration, he and his brother, Roderick of Tallisker, were knighted.

At a general meeting of the Chiefs who still continued loyal to King Charles, held at Glenelg on the 21st of April, 1653, it was agreed to raise a body of two thousand Highlanders for His Majesty's service; and, at the same time, it was resolved to send a messenger, with proper credentials, signed by the principal heads of Clans who attended this Council, to King Charles at Paris, the King of Denmark, the Princess Royal, and the States of Holland; and to advise them fully as to the condition, resolution, and desires, of the Highland Chiefs there assembled. To carry out this important and somewhat dangerous embassy, Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Macleod, who had so recently escaped from an English prison, was fixed upon, and he cheerfully undertook the duty. He succeeded in his journey, delivered his message into the King's own hands, and was received as graciously as the importance of his message, and the faithful and successful manner in which it was carried out, so fully deserved. He brought back

a message from the King to his faithful Highlanders, addressed to Roderick Macleod of Tallisker, full of the most kindly expressions and grateful acknowledgements, dated at Chantilly, the 31st of October, 1653. In this letter, he expressed the strongest resolution of rewarding Tallisker for his services, and his cheerfulness in concurring in and conducting that good work upon which the King's interest and "the honour and liberty of the country, and the preservation of the whole nobility and gentry, so much depended." Sir Norman performed several other important services to King Charles during the remainder of his life, before and after the Restoration, but these, and the manner in which they were rewarded by His Majesty will be more suitably detailed under "The Macleods of Bernera," the family founded by this brave and distinguished soldier.

After the defeat of General Middleton's army by General Morgan, at Lochgarry, it was decided at a Council of War that no more could be done for the Royal cause, under existing conditions. General Middleton, accompanied by Dalziel, Drummond, and several other officers, retired to Dunvegan, under the protection of the Macleods, while others took up their quarters in Lochaber, under the roof of the famous Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. During the winter, Sir Ewen accompanied his guests to Dunvegan Castle, where several other Highland Chiefs attended to meet him. A Council was held, and, after much and serious deliberation, it was decided that they should all submit, before they were altogether ruined, and make the best terms they could with Cromwell's lieutenants; for Charles was now quite unable to support them with any money, men, or arms. It had previously been intimated, through secret sources, to the Highland Chiefs, that, if they laid down their arms, they would be restored to their fortunes and estates; and, with this knowledge, they acted the wiser part by agreeing to submit. The Royalist commanders were well received and hospitably entertained at Dunvegan Castle. The Tutor's loyalty, activity, and sufferings in the Royal cause were well known to them, and, before leaving, they thought it right to acknowledge his conduct and the fidelity of his family and Clan, by recording such services, and recommending him to the King in the following terms:—

"Seeing it is incumbent on us to do whatsoever may tend to the honour, safety, and advantage of those whose signally loyal and faithful adherence to His Majesty's service, have deserved, we do hereby testify and declare, that this noble gentleman Colonel Roderick Macleod, hath not only given singular proof of his fidelity, prudence, conduct, valour, and industry in His Majesty's service, and suffered much for it in former times, as is no less known to His Majesty than to us; but having been at expence, charges, and pains, and chiefly instrumental and active in the enlivening and promoting this late undertaking, hath in the progress of it behaved himself with such clear honour, integrity, discretion, constancy, and gallant resolution on all occasions, as became a person of eminent worth, dignity, and virtue, having not only transcended others in the common duty of a loyal subject and a good commander, but also performed many particular and important offices, in order to the continuance of His Majesty's service, and advantage of his affairs, which are hardly to be paralleled; and whatever may have been the miscarriages of any person or persons to the prejudice of His Majesty's service, and those that are concerned in it, we do, upon our certain knowledge likewise declare, that the said Colonel Roderick Macleod is not only absolutely freed from any accession to it, and untainted with it, but also hath been principally instrumental in frustrating all designs and attempts undertaken to our prejudice, and author of our preservation; by all which he hath not only deserved that his deportment should by us be duly represented to His Majesty, but that they should be suitably rewarded, and his honour and merit made manifest to the world; and we do hereby likewise not only allow and authorize, but do most earnestly desire him to apply himself to such courses as may be most expedient for his safety and preservation, by private address, capitulation, or otherwise. In testimony whereof we have signed and sealed these presents at Dunvegan, the last day of March, 1655. (Signed), John Middleton; Dalyell; W. Drummond."

After this, Sir Roderick of Tallisker lived quietly at home in the Isle of Skye, until after the Restoration of Charles II., when he proceeded to pay his respects to His Majesty in London. He was most graciously received, as his services so justly merited, and the King conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. We shall have more to say regarding him and his descendants under "The Macleods of Tallisker," of whom he was the progenitor and founder.

Roderick Macleod of Macleod, to whom we now return, now

became of age, and succeeded in getting the sequestration of his estate removed, and getting himself admitted under the protection of Oliver Cromwell, through the influence of General Monk, upon his finding security for his future peaceable behaviour to the amount of £6000 sterling, and paying a fine of £2500 sterling. From this agreement, following on his capitulation, and which is dated the 30th of May, 1655, both his uncles—Roderick Macleod of Tallisker, and Norman Macleod of Bernera—are expressly excluded. On the 22nd of November following, he was served heir in special to his father, and, on the 24th of February, 1656, he was duly infeft in the family estates by a precept from Chancery, except the lands of Glenelg, in which he was infeft on the 19th of October, 1657, in virtue of a precept of Clare Constat and Charter of Novodamus from the subject superior.

After the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, Roderick Macleod went to London to pay his homage to the King, and was very kindly received by His Majesty. Macleod was, however, so much cut up because Charles made no reference to the ruin of his family and the Clan Macleod at the Battle of Worcester, and its mournful results in Skye, that he returned home at once. He had taken his piper, Patrick Mor MacCrimmon, who had also been at the Battle of Worcester, with him to Court on this occasion, when he was allowed "to kiss hands," as a very special honour. MacCrimmon appears to have thought a great deal more about this incident than of the decimation of his clansmen at the Battle of Worcester, and he commemorated the honour conferred upon him, and the other polite attentions paid to him by the King, by composing that famous Piobaireachd—"*Thug mi pog do laimh an Righ*"—(I kissed the King's hand)—one of the verses of which is as follows:—

Thug mi pog 'us pog 'us pog,
Gun d' thug mi pog do laimh an Righ;
'S cha d' chuir gnoth an craicionn caorach,
Fear a fhuair an fhaoilt ach mi.

It was to this Chief that Mary Macleod—"*Mairi Nighean Alastair Ruaidh*"—the famous Skye Poetess, composed the well-known elegy—"Cumha do Mhac-Leoid." From this poem it would appear

that Roderick died away from his native land, certainly not at home; for she says—

Ge goirt leam an naigheachd,
Tha mi faighinn air Ruairidh,
Gun a chorp bhi 'san duthaich,
Anns an tuama bu dual da.

It would also appear from the same poem that he had a son Norman, who predeceased his father, for the Author says, in another stanza—

Ach a Ruairidh Mhic Iain,
'S goirt leam fhaighinn an sgeul-s' ort,
Se mo chreach-sa mac t' athar,
Bhi na laidhe gun eiridh;
Agus *Tormod* a *mhac-sa*,
A thasgaidh mo cheille!
Gur e aobhar mo ghearain,
Gun chailleadh le cheil' iad.

He had also a daughter, who married Stewart of Appin, and whose husband claimed the estate, on the death of her father without male heirs. The Poetess resents this claim in a burst of patriotic fervour, and exclaims—

Mhic Iain Stiubhairt na h-Apunn,
Ged a's gasd' an duin' og thu,
Ged tha Stiubhartaich beachdail,
'S iad tapaidh 'n am foirneart,
Na gabhsa meanmadh, no aiteas,
A's an staid ud nach coir dhut;
Cha toir thu i dh'aindeoin,
'S cha'n fhaigh thu le deoin i.
C'uim an tigeadh fear coigreach,
A thagradh ur n' oighreachd;
Ged nach eil e ro-dhearbhta,
Gur searbh e ri eisdeachd;
Ged tha sinn' air ar creachadh
Mu chloinn mhac an fhir fheillidh,
Sliochd Ruairidh Mhoir Allail,
'S gur airidh iad fhein oirr'.

This Chief, whose death the Poetess so bitterly mourns, and whose career she so highly extols, would seem to be the same Macleod who had banished her to the Island of Mull, where she appears still to be at the time of his death, and where she, apparently, composed his elegy. In Douglas' Baronage, it is stated that

Roderick died without issue. It is, however, clear, from "Cumha Mhic-Leoid," that he had both male and female issue; though his son, Norman, predeceased him. John Mackenzie, of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," in a foot-note to the above-quoted poem, says, that "Stewart of Appin was married to a daughter of [this] Macleod of Dunvegan, which made the Macleods afraid that he should claim a right to the estate, on account of Macleod having left no male-heir." Roderick married Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat (eldest son of Sir Roderick Mackenzie, Tutor of Kintail, and progenitor of the Earls of Cromarty), by Margaret, daughter of Sir George Erskine of Innerteil, a Lord of Session, without, as we have seen, any surviving male issue. She married, as her second husband, Sir George Campbell of Lawers, in the County of Perth.

Roderick Macleod died in January, 1664, when he was succeeded by his only brother.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS—THEIR SOCIAL AND LITERARY HISTORY—1775-1832.

[BY PROVOST MACANDREW.]

AT the commencement of the period of which we are treating, the Highlands had entered on a state of social and economic change. Influences, which had long been at work in other parts of the country, and had gradually produced their results there, were all at once brought to bear on the Highlands, and were producing a dissolution of the old bonds of society. The defeat of the last rebellion resulted in the effective disarmament of the clans, the deprivation of the chiefs and landlords of all judicial and territorial power over their tenants and the residents on their lands, and in the making effectual and patent all over the Highlands the power of the Central Government, and the authority of the law of the land administered by judges appointed by the Crown. The law did not attempt to interfere with that feeling of kinship, of common origin, and of tribal loyalty, which, apart from territorial connection, bound the chief and the clan together. It had never recognised this tie, and, in the case of the Dunmaglass succession, it was not very long ago declared, on the highest judicial authority, and after careful and antiquarian investigation, that the law knew of no such corporation or body as a clan, could not define it, and could not, therefore, give effect to a provision in a deed which confined the succession to an estate to the members of Clan Chattan. But, by the opening up of the country, and the visible exhibition of the powers of the Central Government, in the shape of garrisons all over the country, it brought home, to chief and clansman alike, that the most powerful clans could effect nothing, either against the Government or against hostile clans, and that the clan tie had passed from a powerful fact, which enabled a few gentlemen, with a total revenue of about £6000—for that was the rental of the estates which passed under the charge of the Commissioners on forfeited estates after the rebellion—to

raise a powerful army, and almost to upset the Government of Great Britain, into a sentiment which, however pleasing, could produce no practical result. The chief had thus practically revealed and brought home to him the fact that he was, in the eye of the law, at least, but the owner of the soil, but, also, that he was the absolute owner, with no power over his tenants but the power to exact rent or to remove them; while, to the clansman, it was equally brought home that he had no right to the land on which he and his ancestors had resided from time immemorial, but in respect of the rent which he paid—a rent which he soon practically found could be increased at the will of the landlord, unless when there was the protection of a lease, and, against the raising of which, the clansman had no remedy but to relinguish his possession. The military leader, by divine right, of a tribe of soldiers, every man of whom went every day armed and wearing the tartan and badges of his tribe, was transformed into a mere landlord entitled to exact rent, and the armed clansman was transformed into a mere cultivator or herdsman, forbidden to wear arms or to wear the distinctive tartan of his tribe.

Here was a change of relations, calculated to produce great social results; but, naturally, these results took some time to manifest themselves. The chiefs who had actually called out their clans and led them in the Forty-Five, and the clansmen who had actually fought under the banners, could not, all at once, cast behind them the old feelings which bound them together, or realise all at once that "the good old times had passed away"; and, when the estates were not forfeited, matters continued for a time to go on as before. On the forfeited estates, too, the management was lenient; there was no attempt whatever to remove possessors; on the contrary, leases of forty years were, as a rule, granted to the existing possessors, and rents were so leniently dealt with that, in some cases, the tenants were able to send the old rents to the exiled chiefs, as well as to discharge their obligations to the Government. Up till the beginning of the time of which we are treating, therefore, there was little actual change in the possession of land or in the social relations of the people. The mould in which the social system had been cast, and which had hitherto protected it, was removed, and the struc-

ture, deprived of its protection, was left to the influence of causes intended and calculated to break it up, but which were now only beginning to show their effects. Let us endeavour to realise, then, what this system was.

We find, then, all over the Highlands at this time, a social system representing the very earliest state of settled society. The whole population was dependent on the land, on its cultivation, and on the pasturage on it of domesticated animals. The land was possessed in property either by the chiefs of clans or by smaller proprietors who had, in various ways, of which we cannot here treat, acquired charter rights to portions of the original tribe lands, and who, although holding these lands under the Crown or under some intermediate feudal superior, to whom they owed feudal service up to the extinction of such services, were yet members of the clan to which they belonged by descent, and had, invariably, and often despite their feudal superiors, followed their chiefs. These proprietors were resident on their estates, parts of which they held in their own hands, and cultivated, or managed the cattle on them, by their own servants. Next in social rank to these came the tacksmen, as they were called, who held considerable tracts of land for payment of rents in money and kind. These were the gentlemen of the clan; they held their possessions from father to son, and were often men of great power and influence—sometimes leaders of distinct septs. Next to them came the smaller tenants, holding, sometimes, and perhaps principally, of the tacksmen as sub-tenants, and sometimes direct of the proprietor. These were of various degrees, and, as a rule, they lived in small communities, holding the arable land in run-rig and dividing it every year, and possessing the pasture attached to the holding in common; and, beneath these, were cottars, who held houses and small patches of land from the landlords, the tacksmen, or the sub-tenants, and paid for these almost entirely in services, and the servants, or scallags, who also received the great part of their remuneration in the possession of a house, a small piece of land—which they were allowed one day in the week to till—and in food. And, besides all these, there was a class who cultivated pieces of land, receiving the seed from the landlord or tacksman, and receiving as their remuneration a certain portion of the produce,

or who leased cattle, giving for the use of them a return of so much butter and cheese.

The agriculture of this time was rude and primitive. Each farm, whether held by the landlord, the tacksman, or the community of small tenants, was divided into infield and outfield land, green pasture, and hill pasture, and meadow. The arable land, green pasture and meadow, was divided from the hill by a fence called the head dyke. The infield land was cultivated continuously, and the whole manure made on the holding was applied to it. There was no rotation of crops, for turnips were not yet in use, and potatoes were only just coming into use; and, if the infield land was rested at all, it was rested in bare fallow. The outfield land was broke up occasionally, and cropped as long as it yielded a return for the seed, and, when it would no longer do so, it was allowed to rest in grass until it had regained sufficient fertility to bear another series of crops—the meadow lay in patches interspersed among the arable land, and bare a scanty crop of hay. On the green pasture within the head dyke, the milk cows were grazed, and in the hill pasture beyond the houses yeld cattle, sheep, and goats were grazed in early Summer and Autumn. The old wooden plough was in general use on the larger farms, worked by a number of horses, yoked one in front of another; but on small patches of land, and among the smaller tenants, the *cas-crom*, or hand plough, which is still in common use in the West and in the Islands, was the principal instrument of agriculture. Water mills had long been in use, but the quern, or hand mill was still in general use, and corn, instead of being threshed out and dried in a kiln before being ground, was still very commonly *graddaned*, that is, burnt out of the husk either by burning the straw and ears together, or burning the ears alone, and thus separating the corn and drying it by one operation, tedious, no doubt, if only the husks were burned, and wasteful if the straw also was burned. This was a system of agriculture primitive and rude enough, but it must be borne in mind that the only object was to produce enough grain for domestic use, and that fifty or sixty years earlier the description, with the exception of the quern and the process of *graddaning*, would apply equally to the South of Scotland.

The great wealth of the community consisted in cattle; sheep

and goats were kept, the former for their wool for domestic use and for their mutton; the goats for their flesh and milk; but cattle were the only article of commerce, and the care of these was the principal occupation of life. The stock of cattle on a good farm in Skye is described as consisting of 50 cows, 40 yearlings or stirks, 35 heifers, two years old, 30 heifers, three years old, and 20 heifers fit for breeding; and from this stock Pennant says the owner could sell only 20 cows at 45s. each, and make butter and cheese enough for domestic use, but none to sell—the cows not yielding more than three English quarts at a meal. But, besides this stock, there would be sheep and goats, and Pennant must have been misinformed as to the number sold; for, besides old cows, there must have been oxen to sell at some age or other. The rent of such a farm, he says, was formerly sixteen pounds, but, at the time he wrote, it had been raised to fifty pounds. And, in considering the quantity of dairy produce, we must keep in mind that on such a farm 20 servants were employed, and these and their families had to be fed, and one considerable element in their food was milk in various forms.

Beyond the hill pasture attached to each farm, and which did not usually exceed a few hundred acres, there extended the great mountain ranges, the bogs, and high glens. These were either wastes, or appropriated by the King, the Chiefs, and the great nobles as hunting grounds—for there are some great tracts, such as the forests of Mar and of Athole, the Black Mount, Ben-Alder, and others, which have been appropriated to sport from the earliest times of which we have any record—but when they were not so appropriated, these wastes were vast commons, over which the people of whole communities grazed in common, and cut turf and peats. To these wastes, in the Summer, the whole community migrated with the cattle, and remained there while the grass lasted. This annual migration was one of the most beautiful and joyous features of that old times. The people went out in a procession with their cattle and other domestic animals, headed by pipers. They lived in temporary huts of turf and branches, moving as the necessities of the stock required, and leading a free and joyous life. The men occupied in the care of the stock, and in fishing and shooting to help to provide themselves with food; the

women in the work of the dairy, in knitting and spinning, and the whole joining in the evening in song and dance.

The cattle were usually disposed of in the Autumn, and were purchased by drovers, and driven by them in herds to the South of Scotland and England, and sold to grazers. The occupation of a drover was not then considered beneath a gentleman of good family, or even of estate. In an older time, we know that Rob Roy began life as a drover, and I have come across various pieces of evidence that gentlemen of estate often engaged in the occupation of purchasing cattle and taking them to the Southern markets. Sometimes the factor on large and remote estates became the purchaser of the cattle of the tenantry, and in some cases, no doubt, insisted on getting them at very low prices, but this was rare. As a rule, these sales and purchases were conducted with good feeling and confidence on both sides. The cattle were taken generally by the same person—the drover of the district—for a course of years, no price being fixed at the time of delivery, the understanding being that the price to be paid was to be according to the markets; and, with the prices paid or the bills granted by the drovers, rents and all other pecuniary obligations were discharged.

Of money, in the shape of coin or bank notes, there was very little indeed in the country. Dr. Johnson and Boswell, during their famous tour in the Hebrides, had great difficulty in getting a £30 bill on Edinburgh cashed; and, in the remote parts, there were no shops, and for supplies of all foreign productions the natives were dependant on pedlars, or, if they lived on the coast, on passing vessels and on wrecks.

(*To be continued.*)

SMUGGLING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BY JOHN MACDONALD, SUPERVISOR.

(Continued.)

THAT claret was the favourite drink among the better classes to the end of last century is remarkably corroborated by Burns's song of "The Whistle"—

> "The dinner being over the claret they ply,
> And every new cork is a new spring of joy."

The competitors having drunk six bottles of claret each, Glenriddle, "a high-ruling elder, left the foul business to folks less divine." Maxwelton and Craigdarroch continued the contest and drank one or two bottles more, Craigdarroch winning the whistle. Burns is said to have drunk a bottle of rum and one of brandy during the contest. There is a Highland story which would make a good companion to the foregoing Lowland picture. The time is much later, perhaps sixty years ago, and the beverage whisky. The laird of Milnain, near Alness, visited his neighbour the laird of Nonikiln. Time wore on, and the visit was prolonged until late at night. At last the sugar got down, and toddy is not very palatable without sugar. In those days no shop was nearer than Tain or Dingwall, and it was too late to send anywhere for a supply. Convivialities were threatened with an abrupt termination when a happy thought found its way into Nonikiln's befogged brain. He had bee-hives in the garden, and honey was an excellent substitute for sugar. A skep was fetched in, the bees were robbed, and the toddy bowl was replenished. The operation was repeated until the bees, revived by the warmth of the room, showed signs of activity, and stung their spoilers into sobriety. Dr. Aird, Creich, I understand, relates this story with great gusto.

There can be no doubt that till the latter part of last century, wine, ale, rum, and brandy were more used than whisky. Ian Lom, who died about 1710, in his song, "Moch 's mi 'g eirigh 'sa

Mhaduinn," mentions "gucagan fion," but makes no reference to whisky. Lord Lovat having occasion to entertain 24 guests at Beaufort in 1739, writes—"I have ordered John Forbes to send in horses for all Lachlan Macintosh's wine, and for six dozen of the Spanish wine."—(Transactions, Vol. XII). Colonel Stewart of Garth writing about 1820, says—"Till within the last 30 years, whisky was less used in the Highlands than rum and brandy, which were smuggled from the West Coast. It was not till the beginning, or rather towards the middle of last century that spirits of any kind were so much drank as ale, which was then the universal beverage. Every account and tradition go to prove that ale was the principal drink among the country people, and French wines and brandy among the gentry. Mr. Stewart of Crossmount, who lived till his 104th year, informed me that in his youth strong frothing ale from the cask was the common beverage. It was drunk from a circular shallow cup with two handles. Those of the gentry were of silver, and those used by the common people were of variegated woods. Small cups were used for spirits. Whisky house is a term unknown in Gaelic. A public-house is called Tigh-Leanna, *i.e.*, ale-house. In addition to the authority of Mr. Stewart, I have that of men of perfect veracity and great intelligence regarding everything connected with their native country. In the early part of their recollections, and, in the time of their fathers, the whisky drank in the Highlands of Perthshire was brought principally from the Lowlands. A ballad composed on an ancestor of mine in the reign of Charles I., describes the laird's jovial and hospitable manner, and, along with other feats, his drinking a brewing of ale at one sitting. In this song whisky is never mentioned, nor is it in any case, except in the modern ballads and songs."

Here is a verse of it :—

Fear Druim-a'-charaidh,
Gur toigh leis an leann ;
'S dh'oladh e 'n togail
M' an togadh e 'cheann.

All the evidence that can be gathered goes to show that the manufacture and use of whisky must have been very limited until the latter part of last century. This is clearly shown by the small

quantities charged with Excise duty. On Christmas day, 1660, Excise duty was first laid on whisky in this country, the duty in Scotland being 2d., 3d., and 4d. per gallon, according to the materials from which the spirits were made. No record exists of the amount of duty paid until 1707, when it amounted only to £1810 15s. 11d., representing about 100,000 gallons, the population being 990,000. No record of the quantity charged exists until 1724, when duty was 3d. and 6d. In that year 145,602 gallons were charged, the duty amounting to £3504 12s. 10d., the population being little over one million. Last year the population was 3,866,521, the gallons of whisky charged 6,629,306, and the duty £3,314,680 10s. Since 1724, 160 years ago, the population of Scotland has increased nearly four times, the quantity of spirits charged for home consumption forty-five times, and the amount of duty over nine hundred and forty-seven times. In proportion to population, the people of Scotland are now drinking eleven times as much whisky as they did 160 years ago, so that our forefathers must have been much more temperate than we are, must have drunk more foreign wines and spirits or ale, or must have very extensively evaded the Excise duty.

Although much of the whisky manufactured at this time must have been distilled on a small scale within the homes in which it was consumed, there is early mention of public distilleries. In 1690 reference is made to the "Ancient Brewary of Aquavity," on the land of Ferintosh, and there is no reason to doubt that Ferintosh was the seat of a distillery before the levying of the Excise duty in 1660. The yearly Excise of the lands of Ferintosh was farmed to Forbes of Culloden in 1690, for 400 merks, about £22, and the history of the privilege is interesting. As in later times Forbes of Culloden sided with the Revolution party, and was of considerable service in the struggle which led to the deposition of James II., he was consequently unpopular with the "Highland Rebels," as the Jacobites were termed by the loyalists, and, during his absence in Holland, his estate in Ferintosh, with its "Ancient Brewary of Aquavity," was laid waste in October, 1689, by a body of 700 or 800 men, sent by the Earl of Buchan and General Cannon, whereby he and his tenants suffered much loss. In compensation for the losses thus sustained, an

Act of Parliament, farming to him and his successors the yearly Excise of the lands of Ferintosh, was passed as follows:—

"At Edinburgh, 22nd July, 1690.

"Our Sovereign Lord and Ladye, the King and Queen's Majesties and the three Estates of Parliament:—Considering that the lands of Ferintosh were an Ancient Brewary of Aquavity; and were still in use to pay a considerable Excise to the Thesaury, while of late that they were laid waste of the King's enemies; and it being just to give such as have suffered all possible encouragement, and also necessary to use all lawful endeavours for upholding of the King's Revenue; Therefore their Majesties and the Estates of Parliament for encouragement to the possessors of the said Lands to set up again and prosecute their former Trade of Brewing and pay a duty of Excyse as formerly; Do hereby Ferm for the time to come the Yearly Excyse of the said lands of Ferintosh to the present Heritor Duncan Forbes of Culloden, and his successors Heritors of same for the sum of 400 merks Scots, which sum is declared to be the yearly proportion of that annuity of £40,000 sterling payable for the Excyse to his Majestie's Exchequer. The brewing to commence at the term of Lambas next to come, and payment to be made to the ordinary Collector of Excyse for the Shyre of Inverness."

Another Act was passed in 1695 continuing and confirming the privilege, after the Excise was "raised off of the Liquor and not of the Boll?" The arable lands of Ferintosh extended to about 1800 acres, and calculating 5 bolls of barley to the acre, and a profit of £2 per boll, the gain must have been considerable. Mr. Arnot states that more whisky was distilled in Ferintosh than in all the rest of Scotland, and estimates the annual profit at about £18,000. Such a distinguished mark of favour, and so valuable a privilege were sure to raise envy against a man who was already unpopular, and we find the Master of Tarbat complaining to Parliament, *inter alia*:—

"That Culloden's tack of Excyse wrongs the Queen's Revenue in 3600 merks per annum.

"That his tack of Excyse wrongs his neighbours, in so far as he can undersell them, and monopolise the brewing trade.

"That his loss was not above a year's rent."

In answer Culloden states:—

"That he understands the meaning of the Act to be for what grows on his own lands.

"That whatever grain shall be carried from any place into his land (except it be to eat or sow), shall be lyable to Excyse.

"That the amount of the loss sustained by himself and tenants was £54,000 Scotch, as ascertained by regular proof."

After the establishment of a Board of Excise in 1707, frequent representations were made to the Treasury to buy this right, in consideration of the great dissatisfaction it created among the

distillers, who did not complain without cause, as in 1782 the duty paid was £22, while according to the current rate of duty £20,000 should have been paid. *(Owens.)* These representations prevailed, and the Act 26, G. III., cap. 73, sec. 75, provided for the purchase as follows:—

"Whereas Arthur Forbes of Culloden, Esq., in the county of Inverness, is possessed of an exemption from the duties of Excise, within the lands of Ferintosh under a certain lease allowed by several Acts of Parliament of Scotland, which exemption has been found detrimental to the Revenue and prejudicial to the distillery in other parts of Scotland, enacted That the Treasury shall agree with the said Arthur Forbes upon a compensation to be made to him in lieu of the exemption, and if they shall not agree, the barons of Exchequer may settle the compensation by a jury, and after payment thereof, the said exemption shall cease."

In 1784 the Government paid £21,000 to Culloden, and the exemption ceased after having been enjoyed by the family for nearly a century. Burns thus refers to the transaction in "Scotch Drink," which was written in the following year—

Thou Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland laments frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips and barking hoast
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' chartered boast
Is ta'en awa!

The minister of Dingwall, in his account of the parish, writing a few years after the abolition of the exemption, tells that during the continuance of the privilege, quarrels and breaches of the peace were abundant among the inhabitants, yielding a good harvest of business to the procurators of Dingwall. When the exemption ceased, the people became more peaceable, and the prosperity of attorneyism in Dingwall received a marked abatement. (Dom. An. of Scot., Vol. III.)

Colonel Warrand, who kindly permitted me to peruse the Culloden Acts, stated that the sites of four distilleries can be still traced in Ferintosh. An offer of £3000, recently made for permission to erect a distillery in the locality, was refused by Culloden, who feared that such a manufactory might be detrimental to the best interests of the people. Although there is no distillery, nor, so far as I am aware, even a smuggler in the locality, an enterprising London spirit-dealer still supplies real "Ferintosh," at

least he has a notice in his window to that effect. This alone is sufficient to show how highly prized Ferintosh whisky must have been, and we have further proof in Uilleam Ross' "Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha" (1762-90):—

Stuth glan na Toiseachd gun truailleadh,
Gur ioc-shlaint chòir am beil buaidh e;
'S tu thogadh m' inntinn gu suairceas,
'S cha b'e druaip na *Fraingc*.

And again in his "Mac-na-Bracha"—

Stuth glan na Toiseachd gun truailleadh,
An ioc-shlaint is uaisle t'ann;
'S fearr do leigheas na gach lighich,
Bha no bhitheas a measg Ghall.
'Stoigh leinn drama, lion a' ghlaine,
Cuir an t-searrag sin a nall,
Mac-na-brach' an gille gasda,
Cha bu rapairean a chlann.

The duty had been 3d. and 6d. per gallon from 1709 to 1742. It had been raised gradually until in 1784, when the Ferintosh exemption ceased, it was 3s. 11½d. and 15 per cent., the gallons charged in that year being 239,350, and the duty paid £65,497 15s. 4d., the population being 1,441,808. Owing to the difficulty and cost of collection in the thinly populated portions of Scotland, the duties, while low, had been farmed out for periods not exceeding three years. Mr. Campbell of Islay farmed the Excise Revenue of that Island for a small sum as late as 1795, and even so late as 1804 the Commissioners were wont to receive lists of the names of persons recommended by the heritors of the Highland parishes, from which they elected two persons for each parish, to supply the parochial consumption from spirits distilled from corn grown in the vicinity. But, prior to these dates, the general farming of the duties had ceased, the Commissioners took the management in their own hands, and, as the duty was gradually increased, it was levied and collected by their own officers, much to the inconvenience and discontent of the people. A graphic picture of the state of matters caused by the high duties and stringent regulations is given by Burns, in his "Earnest Cry and Prayer," written in 1785, a year after "Forbes' chartered boast was taen awa"—

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On Aqua-vitæ,
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thissle;
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle,
An'————Excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin' a still,
Triumphant crushin't like a mussle
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard *Smuggler** right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
Nine times a week,
If he some scheme like *tea* and *winnocks*,
Wad kindly seek.

No doubt the poet's strong appeal helped the agitation, and before the end of the year the duty was reduced to 2s. 7½d., at which it remained for two years. Matters, however, were still unsatisfactory as regards the Revenue. The provisions of the law were not inadequate, but the enactments were so imperfectly carried out that the duty was evaded to a considerable extent. With the view of facilitating and improving collection, Scotland was divided in 1787 into Lowland and Highland districts, and duty charged according to the capacity of the still instead of on the gallon. When we are again about to divide Scotland for legislative purposes into Lowland and Highland districts, it is interesting to trace the old boundary line which was defined by the Act 37, G. III., cap. 102, sec. 6, as follows:—

* "Smuggler" is here used in its proper sense—one who clandestinely introduces prohibited goods, or who illicitly introduces goods which have evaded the legal duties. Although popularly used, the term "Smuggler" is not correctly applicable to an illicit distiller.

A certain line or boundary beginning at the east point of Loch-Crinan, and proceeding from thence to Loch-Gilpin; from thence along the great road on the west side of Lochfine, to Inverary and to the head of Lochfine; from thence along the high road to Arrochar, in county of Dumbarton, and from thence to Tarbet; from Tarbet in a supposed straight line eastward on the north side of the mountain called Ben-Lomond, to the village of Callendar of Monteith, in the county of Perth; from thence north-eastward to Crieff; from thence northward along the road by Ambleree, and Inver to Dunkeld; from thence along the foot and south side of the Grampian Hills to Fettercairn, in the county of Kincardine; and from thence northward along the road to Cutties Hillock, Kincardine O'Neil, Clatt, Huntly, and Keith to Fochabers; and from thence westward by Elgin and Forres, to the boat on the River Findhorn, and from thence down the said river to the sea at Findhorn, and any place in or part of the county of Elgin, which lies southward of the said line from Fochabers to the sea at Findhorn.

Within this district a duty of £1 4s. per annum was imposed upon each gallon of the still's content. It was assumed that a still at work would yield a certain annual produce for each gallon of its capacity. It was calculated that so much time would be required to work off a charge, and the officers took no further trouble than to visit the distilleries occasionally, to observe if any other stills were in operation, or if larger ones were substituted for those which had been already gauged. The distillers soon outwitted the Excise authorities by making improvements in the construction of their stills, so that instead of taking a week to work off a charge, it could be worked off in twenty-four hours, afterwards in a few hours, and latterly in eight minutes. These improvements were carried so far that a still of 80 gallons capacity could be worked off, emptied, and ready for another operation in three and a-half minutes, sometimes in three minutes. A still of 40 gallons could be drawn off in 2½ minutes, until the amount of fuel consumed and consequent wear and tear, left it a matter of doubt whether the distiller was a gainer—*(Muspratt.)* To meet those sharp practices on the part of distillers, the duty was increased year after year until, in 1814, it amounted to £7 16s. 0¼d. per gallon of the still's content and 6s. 7½d., two-thirds additional on every gallon made. This mode of charging duty made it so much the interest of the distiller to increase the quantity of spirits by every means possible, that the quality was entirely disregarded, the effect being a large increase of illicit distillation consequent upon the better flavour and quality of the spirits produced by the illicit distiller. In sheer desperation, the Government, in 1814

(54, G. III., cap. 173, sec. 7), prohibited the use of stills of less capacity than 500 gallons, a restriction which increased the evil of illicit distillation. Colonel Stewart of Garth clearly shows how the Act operated.—

"By Act of Parliament, the Highland district was marked out by a definite line, extending along the southern base of the Grampians, within which all distillation of spirits was prohibited from stills of less than 500 gallons. It is evident that this law was a complete interdict, as a still of this magnitude would consume more than the disposable grain in the most extensive county within this newly drawn boundary; nor could fuel be obtained for such an establishment without an expense which the commodity could not possibly bear. The sale, too, of the spirits produced was circumscribed within the same line, and thus the market which alone could have supported the manufacture, was entirely cut off. Although the quantity of grain raised in many districts, in consequence of recent agricultural improvements, greatly exceeds the consumption, the inferior quality of this grain, and the great expense of carrying it to the Lowland distillers, who, by a ready market, and the command of fuel, can more easily accommodate themselves to this law, renders it impracticable for the farmers to dispose of their grain in any manner adequate to pay rents equal to the real value of their farms, subject as they are to the many drawbacks of uncertain climate, uneven surface, distance from market, and scarcity of fuel. Thus hardly any alternative remained but that of having recourse to illicit distillation, or resignation of their farms and breach of their engagements with their landlords. These are difficulties of which the Highlanders complain heavily, asserting that nature and the distillery laws present unsurmountable obstacles to the carrying on of a legal traffic. The surplus produce of their agricultural labour will therefore remain on their hands, unless they incur an expense beyond what the article will bear, in conveying to the Lowland market so bulky a commodity as the raw material, and by the drawback of prices on their inferior grain. In this manner, their produce must be disposed of at a great loss, as it cannot be legally manufactured in the country. Hence they resort to smuggling as their only resource. If it be indeed true that this illegal traffic has made such deplorable breaches in the honesty and morals of the people, the revenue drawn from the large distilleries, to which the Highlanders have been made the sacrifice, has been procured at too high a price for the country."

(To be continued.)

YACHTING AND ELECTIONEERING IN THE HEBRIDES.

VII.

ON Monday, 28th September, we steamed from Tobermory to Salen, Loch Suinart, a lovely spot, surrounded by fine woods. Here we got a very old-fashioned but comfortable brougham from the hotelkeeper, to take us to Mingarry School-house, where our next meeting was to be held. The road along which we drove was shaded for a considerable distance by very pretty woods, then in the full beauty of their autumnal tints. Shiel Bridge, marking the boundary between the counties of Inverness and Argyll, is a solid stone structure of one arch, spanning the River Shiel, a famous salmon stream, which flows from the loch of that name into the sea. Crossing the bridge, we entered the historic district of Moidart, a name indissolubly connected with Prince Charles Edward and many of his gallant adherents during the Forty-Five. The neat stone and lime cottages of the people, all roofed with slate or corrugated iron, were a striking contrast to most of the wretched huts we had been accustomed to see for the previous few weeks in the Hebrides. The people themselves, though, doubtless, they have their grievances, had a comfortable and prosperous look, not seen in their fellow-crofters in the Islands. At the School-house, we were cordially welcomed by the genial priest of Moidart, the Rev. Father Charles Macdonald, a native of Inverness, and one of the first scholars enrolled on the books of Dr. Bell's Institution. The School-house was the prettiest I have seen, the walls being completely hidden by climbing flowers, while the interior displayed the artistic taste of the lady in charge in the chaste floral and folial decorations with which it was adorned.

Before the meeting, we drove back, accompanied by Father Macdonald, to Shiel Bridge, whence a road to the right, following the bank of the river, brought us opposite the fine Highland residence of Lord Howard of Glossop. A few hundred yards from

the windows of the mansion-house, stand the ruins of the old Castle of Eileantyrim, once a famous stronghold of the Macdonalds of Clanranald, and now, we believe, with the little island, or rather peninsula, upon which it stands, forming the last remnant, possessed by the hereditary chief of Clanranald, of the wide domains once held by his powerful and warlike ancestors. While Father Macdonald went to ask Lord Howard for the key of the ruined Castle, Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh and I walked over to the ruin, and had a look at the exterior. The Castle proper is completely surrounded and concealed from view by a strong outer wall, having no windows, and very few loopholes. This wall is in excellent preservation, and, doubtless, contributed largely to the protection of the inner building, which, though ravaged by fire, is still fairly complete. By the time we had finished our survey of the exterior, Father Macdonald arrived with the key, and we were admitted into the courtyard. From this another door gave us access to the principal apartments. Above this door was a hollow shaft of masonry, intended, we were told, for pouring boiling water or molten lead upon an enemy attempting to force an entrance. A low archway, of great thickness, led us into the dungeon, a dark, loathsome hole, but larger than is usually found in old castles. On the threshold, a strange and inexplicable phenomenon is always present. The black ground appears covered over a small surface with vivid red spots, varying in size, but exactly resembling drops of blood. These spots are composed of a fluid which oozes out of the ground. Rubbed away with the foot, they appeared again in a few moments exactly as before. No one has ever yet been able to account for this strange circumstance. Father Macdonald told us that an eminent Glasgow analyst, who visited the place a few years ago, at once took the spots to be blood, and carried away some of the stained soil with him to make the matter sure by analysis. On reaching home, however, and applying the usual tests, he found that the spots were not blood-stains, but what else he could not make out, so the matter has always remained a puzzle and a mystery to all who have seen it.

The following particulars of the burning of the Castle, and some interesting antiquarian discoveries in connection with it,

were supplied to me by Father Macdonald:—Castle Tyrim was burnt, by orders of Clanranald himself, in 1715. The Chief had just gathered the Islesmen under his sway, and his retainers on the mainland, in order to take part in the Rising organised by the Earl of Mar. Fearing, however, that the Duke of Argyll might seize upon the Castle in his absence, and throw a garrison into it whom it might be difficult afterwards to dispossess, he judged it prudent to set the old family residence in flames. Some say that this excellent Chief had a strong presentiment that he would never return from the expedition, and, as a matter of history, he was one of the very first to fall at Sheriffmuir, being shot through the heart. His name was Allan Macdonald of Clanranald, commonly called "Allan Muideartach," and he was the last in the direct line from the original ancestor of the family. The property, after his death, passed into the nearest collateral branch—Macdonald of Benbecula.

There always had been a tradition in Moidart, since Allan's death, that, in the hurry of departure from the Castle, a certain sum of money had been forgotten, which might be found buried under part of the ruins. It was also a tradition that, previous to Allan's time, another sum had been stolen from one of the chiefs then resident at Castle Tyrim, and that, doubtful as to the real culprit, the chief hanged his butler, his cook, and another servant, all of whom he had strong reasons to suspect. Most people, except the natives, looked upon these traditions as idle stories, for there never yet has been a ruined castle without its legend of some secret treasure being buried beneath its vaults, or stored away in some secret chamber which no one can find. However, in the present case, the tradition turned out to be correct. When Mr. Hope Scott bought the adjoining property from the late Lochshiel, he took steps to have the inner court of Castle Tyrim cleared of a large mass of debris which blocked the entrance, and which filled the court to a depth of several feet. About a week after commencing operations, one of the workmen, in clearing away the fragments of a beam which had been reduced almost to charcoal, perceived a small heap, which he at first imagined to be a part of this charcoal, but which, on a closer examination, he discovered to be cloth or leather—but so worn or burnt as to make

it difficult to determine its true substance. Inside the heap there was a heavy coagulated mass of coins, large in shape, and encrusted with verdigris. The find was, of course, handed over to Mr. Hope Scott. Upon examination, and after a thorough cleaning and burnishing of the whole, it was discovered that these coins were Spanish and German silver dollars, solid like our own crown-pieces lately in circulation, and of beautiful design. Ultimately, they passed into the hands of Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald of Clanranald, so that, after a lapse of one hundred and sixty years, they may be said to have returned to their legitimate owner.

A few years after this, that portion of Moidart, latterly called Dorlin, was bought from Mr. Hope Scott by the late Lord Howard of Glossop. Amid the many schemes for improving the estate, inaugurated by that enlightened nobleman, was one of opening up a path along the cliffs overhanging the sea-shore, eastward of Dorlin House, towards a deserted hamlet called Briac. When the cutting had reached one of the roughest spots, a small open space, barely visible from below, was discovered, and in its centre a heap of loose stones, which, on being dispersed, revealed a pile of silver coins, about the size of our present shilling pieces. So far as can be judged, there must have been a hundred and fifty, or thereabouts, of them. They all belonged to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and were of the very basest metal. This, undoubtedly, was the money stolen from one of the earlier chiefs, and for which his hapless servants suffered.

It is well known that it formed part of the policy of the English Government in those days to bribe the Highland chiefs, and to encourage them to give as much trouble as possible to the Scottish throne. Probably the money disinterred, after a lapse of three hundred years, under the Dorlin cliffs, had something to do with such unprincipled bribery.

Leaving the Castle, we drove back to Mingarry, and, after a good meeting there, at which Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh alluded, with great feeling, to the historic interests and romantic surroundings of the district, were hospitably entertained, in his own house, by Father Macdonald, who also showed us the pretty chapel adjoining, where he officiates. We then returned to Salen, and, going on board our yacht, steamed for Corran Ferry, Loch Linnhe,

where we cast anchor shortly after dark. Next day, Tuesday, 29th September, at Onich, North Ballachulish, we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Stewart of Nether-Lochaber, the well-known antiquarian and naturalist. The grandeur, variety, and beauty of the scenery, seen from his windows, are magnificent, and it is hardly to be wondered at that they have inspired his pen to those fine depictions which have delighted thousands. Encouragement to build should be given by Lochiel, all along the north shores of Loch Leven, which would prove a source of wealth to himself and to the country. Steaming to Fort-William in the afternoon, we had a crowded and most enthusiastic meeting there in the Drill Hall. On Wednesday, we steamed through the Caledonian Canal as far as Garelochy Locks, driving thence to Roy Bridge and Blairour, and returning to the yacht in the evening. Thursday brought us to Fort-Augustus, whence we drove to Invergarry, returning to Fort-Augustus and holding a crowded meeting there in the evening, not a whit behind those in the Islands.

At ten o'clock on the forenoon of Friday, 2nd October, we bade farewell to the *Carlotta* and her crew, with mutual regret and good wishes. The yacht was decked from peak to stern with flags; the cook marched the deck with his bagpipes, playing "Cha till mi tuilleadh," and "Cabar-Feidh," while the Captain and crew cheered lustily as we drove away to Invermoriston. Two meetings were held at Torgoil and Invermoriston, and, by eleven o'clock at night, after a day of incessant rain, we reached Inverness once more, having passed a busy month of rough, but pleasant, travel, among a people and a peasantry, who, though long downtrodden and oppressed, and only now perceiving the dawn of their emancipation, can yet show a bright example to the world for hospitality, politeness, and good morals, and of whom a kindly recollection will ever linger in the writer's mind. To do justice in some degree to the people, and to place on record the impressions made at the time, was the chief inducement to my writing these articles. That such a people, with a not unfertile soil, and surrounded with valuable fishings, should be in such a wretched state of poverty, is most deplorable. The time has come when wiser heads than mine must solve the problem. Alas! what are the landlords doing? Why, in place of assisting and encouraging

the people, they cry out for armed forces to crush them. "Oh, the pity o' it."

I cannot close the recital without a tribute to Captain Maclachlan and his crew. To the Captain's admirable seamanship we owed much, while his politeness and attention was unremitting. He was ably seconded by his mate, Sandy Mackellar, than whom a better seaman never trod a deck, and whose fine figure and winning manner will always be recalled with pleasure by those who know him. Of the rest, including our caterer and steward, Mr. Peter Kerr, little need be said—they all did their work, so far as we were concerned, thoroughly well.

One word more, and I have done. The meetings, from the beginning to the end of the trip, were, without exception, of the most hearty and enthusiastic character. In the Western Islands, especially, the people welcomed Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh with processions, flags, music, and bonfires. As he himself, in his speech at Portree, said—"I must say that I have obtained a reception in the Islands of Inverness-shire which, I don't believe, has ever been given to any private individual before. If I might be allowed to put myself for one moment in comparison with a man who was once the greatest chief in the Highlands—Somerled of the Isles—I don't believe he was received in his journeyings more cordially than I was." The example set by the people of the Isles was extensively followed on the Mainland.

The result of the Election, which took place on Thursday, 3rd December, was an overwhelming triumph for the Popular Cause and the People's Candidate. The official declaration of the poll, made on 5th December, read as follows:—

MR. CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH - -	3555
Mr. Reginald Macleod - - - -	2031
Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie - - -	1897

HECTOR ROSE MACKENZIE.

THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

(Continued.)

SOME TROUBLES BETWIXT SUTHERLAND AND CAITHNESS IN 1612.

THE year of God, 1612, there happened some discord and dissensions betwixt Sutherland and Caithness, which troubled a little the peace of that part of the Kingdom. The occasion was this:—One Arthur Smith (a false coiner), being, together with his servant, apprehended for making and striking of false money, were both sent to Edinburgh, the year of God, 1599, where his servant was executed, but Arthur himself escaped, and retired into Caithness, and dwelt there with the Earl of that country. The report hereof coming to the King's ears, the year of God, 1612, His Majesty gave a secret commission to his servant, Sir Robert Gordon (the Earl of Sutherland's brother), for apprehending this Arthur Smith; but, as Sir Robert was going about to perform the same, he received a commandment from His Majesty to accompany Sir Alexander Hay (then Secretary of Scotland) in apprehending John Lesley of New Lesley, and some other rebels in Gereagh; which Sir Robert obeyed, and committed the execution of the commission against Arthur Smith unto his nephew, Donald Mackay of Farr, John Gordon of Gospeter, younger (nephew to George Gordon slain at Marle, the year 1587), and to John Gordon, son to John Gordon of Backies. These three, parting from Sutherland with 36 men, came to the town of Thurso in Caithness, where Arthur Smith then dwelt, and there apprehended him; which, when John Sinclair of Skirkag (the Earl of Caithness's nephew) understood, he assembled the inhabitants of the town, and opposed himself to the King's commission. There ensued a sharp skirmish upon the streets of Thurso, where John Sinclair of Skirkag was slain, and James Sinclair of Dun left there, deadly hurt, lying upon the ground; Arthur Smith was there

likewise slain; divers of the Sutherland men were hurt; but, perceiving Smith dead, they left Thurso, and retired themselves all home into their own country.

Thereupon, both the parties compeared before the Secret Council at Edinburgh. The Earl of Caithness did pursue Sir Robert Gordon, Donald Mackay, and John Gordon, for the slaughter of his nephew. These, again, did pursue the inhabitants of Caithness for resisting the King's commissioners. The Secret Council (having special commandment from His Majesty to that effect) dealt earnestly with both the parties; and, in end, persuaded them to submit these questions and debates to the arbitriment of friends. A certain number of the Lords of Council were chosen as friends for either party. The Archbishop of St. Andrews and the Earl of Dunfermline, Chancellor of Scotland, were appointed oversmen by consent of both the parties. These friendly judges, having heard the business reasoned in their presence, and, finding that the examination thereof would prove tedious and intricate, they direct a power to the Marquis of Huntly to deal in the matter; desiring him to try, if, by his means and mediation, these contentions might be settled, happening betwixt parties so strictly tied to him by blood and alliance, the Earl of Sutherland being his cousin-german, and the Earl of Caithness having married his sister. The Marquis of Huntly did his best, but could not prevail, either party being so far from condescending to the other's demands, and so he remitted the business back again to the Secret Council; which Sir Robert Gordon perceiving, he moved the King's Majesty for a pardon to Donald Mackay, John Gordon, and their associates, for the slaughter of John Sinclair of Skirkag; which His Majesty earnestly granted, seeing it was committed in the execution of His Majesty's service; yet, nevertheless, there still remained a grudge in the minds of the parties, searching by all means and occasions to infest one another, until the year of God, 1619, that the Earl of Caithness and Sir Robert Gordon (then, by his brother's death, Tutor of Sutherland) were reconciled by the mediation of George Lord Gordon, Earl of Enzie, by whose travel and diligence all particulars betwixt the Houses of Sutherland and Caithness were finally settled; and then went both of them familiarly to either's houses; whose perfect

reconciliation will, doubtless, tend to the peace and quiet of these parts of the kingdom.

THE SPANISH BLANKS, AND WHAT FOLLOWS THEREUPON.

The year 1592, the Ministry and Church of Scotland thought it necessary that all such as professed the Roman religion in the kingdom should either be compelled to embrace the reformed religion, or else that the censure of excommunication should be used against them, and their goods decerned to appertain to the King so long as they remained disobedient. Mr. George Carr, doctor of the laws, was the first that withstood, and was excommunicated; the next was David Graham of Fintrie. This Mr. George Carr, considering that hereby he could have no quiet residence within his native country, did deliberate with himself to pass beyond sea into Spain; and, therefore, that he might be the more welcome there, he devised certain blanks, as if they had been subscribed by some of the Scottish nobility, and directed from them to the King of Spain, to be filled up at his pleasure; which project was first hatched by the Jesuits, and chiefly by Father Crightoun, who, for some discontentment, had, a few years before, left Scotland and fled into Spain, where he endeavoured to insinuate himself with King Philip's favour, and published a book concerning the genealogy of his daughter, the Infante, married to the Archduke; wherein he did his best to prove that the two Crowns of England and Scotland did appertain unto her; and, that this cunning Jesuit might the rather move King Philip to make war against the King of Scotland, he wrote books and pamphlets in the disgrace of his own native Prince. Then he adviseth with himself that his next and readiest way was to solicit some of his friends in Scotland, who were of his faith; and, to this effect, he wrote letters, this year, 1592, to this George Carr, and to such of his own colleagues, the Jesuits, as were then in this kingdom, whereby he made them understand what great favour and credit he had with the King of Spain, who, by his persuasions, was resolved both to invade England, and to establish the Catholic faith in Scotland; but, first, that King Philip would be assured of the good-will of the Catholics of Scotland; wherefore he behoved to have certain blanks subscribed by the Catholics, and that he should cause them to be filled up afterwards; which, if he did obtain, he had promise

of the King of Spain to send them 250,000 crowns to be distributed among them. After this advertisement of Father Crightoun's, this George Carr (by the advice of the Jesuits then resident in Scotland) devised these blanks, to the effect that George Carr might transport them into Spain. Carr addressed himself to the town of Ayr to have taken shipping there, and, lying in the Isle of Cumrye, attending a fair wind, he was discovered, by the indiscretion of Father Abercromby, and apprehended in the ship; from whence he was carried back to Ayr, and from thence conveyed to Edinburgh. With him was found a packet of letters, directed (as it were) from some Scottish noblemen into Spain and some parts of France; therein were found blanks alleged subscribed by the Earl of Angus, the Earl of Huntly, the Earl of Erroll, and Sir Patrick Gordon of Achindoun, uncle to the Earl of Huntly. The blanks were thus, Imprimis, two missive bills directed to the King of Spain; the one subscribed *de votre Majesté tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur, François Comte d'Erroll;* another on this manner, *de votre Majesté tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur, Guillaume Comte d'Angus;* item, another blank subscribed by them all four, as it were by form of contract or obligation conjointly, thus—*Gulielmus Angusiae Comes, Georgius Comes de Huntley, Franciscus Erroliae Comes, Patricius Gordon de Achindowne Miles;* item, a blank subscribed apart by *Franciscus Erroliae Comes;* item, one by *Georgius Comes de Huntley;* item, one by *Gulielmus Angusiae Comes.* Hereupon the Ministers sent some of the Privy Council to the King to Alloway (where His Majesty then lay) to advertise him of these blanks. The King came to Edinburgh, where all the matter was debated to him at length, partly by Mr. Bowes Leiger, Ambassador for the Queen of England in Scotland, and partly by Mr. Robert Bruce, Principal Minister at Edinburgh, showing that the realm of Scotland was in apparent danger of Spaniards to be brought in, by the forenamed earls being Papists; and, thereby, both His Majesty's crown was in danger and the Established religion in hazard to be altered. That Mr. George Carr had sufficiently declared the whole circumstance of the business in his confession, accusing the Popish lords as guilty of these blanks; and thus, taking the matter already *pro confesso*, they urge the business vehemently, and do entreat His Majesty to

proceed against them with all celerity and rigour. Then was David Graham of Fintrie apprehended, arraigned, and executed at Edinburgh, in February this year, 1592 (or 1593 *stilo novo*), who, thinking to save himself thereby, did write a long letter, subscribed with his own hand, directed to the King, wherein he made mention that the Roman Catholics of Scotland had undertaken to receive such a number of soldiers as the King of Spain and his Council should appoint; and, in case he would bestow any money for levying of men here, they should willingly both convey the King's army into England, and retain a certain number in Scotland, for reformation of religion, and to purchase liberty of conscience; that he himself had given counsel thereunto divers times, after that the matter was communicated to him by the Jesuits, and because he fore-knew this purpose, and concealed the same, he was in danger of the law; for this cause, he desired not to be tried by a jury, but offered himself unto the King's mercy and will, when he was arraigned at the bar. The King (nottheless of this his voluntary confession) commanded to proceed against him according to the law; which was done.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM ROSS.

IN the days of our boyhood, the name of William Ross was a household word in the North-West Highlands and Islands; and his songs were in everybody's mouth (or ears.) Mothers hushed their infants to sleep, crooning, in their own peculiar and happily natural style—

"Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
Seinn eibhinn an dàil;
Seinn eibhinn, bhinn eibhinn,
Seinn eibhinn gach là;
Seinn eibhinn, binn eutrom,
Seinn eibhinn do ghnà,
Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
Chuireadh m' eislein gu làr."

The sturdy, sinewy boatmen, as they bent to their oars, would chant, in measured cadence—

"Beir mo shoraidh le dùrachd,
Gu ribhinn nan dlùth-chiabh,
Ri an tric robh mi sùgradh
Ann am brùthaichean Ghlinn-bhraoin."

The pensive milkmaid, as she drew forth the snow-white stream, would dreamily break into—

"Gu 'm b' annsa na bhi 'm aonar,
Mo lamh 's mo ghaol thoirt uam,
Maraon is lubadh farasda
Le oigfhear fearail, stuam'."

The shepherd, as he reclined on the verdant hillside, with a *keek* at the sun and a glance towards his flock, his thoughts on "somebody" he should like to have beside him there, would strike up—

"Eh ho-ro, mo run an cailinn,
Eh ho-ro, mo run an cailinn,
Mo run cailinn suairc a mhanrain,
Tha gach ta a tigh'n fodh m' aire."

The health-revealing ploughboy, as he leisurely followed his team, would alternately whistle in rollicking style—

"A dheilbhinn, thoir a ghealach ort,
Gabh aite measg nam planaidean;
Cha'n ionad comhnuidh'n talamh dhuit,
Ach speuran soilleir sar-ghlan."

In the "Tigh-ceilidh," the funny man of the company, as he ogled the prettiest girl, would, with inexpressible relish, have a turn at—

"Ye bonny young virgins, ge sgiobalt ur ceum,
Be careful gun treig sibh an fhéill so gun dàil,
For though ye be handsome, 's ge meachair ur beul,
'S fior nonsense gun cheill mur a reitich sibh tràth."

And the sentimental youth would follow with—

"Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin,
O's mi caoidh,
'S cruaidh fhortain gun fhios,
A chuir mis' ann an luib do ghaoil,"

Amid the whisperings, grimaces, and giggling, of all the maiden element, much to the amusement of their seniors.

The cronies, "O'er a wee drappie o't," would make the rafters ring again and again to the chorus of

"Ho ro gur toigh leinn drama,"

The favourite verses being repeated so often that seldom or never was the song satisfactorily finished. The most popular quatrain almost invariably was—

"Is tu mo laochan, soitheamh, siobhalt,
Cha bhi loinn ach far am bi thu;
Fograidh tu air falbh gach mi-ghean,
'S bheir thu sith a' aimhreit."

Let each one judge for himself how much or how little truth is in this estimate of the virtues of *aqua vitæ*.

In the "Tigh-luadhaidh," in the harvest-field, and watching at the kiln—in fact, wheresoever two or three were gathered together—except on serious occasions—there Ross's songs were largely drawn upon, and always received full justice. He was a universal favourite; his admirers were legion; and the fair sex adored him—dead!

We sometimes wonder if William's lyrics are so well known and so often sung now-a-days. We fear not. There have been influences at work for long in those parts which have tended to wipe out the memories and usages of other and happier times among the peasantry; and the everlasting struggle for dear life, which has been year by year pressing heavier upon them, has gone far to crush the spirit and change the character of a proud, generous, devoted race; while, to a great extent, the best manhood of the nation is being drained or driven away to enrich the colonies and other countries, where the Highlander can hold his own with the foremost in the fight; where he gets all he asks—a fair field and no favour.

After a first perusal, it would be difficult for one to determine in what kind of poetry Ross most excelled, for he appears to have been equally at home in all branches of composition—grave and gay. His songs never weary one; and the oftener we read them the better we like them. Is that not a good test of poetic merit? Ross's diction is never strained; his rhyme and rhythm are seldom faulty; and a quiet, unassuming, yet confident, style, runs throughout all his poems. But the general conclusion arrived at, and we may say accepted, is that, if his amorous pieces were left out, the remainder would not be classed higher than mediocrity. In his Love Songs, therefore, we have Ross's greatest charm, and his

best title to a high place among the many sons of song who have enriched the poetic literature of our Scottish Highlands. In such compositions, he outshines any known Gaelic bard of the past; and, if he had left us anything more pretentious than a lyric, Alexander Macdonald and Duncan MacIntyre might well tremble for the possession of their higher niches in the Temple of Fame. But William, with his own hands, in a fit of despondency, we are told, committed all his MSS. to the flames shortly before he died; and thus, we know not how much we have lost. We may safely conjecture it was a great deal, for we know what he was capable of doing by what has been preserved of the fruits of his muse. He was known to have had several pieces of considerable length and merit among those MSS., and some say the whole had been prepared for the press; but such a design, if projected, was for ever frustrated by his own rash act. What remains have been rescued are due to the memory of others, so that we have actually nothing that we are sure is correct and complete—as William would himself have left it. He is said to have been careful in revising his work; and this cannot be said in every case for the poems as they now stand. Had William lived in peace and comfort to an average age, his name and fame would probably have eclipsed those of all his rivals; but alas! his career was brief and unhappy, and his work ended before it had much more than well begun.

In the collection before us (that made by John Mackenzie of "Sar Obair nam Bard Gaidhealach," to whom Gaelic literature owes much besides), there are, at least, two pieces which should certainly have been consigned to oblivion; and, had William himself lived to publish his poems, we are sure, from the estimate we have formed of his character, that the pieces we allude to would not have been included, as they are in every way quite unworthy of a place among the exquisite gems embraced in the collection. We are at a loss to know why these two very improper poems were given to the public, as, in point of merit, they are as far below William Ross's standard of composition as they are antagonistic to our notions of pure literature. The coarsest of these was a youthful production; but, if this is any excuse for its existence, it can be no excuse for its publication—which was extremely

ill-judged; and, when next edition is taken in hand, we trust that, for the sake of all concerned, these two pieces will be suppressed; and also a part of the satire upon the lazy fellow whom the poet had engaged to do some manual labour, but who had gone to sleep over it—which is otherwise an admirable "skit."

It was particularly fortunate that Ross was himself a good vocalist and musician; for, by his having set many of his songs to simple and catching airs, they came into general use among the people, and were thus preserved when many of his other poems were forgotten in whole or in part.

HIS LOVE SONGS.

These were, of course, most in vogue among the young people; and, taken as a whole, are the most important and most perfect of what has been so preserved. Those inspired by his baneful passion for Marion Ross are brimful of exquisite ideas and sentiments, and will last as long as the Gaelic language. The praise he bestows is such as we should fancy would be about enough to turn the head of any ordinary girl. Take, for example, from "Feasgar Luain":—

"Dhiuchd mar aingeal mu mo choinneamh
'N ainnir og bu ghrinne snuadh;
A seang shlios fallain air bhlath canaich,
No mar an ealla air a chuan;
Suil-ghorm mheallach fo 'caol mhala
'S caoin a sheallas 'g amharc uaith,
Beul tlath, tairis, gun ghne smalain,
Dha'n ghnath carthantachd gun uaill.

"Mar ghath grein' am madainn cheitein
Gu'n mheath i mo leirsinn shuil;
'S i ceumadh urlair gu reidh, iompaidh, iulmhor,
Do reir pungannan a chiuil.
Ribhinn modhail 's fior-ghlan foghlum,
Dh' fhion-fhuil mhoralach mo ruin;
Reul nan oighean, grian gach coisridh,
'S i'n chiall chomhraidh, cheol-bhinn, chiuin.

"'S tearc an sgeula sonnailt d'aogaisg
Bhi ri fhaotainn 'san Roinn-Eorp;
Tha mais' is feile, tlachd is ceutachd
Nach fhacas leam fhein fa m' chòir;
Gach cliu a fas riut, a 'muirn 'san aillteachd,
An sugradh is a' manran beòil;

'S gach buaidh a b'aillidh bh'air *Diana*
Gu leir mar fhagail tha aig Mòir.

"'S bachlach, duallach, cas-bhuidh, cuachach.
Càradh suaimhneas gruaig do chinn;
Gu h-àluinn, boidheach, fainneach, òr-bhuidh,
An căraibh seolghn' 's an ordugh grinn.
Gun chron a fas riut a dh' fhaot aireamh
Bho do bharr gu sail do bhuinn;
Dhiuchd na buaidhean, oigh, mu'n cuairt dut,
Gu meudachdain d' uaill 's gach puing.

"Bu leigheas eugail slan on' Eug
Do dh' fhear a dh' fhaotadh 'bhi ad choir;
B' fhearr na'n cadal bhi riut fagaisg
'G eisdeachd agallaidh do bheòil.
Cha robh *Bhenus* a measg leugaibh
Dh' aindeoin feuchantachd cho bòidh'ch,
Ri Mòr, nigh 'n mhin, a leon mo chridh,
Le' buaidhean 's mi 'ga dith ri m' bheò."

Or, again, take the following from "Cuachag nan Craobh":—

"'S cama-lubach d' fhalt, fainne-bhuidh nan cleachd.
'S fabhradh nan rosg àluinn;
Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
Anail mar ghaoth garaidh.

* * * * * * *

"'S milis do bheul, 's comhnard do dheud,
Suilean air lidh airneig;
Ghiulaineadh breid uallach gu feill.
'S uasal an reul àluinn!

* * * * * * *

"'S tu 'n ainnir tha grinn, mileanta, binn,
Le d' cheileir a seinn oran;
'Se bhi 'na do dhail a dh' oidhche 's a là,
'Thoilicheadh cail mi oige.
Gur gile do bhian na sneachd air an fhiar.
Na 'n canach air sliabh mointich;
Nan deanadh tu, 'rùin, tarruinn rium dlùth
Dheanainn gach tùrs' fhogradh."

This last quoted pathetic and charmingly melancholy effusion was one of the last efforts of Ross's muse, and is, perhaps, at once the most powerful and the most beautiful of his poems. How touchingly he addresses the bird in the tree overhead, whose sympathy he invokes before unburdening his soul! How graphically he pictures the joys he would experience in the society of

his beloved! Suddenly, "a change comes o'er the spirit of his dream," for the vision of a bridal pair glides in, to remind him that she whom he adores is for ever lost to him. Then comes a bitter, despairing wail from his overcharged heart, and a sad forecast of the consequences to himself is indited, which indeed was to prove only too true. He fondly dwells upon the beauties and graces of her person and her charming ways, breaking into something like a reproach for her indifference to himself. Then, for a moment, he hurls his curse on the nurse who had not given him a "quick despatch" out of the world on his arrival in it, so that he could never have met his goddess, to sigh and to die in vain for her. But it is only for a moment this savage feeling is allowed to pervade his breast. The next, he turns to the object of his fateful attachment with tender blessings—and so ends this singularly fascinating poem.

The other three songs on the same theme, and in a similar strain, are, one and all, excellent productions; and, although so sad and painfully depressing in their influence, we would not have them divested of this power, for therein is their grandest charm and essence. We only wish there was more of them. In the one beginning—

"Tha mise fodh mhulad 's an am,"

We have some splendid imagery. Take, for instance—

"Tha mise ri osnaich 'n ad dheidh
Mar ghaisgeach an deis a leòn,
'Na laidhe 's an araich gun fheum
'S nach teid anns an streup ni's mò."

"'Se dh' fhag mi mar eudmhail air treud,
Mar fhear nach toir speis do mhnaoi, &c."

His comparing himself to a wounded warrior, lying disabled on the battlefield, never more to take part in the strife of the brave, is a good simile and well expressed. Then notice the masterly play upon words that he introduces here:—

"Mo sheanair ri paidheadh *mail*,
Is m' athair ri *mail*eid riamh;
Chuireadh iad *gearrain* an crann,
Is *ghearrainn*-sa rann roimh chiad."

The substance here shows that William had a very fair opinion of his own ability, for he says, and says truly, that, notwithstanding

he had been slighted by some, and called "a bard of no regard," he could shape a stanza better than a hundred could. Then, who could be callous to the exquisite beauties and forcible language of the last two stanzas of this poem, which none but a masterhand could have written—a master mind have planned :—

"Is fad a tha m' aigne fodh 'ghruaim,
Cha mhosgail mo chluais ri ceòl ;
Am breislish mar anrach a chuain
Air bharraibh nan stuadh ri ceò.
'Se 'g ionndrainn d' abhachd uam
A chaochail air snuadh mo neòil,
Gun sugradh, gun mhire, gun uaill,
Gun chaithream, gun bhuaidh, gun treòir.
"Cha duisgear leam ealaidh air àill'.
Cha chuirear leam dàn air dòigh ;
Cha togar leam fonn air clàr ;
Cha chluinnear leam gàir nan òg.
Cha dirich mi bealach nan àrd
Le suigeart mar bhà mi 'n tòs,
Ach triallam a chadal gu bràth
Do thalla nam bàrd nach beò."

No more would he sing a melody, nor compose a poem, nor play a tune, nor hear the joyous laughter of the children. No more could he ascend the mountain with the elastic step and light heart of his byegone days: he must depart to sleep for ever in the halls of the bards who had gone before!

Had we never seen more of Ross's work than these sixteen lines, we could tell that the author possessed rare and subtle genius, though, perhaps, leaning towards the melancholy side rather much. But that would not be a just estimate of Ross at all, for the melancholy vein was not his most natural one. His temperament had much more of the humourist, and his lapsing into the melancholy mood was clearly the result of accident.

In several of his other poems Ross manages to throw in allusions to Marion's charms, and the only wonder is how he sang so much about her and always found so many new and elegant things to say in her praise. The circumstances were peculiarly fitted to draw out all the tenderness of the poet, and John Mackenzie truly observes, "His poetry deserves to be styled the poetry of the heart—of a heart full to overflowing with noble sentiments, and with sublime and tender passions."

Ross certainly had too large a heart commensurate with the strength of his frame; but his genius exalted the excess of sentiment with which he was surcharged, and we can scarcely point to a line in these love songs which does not betoken strength of intellect, which gathers fresh charm from depth of feeling; and the pure sound, manly ring of the whole is thus enhanced, enriched, and adorned.

But all William's amorous pieces were not composed to the one charmer. Marion Ross was not his first love. While in Edinburgh—probably attending the University—he composed two or three capital songs to some other fair damsel, resident in the Highlands; and that was, no doubt, before he met Marion. "Eh ho rò, mo run an cailinn," "Bruthaichean Ghlinn bhraoin," and the song beginning—

> "'S a mhadainn 's mi 'g eirigh 's neo-eibhinn a ta mi,
> Cha b'ionann is m' abhaist air àiridh nan gleann,"

are of this class. The first two used to be highly popular in the West Highlands, and are still great favourites with Gaelic vocalists.

(To be continued.)

THE EDINBURGH BREWER AND THE MINISTER.

ABOUT the year 1760 there lived in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, a worthy man of the name of Grant, who followed the occupation of a brewer on a small scale. He was married, but had no family, and his wife, though a good wife and a religious woman, was apt to run after novelties in the way of her devotions. Any new preacher or fresh doctrine was sure to find Mrs. Grant among the followers.

The restless yearning after something or other—they hardly know what—is often observable in married women, who are childless. Their natural instincts have no vent in maternal duties, so they take up with some hobby or other to distract their attention. Some make pets of dogs, cats, and birds, others give themselves up to visiting, gossip, and scandal, while many turn to religion as a solace, and are noted as indefatigable workers at church bazaars, excellent collectors of subscriptions, and energetic members of Dorcas Societies. Among this latter class we must place Mrs. Grant.

At the time of our story, the famous preacher, George Whitfield was in the zenith of his popularity, and was in the habit of making an annual visit to Edinburgh with the double object of making converts and collecting subscriptions for an Orphan's Home he intended starting at Georgia, Carolina.

Mrs. Grant was one of his numerous admirers, and one of the most regular attendants on his ministrations. She was very anxious to contribute something handsome towards his laudable purpose, but unfortunately for her well-meant intentions, her husband's business was not in a very flourishing condition at the time, and the brewer had enough to do to make both ends meet.

In vain his spouse endeavoured to prevail upon him to accompany her to hear the famous divine, feeling sure his eloquence would loosen her husband's purse; but no, the brewer would neither go to hear, nor, what was even worse in the eyes of his wife, would he contribute a farthing towards the Orphan's Home

in America. In fact, the honest man was so annoyed at this latest fad of his wife, that in his anger he did not scruple to call the eminent divine a cheat, little better than a pickpocket, inducing silly women to give him money which they had much better apply to domestic uses. Mrs. Grant being a woman of great spirit, resented these outspoken views of her husband; but finding that her angry recrimination only had the effect of making him more stubborn in his refusal, she determined that if he would not give her a subscription willingly, she would manage to get some money unknown to him, quieting her conscience with the old axiom that the end justifies the means.

She had not long to wait before an opportunity occurred to put her new-formed project to the test. One day her husband, while sitting at his desk counting over some money, was called away, and meaning to return immediately he merely closed his desk without locking it.

Here was the opportunity Mrs. Grant had been waiting for; so, hastily going to the desk, she saw a small heap of guineas, which her husband was going to pay away for barley. Quickly appropriating ten of the shining coins, she closed the desk and resumed her seat as if nothing had happened, as her husband returned, and, after working at his desk for a little while, locked it, and left the room without apparently having missed the money.

Mrs. Grant was now in a hurry to present her ill-gotten subscription to Mr. Whitfield, so, going to her room, she wrapped the ten guineas in a piece of paper and laid it on the dressing-table, while she donned her outdoor habiliments. Before she was quite ready, she remembered some directions she wished to leave with the servant, and went into the kitchen for that purpose. In the meanwhile her husband, whose suspicions had been aroused, stepped into the bedroom, and seeing the small packet lying on the table, opened it, and found, as he expected, the ten guineas, which he at once conveyed to his own pocket, and substituted 10 coppers in their place. Leaving the packet seemingly untouched, he quietly withdrew to watch the result.

Mrs. Grant returned, finished her toilette, took up the packet of coins and went direct to the lodgings of her favourite minister.

Arrived there, and, being shown into Mr. Whitfield's presence, she made a neat little speech, assuring him of the great benefit she had received from his administrations, and begging his acceptance of the accompanying subscription as her mite towards his great and good undertaking. The flattered minister thanked her heartily, and placing the little packet in his pocket, without opening it, he accompanied his visitor to the door, with many expressions of goodwill and gratitude.

Hardly had he closed the door, when he opened the paper, and his astonishment was only equalled by his indignation at seeing only a few worthless coppers instead of the handsome sum he expected. In his annoyance he jumped to the conclusion that the whole affair was meant as a deliberate insult, and, the old Adam getting the better of him, he opened the door and called loudly after the retreating figure of the lady.

Mrs. Grant returned at once, though somewhat surprised at the peremptory tone; but her surprise was quickly turned to indignation when Mr. Whitfield, with a severe look and solemn voice, rebuked her for her ill-timed levity, and asked how she had dared to insult him by offering such a paltry sum, at the same time showing her the coppers. The astonished lady in turn asked him what he meant, as she was sure she had given him ten good guineas. This assertion only incensed the divine the more, and, in no very measured terms, he denounced the lady's conduct, and insisted that when he opened the paper he only found the coppers.

Mrs. Grant being, as already said, a high-spirited woman, was not slow in defending herself, and, remembering how often her husband had warned her against Mr. Whitfield, she came to the conclusion that he was indeed the cheat he had been represented to be, so, giving reins to her passion, she poured fourth such a volley of abuse and accusation, that the discomfited minister, after a vain attempt to withstand the onslaught, had at last to fairly turn tail and retire into the house and shut the door on his infuriated antagonist, who, finding she had had the best of the encounter, and had succeeded in routing the enemy, began to smooth down her ruffled plumage as well as she could, slowly wending her way home, a sadder if not a wiser woman.

To her agreeable surprise, her husband did not appear to have missed the money, as he never mentioned the subject, nor did he evince any surprise at the sudden cessation of the frequent attendances at Mr. Whitfield's meetings. Like a wise man, the honest brewer kept his own counsel as well as his money, and had many a quiet chuckle to himself on the way he had outwitted his wife. He had also the satisfaction of seeing that the lesson he had given her, though sharp, was permanent, for ever after she was content to go with him to their own church, and ran no more after strange preachers or new doctrines.

M. A. ROSE.

THE CELTIC LYRE: A Collection of Gaelic Songs, with English Translations. By "Fionn," Part III. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart, 1886.

A great deal of most excellent work has been done in recent years to rescue from decay and to place in permanent form the lyric music of the Highlands. The pages of Highland magazines and newspapers, our own among the number, have been freely given to the good work of preservation to which we have referred. The recent labourers in the field have been numerous, and, in the main, intelligent. It was not always so, for while, in former times the collectors were not scant, the canons and habits of Gaelic music were very imperfectly understood, and, consequently, much of what was published was in forms quite repellent to the lovers of Gaelic song, who, though they might not have been able to state precisely what was amiss, could not help feeling that the music of the books was not the singing of the people. By the popularising of music in recent years, juster and more correct principles have been applied to the work, and the result is that we have now growing up on our hands a very valuable and substantial collection of genuine Gaelic music, in singable form and correctly noted, in many cases, from the singing of the most popular of our Highland singers. In

this good work no one has taken a more prominent and successful part than "Fionn" (Mr. Henry Whyte) the compiler of the work before us. This is the third part of Lyre, and we are glad to see that more is promised. It contains 16 of our Gaelic songs set to music in both notations, with an English translation to enable our Saxon friends to judge of the quality of our song. The pieces given are edited with great care, and the set of the airs are melodious and pure. Of course, these folk-songs differ in different localities, and thus each person may not meet with the precise form of any given melody with which he himself was familiar; but we can at least say that, as given in this work, they are familiar in some district or other of the Highlands. We cordially commend the Celtic Lyre to our readers, and thank "Fionn" for his patriotic and valuable efforts to give permanency to one of the choicest treasures of the Celts —their music and song.

SALAMMBO of Gustave Flaubert: Englished by M. FRENCH SHELDON, 1886. Saxon & Co., London and New York.

The story of "Salammbô," which has been well named the "Resurrection of Carthage," has been almost unknown to English readers until the publication of the present masterly translation by M. Sheldon. The tale is based upon the revolt of the slaves and mercenaries against Carthage, and the principal interest of the story is woven around the lives of Matho, the Libyan leader, and Salammbô, the daughter of the Suffete Hamilcar. The various characters in the book are portrayed with a power and knowledge of mankind which rivet them upon the mind of the reader. The fierce, leonine love of Hamilcar for the little Hannibal, the burning passion of Matho and his mysterious fascination over Salammbô, the fanatical devotion of the priest Schahabarim to the goddess Tanit, all bear the impress of the hand of an ardent and faithful student of human nature. The great scenes in the book, the feast and riot of the Barbarians, the preaching of the revolt by Spendius, the nocturnal entrance into the Temple of Tanit, the arrival of Hamilcar from Sicily, the Carthaginian

prisoners in the ditches, the execution of Hanno, the Barbarians enclosed in the Defile of the Battle-axe, the hideous holocaust to Moloch, and the death of Salammbô, are literary gems of the purest water. It is a pity that such a work should be to some extent marred by a number of unsightly typographical errors.

ROBERT BURNS: An Anniversary Poem. By DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR. Marcus Ward & Co., Limited, London, Belfast, and New York.

This little work consists of a poem composed in connection with the celebration, at New York, of the 126th anniversary of the birth of our national poet, Robert Burns. The author has selected a number of the best known of Burns' songs and poems as his texts for a series of highly pleasant and smooth-flowing reflections on the life, character, and songs of Burns. That Mr. Macgregor Crerar is a poet as well as a patriot, remains not to be told to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, for our pages have more than once been enriched by the labours of his muse. The work before us will certainly enhance his reputation in both respects in the estimation of those who may be fortunate enough to secure a copy. His appreciation of the work of Burns is no mere manifestation of national partiality for him as a Scotsman. Mr. Crerar enters with kindred feelings into the sentiment of the poet; while, at the same time, his bosom glows with pardonable pride as he touches on the best known songs and poems of Burns, which have supplied solace and inspiration to Scotsmen all over the world. We do not in the slightest degree detract from the merits of Mr. Crerar's own work when we say that the great charm of the book is the great number of admirable sketches with which it has been illustrated. In point of fact, the whole get up of the work is a perfect luxury of printing and artistic labour. Mr. Crerar, for the text, and Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. for the delightful finish and the quaint neatness with which they have turned out the work will, we are quite sure, earn high commendation from all who possess it.

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR JULY, 1886.

VII Mhios.] AN T-IUCHAR, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

● AN SOLUS UR—8 LA—10.7 F. | ○ AN SOLUS LAN—16 LA—3.9 M.
☽ AN CIAD CHR.—8 LA—1.18 F. | ☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.—24 LA—7.21 M.
● AN SOLUS UR—31 LA—5.26 M.

M.	DI.		*A'ghr'an.* E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	*An Lan An Lite.* MAD.	*An Lan An Lite.* FEASG.	*An Lan An Griamaig.* MAD.	*An Lan An Griamaig.* FEASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	D	Latha na Boinne, 1690	3.33 E	1.38	2. 2	11.31	11.57
2	H	Latha Alford, 1645	8.59 L	2.25	2.48	...	0.23
3	S	Coinneamh na h-Iarmhainstir, 1643	3.35 E	3.11	3.34	0.48	1.13
4	D	*III. Donaich na dèigh na Caingis.*	8.58 L	3.57	4.22	1.38	2. 2
5	L	Glacadh Lite, 1560	3.37 E	4.47	5.12	2.26	2.50
6	M	An t-Sean fheill Eathain	8.57 L	5.37	6. 4	3.14	3.38
7	C	Breith Shir Ruiseart Granville, 1540	3.39 E	6.32	7. 1	4. 2	4.28
8	D	Bàs Mhorair Deorsa, 1769	8.55 L	7.30	8. 2	4.55	5.22
9	H	Breith Chalvin, 1509	3.42 E	8.34	9. 7	5.50	6.19
10	S	Bàs Alasdair Mhunro, OU.D., 1767	8.53 L	9.42	10.16	6.50	7.22
11	D	*IV. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	3.44 E	10.48	11.19	7.56	8.31
12	L	Latha Aghrim, 1691	8.51 L	11.50	...	9. 5	9.37
13	M	Crùnadh Righ Alastair III., 1249	3.47 E	0.18	0.44	10. 6	10.34
14	C	Blar Leine, 1545	8.48 L	1. 9	1.33	10.59	11.23
15	D	Lá Mhartainn Builg	3.50 E	1.55	2.15	11.46	...
16	H	Bàs Shir Iain Triath Chlann-Ghriogair, 1822	8.46 L	2.35	2.55	0. 8	0.30
17	S	Latha Namur, 1695	3.53 E	3.14	3.30	0.50	1. 8
18	D	*V. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	8.44 L	3.46	4. 3	1.26	1.44
19	L	Crùnadh Righ Deorsa IV., 1821	3.56 E	4.20	4.37	2. 1	2.18
20	M	Glacadh Shruibhla, 1304	8.41 L	4.54	5.12	2.34	2.50
21	C	Bàs Raibeart Bhurns, 1796	3.59 E	5.30	5.50	3. 7	3.24
22	D	Latha na h-Eaglaise-Brice, 1298	8.38 L	6.10	6.30	3.42	4. 0
23	H	Cath Gharrich, 1411	4. 2 E	6.52	7.15	4.20	4.40
24	S	Bàs an t-Seanaileir Mhoir, 1692	8.34 L	7.41	8. 9	5. 3	5.26
25	D	*VI. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	4. 5 E	8.38	9.12	5.51	6.21
26	L	Bàs Shéumais Ghréum, 1772	8.31 L	9.47	10.23	6.54	7.29
27	M	Pòsadh Banrigh Màiri a's Dharnley, 1563	4. 9 E	10.56	11.28	8. 4	8.40
28	C	Bàs Chowley, 1667	8.28 L	11.58	...	9.14	9.47
29	D	Glacadh Sheine, 1798	4.12 E	0.27	0.53	10.16	10.45
30	H	Crùnadh Righ Séumas VI., 1567	8.24 L	1.19	1.45	11.13	11.41
31	S	Oidhche Lùnasdal	4.16 E	2.10	2.35	...	0. 8

The Celtic Magazine.

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ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

XVI. JOHN MACLEOD, known among his own countrymen as "Ian Breac,' or Speckled John, was served heir in special to his brother on the 11th of August, 1664, and infeft in the estates of the family held of the Crown on a precept from Chancery, and in Glenelg, on a precept of clare constat, from the subject superior at the same time. John Breac, one of the most popular of the Macleods, was, according to his contemporaries, a model Highland Chief. His good qualities of head and heart are commemorated in the songs of his country. He kept a bard, harper, piper, and fool at his residence of Dunvegan Castle, all of whom were most liberally provided for, and treated with all the respect and consideration due to them in those days. His bard was the famous *Mairi Nighean Alastair Ruaidh*, whom he had recalled from her banishment in Mull. To his second son Norman, who afterwards succeeded John's brother, Roderick, as Chief of the Clan, she composed her famous "*Cronan*," one of the best and most peculiar poems in the Gaelic language. In another of her compositions Mary says that she nursed five Chiefs of the Macleods and two Lairds of Applecross. She is said to have died in 1693,

at the great age of 105, in the same year in which died her favourite Chief, John Breac Macleod, of whom we now write.*

John's harper was the famous *Clarsair Dall*, Roderick Morrison, the son of an Episcopalian minister in the Island of Lewis, born, brought up, and educated as a gentleman; and Macleod always treated him as such. He is said to have been the last man in the Highlands who possessed the combined talents of poet and harper and composer of music in an eminent degree. Of his musical attainments no specimens have been preserved from which we can, in the present day, judge of his merits, but several of his poems have been preserved, and they conclusively prove that he possessed poetical talents of a very high order.

John Mackenzie explains how Rory the Harper became acquainted with Macleod, and the manner in which he was afterwards treated by that genuine Highland Chief. Morrison's superiority as a musician, Mackenzie says, and his respectable connexions, served him as a pass-word to the best circles in the North. He was carressed and idolized by all who could appreciate his minstrelsy. Induced by the fame of his fellow-harpers in Ireland, he visited that country. On his return to Scotland he called at all the baronial residences in his way. The nobility and gentry of Scotland were at the time paying Court to King James at Holyrood Palace. The harper wended his way thither, and during that visit to the Scottish Capital, "he met with that sterling model of a Highland chieftain, John Breac Macleod of Harris," who at once eagerly engaged him as his family harper. During the Harper's stay in Dunvegan Castle, he composed several beautiful tunes and songs, and among the rest that fascinating melody known as "*Feill nan Crann*," which originated out of the following incident: Roderick, sitting one day by the kitchen fire, chanced to let drop the key of his harp in the ashes, and he began to rake among the cinders with his fingers to pick it up, when Macleod's wife, a daughter of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, entered the room and asked one of the servants "*Ciod e tha dhith*

* John Mackenzie, in the "Beauties," says that she was born as early as 1569, but this is impossible, from what we know of her after-life. Mackenzie is unfortunately inaccurate in almost all he says regarding her and those to whom she composed her poems. There was no "Sir Tormod" Chief in her day, or, indeed, any Macleod Chief of that name.

air Ruairidh"? (What is it that Rory seeks?) The maid replied, "*Tha a chrann; chaill e 'san luath e*—(His key; he lost it in the ashes.") *Ma ta feumair crann eile 'cheannach do Ruairidh.* (Then another key must be bought for Rory), replied the lady: when the gifted minstrel, availing himself of the more extended meaning of the word *crann*, forthwith composed the tune "clothing it in the words of side-splitting humour," and at the same time representing all the kitchen maids as ransacking all the shops in the kingdom to procure for him his lost *crann*, or key.

Soon after this the celebrated minstrel must have left Dunvegan, for shortly after we find him occupying the farm of Totamor, in Glenelg, which his patron, whose property Glenelg then was, granted to him rent-free. He remained there until he was removed by John Breac's successor; and many of his best musical and poetical pieces were there composed.

The harper "was fondly attached to his patron, whose fame he commemorated in strains of unrivalled beauty and excellence. The chieftains of the Clan Macleod possessed, perhaps, greater nobleness of soul than any other of the Highland gentry; but it must be observed that they were peculiarly successful in enlisting the immortalising strains of the first poets in their favour—our author [the harper] and their own immortal Mary. Rory's elegy on John Breac Macleod, styled '*Creach na Ciadain*,' is one of the most pathetic, plaintive, and heart-touching productions we have read, during a life half-spent amid the flowery meadows of our Highland Parnassus. After deploring the transition of Macleod's virtues, manliness, and hospitality from the earth, he breaks forth in sombre forebodings as to the degeneracy of his heir, and again luxuriates in the highest ingredients of a Lament. '*Oran Mor Mhic-Leoid*,' in which the imaginative powers of the minstrel conjure up scenes of other days, with the vividness of reality, is a masterpiece of the kind. It comes before us in the form of a duet, in which Echo (the sound of music), now excluded, like himself, from the festive hall of Macleod, indulges in responsive strains of lamentation that finely harmonise with the poignancy of of our poet's grief."* This last-named song was composed after the

* *The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry and Lives of the Highland Bards.* By John Mackenzie, pp. 85-86.

Harper was ejected from his farm in Glenelg by John Breac's successor, and while he was on his way back to take up his residence in his native Island of Lewis.

During Macleod's life, Morrison praised his excellent qualities in splendid verse. In "*Oran Mor Mhic-Leoid,*" already referred to, the Echo, answering the harper, draws the following contrast between the inhospitable and degenerate days which followed on the death of John Breac and the splendid Highland style kept up during his life. The Echo says—

"Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim.
Anns an talla 'm biodh fuaim a cheoll;
'S ionad taghaich nan cliar,
Gun aighear, gun mhiagh, gun phoit;
Gun mhire, gun mhuirn,
Gun iomracha dlù nan còrn;
Gun chuirm, gun phailteas ri dàimh,
Gun mhacnus, gun mhanran beoil.

"'S mi Mac-talla bha uair
'G eisdeachd fathrum nan duan gu tiugh;
Far 'm bu mhuirneach am béus,
'N am cromadh do'n ghrein 'san t-sruth;
Far am b' fhoirmeal na seoid,
'S iad gu h-oranach, ceolmhor, cluth;
Ged nach faicte mo ghnuis,
Chluinnt' aca 's an Dùn mo ghuth.

"'N am eiridh gu moch,
Ann san teaghlaich, gun sprŏc, gun ghruaim;
Chluinnte gleadhraich nan dos,
'S an céile na cois o'n t-suain;
'Nuair a ghabhadh i làn,
'Si gun cuireadh os n-aird na fhuair,
Le meoir fhileanta, bhinn,
'S iad gu ruith-leumach, dionach luath."

John Breac Macleod had set about repairing and adding to his ancient castle of Dunvegan, but he was not able to execute his plans. Thinking, however, when he began, that he should live long enough to finish his designs, he had a Latin inscription, composed by the parish minister, cut on a stone fixed in the building, of which the following is an English translation :—

"John Macleod, Lord of Dunvegan, Harris, and Waternish, etc., united in marriage to Flora Macdonald, restored in the year of the vulgar era, 1686, his Tower of Dunvegan, long the very

ancient abode of his ancestors, which had fallen utterly into decay."

He appears to have been expected to join Dundee and the other leaders of the Highland Clans in 1689, when they met in convention in Lochaber before marching South to meet General Mackay at the battle of Killiecrankie; but John Macleod kept out of that movement, as his successors afterwards kept out of the Risings of 1715 and 1745 on behalf of the Stuarts. That he was believed to be favourably disposed in 1689 to James II. is clear from the following letter addressed to him by Viscount Dundee, from Moy, in Lochaber, on the date which it bears—

"For the Laird of Macleod.

"Moy, Jun. 23, 1689.

"Sir,—Glengarry gave me an account of the substance of a letter he received from you: I shall only tell you that, if you hasten not to land your men, I am of opinion you will have little occasion to do the King great service; for, if he land in the West of Scotland, you will come too late, as I believe you will think yourself by the news I have to tell you. The Prince of Orange has written to the Scottish Council not to fatigue his troops any more by following us in the hills, but to draw them together in a body to the West; and, accordingly, several of the forces that were in Perthshire and Angus are drawn to Edinburgh, and some of Mackay's regiments are marched that way from him. . . . . Some of the French fleet has been seen amongst the islands, and hath taken the Glasgow frigates. The King being thus master of sea and land, hath nothing to do but bring over his army, which many people fancy is landed already in the West. He will have little to oppose him there, and will probably march towards England, so that we who are in the greatest readiness will have [enough] ado to join him. I have received by Mr. Hay a commission of Lieutenant-General, which miscarried by Breidy. I have also received a double of a letter miscarried by Breidy to me, and a new letter, dated the 18th of May; both of which are so kind that I am ashamed to tell. He counts for great services, which I am conscious to myself that I have hardly done my duty. He promises not only to me, but to all that will join, such ranks of favour, as after ages shall see what honour and advantage there is in being loyal. He says, in express terms, that his favours shall vie with our loyalty. He hath, by the same letters, given full power of Council to such Councillors here as shall be joined in the King's service, and given us power, with the rest of his friends, to meet in a Convention, by his authority, to counteract the mock Convention at Edinburgh, whom he hath declared traitors, and commanded all his loyal subjects to make war against them, in obedience to which I have called all the clans. Captain of Clanranald is near us these several days; the Laird of Barra is there with his men. I am persuaded Sir Donald [of Sleat] is there by this. Maclean lands in Morven to-morrow, certain. Appin, Glencoe, Lochiel, Glengarry, Keppoch, are all ready. Sir Alexander [Maclean of Otter] and Largie have been here with their men all this while with me, so that I hope we will go out of Lochaber about three thousand. You may guess what we

will get in Stratherrick, Badenoch, Athole, Mar, and the Duke of Gordon's lands, besides the loyal shires of Banff, Aberdeen, Mearns, Angus, Perth, and Stirling. I hope we will be masters of the North, as the King's army will be of the South. I had almost forgot to tell you of my Lord Breadalbane, who, I suppose, will now come to the fields. Dunbeath, with two hundred horse and eight hundred foot, are said to be endeavouring to join us. My Lord Seaforth will be in a few days from Ireland to raise his men for the King's service. Now, I have laid the whole business before you; you will easily know what is fit for you to do. All I shall say further is, to repeat and renew the desire of my former letter, and assure you that I am, Sir, you most obedient humble Servant,

(Signed) "DUNDIE."

"You will receive the King's letter to you."

Macleod, however, did not join Dundee at this time in Lochaber, or afterwards at the battle of Killiecrankie, fought on the 27th of July following. Though Macleod did not follow Dundee in 1689, King James continued to hope that he might still join the Royalists, and in May of the following year addressed a letter to him in the following terms:—

"JAMES R.

"Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. Our former letters to you show the entire confidence we had in you, and we are glad to find by the resolutions, Sir Donald Macdonald assures us, you had taken of joining our forces when we ourselves or our entirely beloved natural son, the Duke of Berwick, came there, that we were not mistaken in the judgment we made of you. But, considering that our affairs are already so far advanced that our enemies are not in a condition to undertake anything considerable against us, or hurt any of our friends, especially such as are at that distance that you are from them, we do expect that, having as great security as any other, you should join the rest of the Clans with all the men you can raise, whenever the officer commanding-in-chief our forces shall there require it. This is not a time for any man to make conditions for himself, or consult barely his own private interest, and for our part, as we never did not press any of our subjects to expose themselves in vain, so we shall reckon on no man's loyalty that will run no hazard for the Common Good, when so fair a prospect of success presents itself, with so little danger. We are sure you wish your country and posterity too well not to contribute all you can to its liberty, and if you all unanimously join, we cannot see how you can fail of being the glorious instrument of it, which we wish you may be, and so wish you heartily farewell. Given at our Court, at Dublin Castle, the 29th day of May, 1690, and in the sixth year of our reign."

"To our trusty and well-beloved Macleod."

[Signed with the Royal Seal.]

James despatched several letters to the Highland chiefs from Ireland during this year, mostly through Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, who had taken the lead among those who determined to hold out in the King's interest. The letter to Macleod was found

among the Macdonald papers, and it is supposed Sir Donald knew that it was quite useless to forward it to Macleod. Its imperious tone was not calculated to make a favourable impression on the Chief of a clan who felt how little its services and terrible their losses at the battle of Worcester, little more than a generation before, had been appreciated or acknowledged after the Restoration. Indeed this strong feeling of disappointment is sufficient to account for the fact that the Macleods never after fought, under their Chief, in any of the Stuart Risings.

John married Florence, second daughter of Sir James Macdonald, ninth of Sleat, with issue—

1. Roderick, his heir and successor.
2. Norman, who succeeded his brother Roderick as Chief of the clan.
3. William, who died at Glasgow, unmarried.
4. Isabel, who married Robert Stewart of Appin.
5. Janet, who married Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck, with issue.
6. Julian, who married Sir Alan Maclean, third Baronet of Morven, with issue, Sir John Maclean, fourth Baronet, who carried on the succession, and fought, at the head of his clan, with Dundee at the battle of Killiecrankie; and again at Sheriffmuir, in 1715, under the Earl of Mar.

John Breac Macleod died on the Wednesday of Easter week,* in 1693, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

XVII. RODERICK MACLEOD, whose character seems to have realised all the gloomy forebodings of the bards, harpers, and others who had the interests and continued reputation of the family for ancient hospitality and warlike renown at heart. In *Oran Mor MhicLeoid*, already quoted, his degeneracy from these high qualities, in this and other respects, are severely animadverted upon by Roderick Morrison, his father's family harper and bard, many of the verses being of so uncomplimentary a character, and so unsuitable for ears polite, that John Mackenzie did not print them in *The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry;* but after

* See "*Greach-na-Ciadain*, 12th stanza, *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, p. 21.

stating that John Breac Macleod, Roderick's father, was one of the last chieftains who had in his retinue a bard, a piper, and a fool—all excellently and most liberally provided for, he says that, "after his death Dunvegan Castle was neglected by his son Roderick, and the services of these functionaries dispensed with to make room for grooms, gamekeepers, factors, dogs, and the various *etceteras* of a fashionable English establishment. We here beg the reader to note," he continues, "that we have not said Rory was an English gentleman, but only hinted that he aped the manners of one. Eight stanzas of this song are omitted, as we think their insertion would be an outrage on the reader's sense of propriety."* We have not discovered anything which, as a Highland Chief, can be recorded to his credit.

He married in February, 1694, Lady Isabel Mackenzie, third daughter of Kenneth, third Earl of Seaforth by Isabel, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, and sister of George, first Earl of Cromarty, without issue. She married, as her second husband, Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell, with issue. Roderick Macleod died in August, 1699, when he was succeeded by his next brother.

* Some of the omitted verses, and several others, have since been published in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness* for this year, in a paper contributed by Mr. Colin Chisholm.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS—THEIR SOCIAL AND LITERARY HISTORY—1775-1832.

[By Provost Macandrew.]

There was a common idea in the Lowlands and in England at this time that our ancestors were a rude and barbarous, and even savage people, but no idea could be more mistaken. The better classes lived in great comfort; they had, as a rule, houses of two stories, and if they wanted some of the appliances and conveniences of life which were to be obtained in cities and more populous places, their mode of life was neither rude nor inelegant, while in culture and refinement of manners the Highland gentleman was certainly the equal of his southern neighbour. The domestic economy was of course suited to the outward circumstances; the farm supplied, as Mrs. Grant of Laggan says, all that was absolutely necessary for life. For the table it gave beef and mutton, meal and milk. It gave wool and flax, which were spun in the household, and woven into cloth, blankets, and linen by country weavers; the females made their own clothes, and those of the men were made by itinerant tailors, who went about from house to house, remaining at each place as long as there was work, and acting as the news-carriers and sometimes as the bards and story-tellers of the district. The life, too, was social. Hospitality was unbounded; every house was open to every comer, and intercourse was enjoyed, in the most agreeable of all ways, by long visits at each other's houses; and in hall, bothie, and kitchen the song, and dance, and story were the nightly amusement of rich and poor. Boswell was puzzled as to how the numbers which assembled in the houses, where he and his great friend visited, could be accommodated. He guessed that it was managed by separating husband and wife, and accommodating a number of ladies in one room, and a number of gentlemen in another; he had not apparently been initiated into the mystery of the shake-down, or learned that Highland gentlemen in a pinch did not despise the shelter of a barn.

In the matter of culture and education, the Highland gentlemen of this time certainly stood as well as men of the same rank in any other part of the country. They had generally received a classical education, and there were many who had served in foreign armies. In the pages of Boswell we have abundant evidence that, wherever he went, he and Dr. Johnson found intelligent ladies and gentlemen to converse with, and the great Doctor himself tells us that he was in no house where he did not find books, and generally in more than one language. The first night which he and Boswell passed in the Wilds was at an inn at Aonach, in Glenmoriston, and here they found several books of a class which would not now be found in a country inn. The landlord was an intelligent man, who was annoyed at their expressions of surprise at their finding him in possession of books, and who had learned his grammar, and, as the Doctor remarked, a man is the better of that as long as he lives. His daughter, who made tea for the Doctor, was a well-bred, well-dressed, young lady, who had been a year in Inverness at school, and had learned reading, writing, sewing, knitting, working lace, and making pastry.

The Highland clergy of this time seem to have been in an eminent degree learned and cultivated gentlemen, and in these respects much the superiors of many of their successors at the present time. Pennant, in his tour in 1774, bears the highest testimony to their worth.

Boswell and Dr. Johnson repeatedly remark on this; and we find in the Island of Coll a venerable old gentleman, of 77, who lived in a cottage, or, as Dr. Johnson calls it, a hut, not inelegantly furnished, who, for want of other accommodation, kept a valuable library in chests, and was able to hold his own in controversy with the Doctor about Leibnitz and Newton. Dr. Johnson describes him as a man with a look of venerable dignity, which he had not seen in any other, and a conversation not unsuited to his appearance. I fear, however, that these learned and venerable gentlemen were of the dignified old moderate school of Dr. Blair, Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Carlyle, of Inveresk; for the evangelical party, who ultimately secured so great an influence and ascendency in the Highlands, were at this time only beginning to appear in

this part of the country, and were as yet only to be found on the eastern sea-board.

The condition of the poorer classes at this time is a matter of much controversy. Were they better or worse off? Were they happier or more miserable than their representatives of the present day? The testimony of all foreign observers is almost uniform, and represents them as living in a state of degrading poverty and misery. Dr. Johnson, Pennant, Knox, Buchanan, Loch, and others all speak in this way. But if we examine their evidence a little, I think we will be led to doubt their competency as witnesses. They came into the country as strangers, they could not speak the language or learn the thoughts of these people, and they drew the conclusions of poverty and wretchedness because they saw the people living in a social and economic condition, which was new to them, and which, it appeared to them, could only co-exist with these conditions. But poverty is a relative term, and even where poverty exists, wretchedness or a feeling of degradation are not its necessary consequence. It is all a matter of the idea of the man and of the society in which he lives. These foreign witnesses, if I may so call them, tell us that the poorer classes among the Highlanders lived in miserable huts built of stones without cement, thatched with turf or heather, with the fire in the middle of the floor, and without window or chimney, except a hole in the roof, which admitted light, and allowed the smoke to escape, and that their food consisted mainly of oatmeal and milk. That their cattle were housed in one end of the hut, and that the other end was common to the family and the poultry. But these are conditions which we can examine for ourselves. Meal and milk and potatoes are yet the common food of our agricultural labourers, of our shepherds, and of our country tradesmen, and yet we do not attach the idea either of poverty or of misery or degradation to any of these occupations. Bothies, no doubt, are fast disappearing in our immediate neighbourhood, and hereabout the cattle have long been excluded, and the fire placed against a wall, and covered by a hanging chimney. But still one need not go a very long journey from Inverness to see a veritable black house, with its smoke and its clay floor, with poultry walking about in it—but still

* * buirdly chields and clever hizzies
Are bred in such a house as this is.

and the occupants will be found to be well clad, looking well fed on their meal, and milk, and potatoes, the children going to school, the lasses, if not helping at home, out in service, and the lads probably in shops and offices in Inverness, or mayhap one of them at College. And, if we go to the West, we can still find the fire in the middle of the room, the cattle in one end of the house, but the same conditions in other respects as I have described. The premises of these foreign witnesses do not, therefore, warrant their conclusions, and they are confuted, not only by what we may observe any day for ourselves, but by the whole history of the country. Because a man lives in a bothy, and on oatmeal and milk as the principal articles of his diet, although he may be called poor, he is not necessarily either rude or wretched, and, in fact, is generally neither. The early Scottish and Irish monks, who filled Europe with the fame of their learning, lived in wattled huts or bothies of the meanest description. The Covenanting army, which marched into England, was composed of men who lived in bothies, and whose commissariat consisted of oatmeal, of which each soldier carried a sack; and, yet, there was hardly a man in that army who could not discuss theology and pound texts with the best. George Buchanan came from a bothy on Loch Lomond side, and was reared on oatmeal, and the same may be said of thousands of Scotsmen, who, since his time, have distinguished themselves in every walk of life. We will admit then, with these foreign observers, that the majority of the people, at this time, lived in black bothies, and on what may be considered poor food, but we will admit no more. On the other hand, these observers bear ample testimony to the courteous bearing of the poorest of Highland peasants, and when we have any evidence from those who lived among the people at this time, it is all to the effect that they certainly did not look on their poorer neighbours as in any degree wretched or as labouring under the sense of poverty or of degradation. Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who had better opportunities of judging, and was in a better position for forming a sound and just opinion of those about her than any person of her time, inasmuch as, although born of Highland

parents, she resided in America until she was grown up, gives us the idea rather that a Highland glen was an arcadia than an abode of wretchedness, and she is never tired of expressing her admiration of the intelligence, courtesy, and self-respecting independence of her poorer neighbours.

It is true the lower orders at this time were sometimes exposed to actual famine, but that is the lot of all communities dependent entirely on agriculture and pasture, and without the means of easy communication with other countries. Famines were periodic all over England and Scotland some time earlier, and when hard times did come they were looked on as one of the necessary incidents of life, and the laird and the tacksman still felt that it was his duty to help his poorer neighbours, and the help which was given carried with it none of the degradation of charity.

It is true also that these people rendered services to the chief and tacksman which would now be, indeed—where they still subsist even now—considered irksome, if not degrading; but in the old times of which I am treating, the old feelings of mutual inter-dependence still subsisted, and these services were looked on as the natural right of those to whom they were rendered, and the duty of those who rendered them. They were rendered without any feeling of wrong or oppression, and consequently without any feeling of degradation.

It must be borne in mind, too, that in these times social rank depended on pedigree alone, and poverty did not carry with it the loss of social position. The younger sons of the laird and chief became tacksmen; the younger sons of the tacksmen were provided with small holdings, and the sons of these again were often forced to earn a living by very humble occupations, but still they had the blood of the chief in their veins, and they did not cease to be gentlemen. There are many anecdotes which show the perplexity which this state of things created in the mind of Southern visitors. Burt tells us that on one occasion he was riding into Inverness with a nobleman, and, much to his surprise, his companion dismounted from his horse in Petty Street, and embraced cordially a man who kept a little drinking shop there. Burt afterwards expressed his surprise at this conduct, but his lordship replied that there was nothing to be surprised at, for the

man had some of the best blood of the country in his veins. On the other hand, as illustrating both the feeling of pride of blood and of veneration for the chiefs, which long subsisted, I may relate an anecdote which I have from a lady, still alive, about her uncle, whom she well remembers. The uncle's father had a pedigree, but in worldly circumstances he was but a small farmer, and had several sons. One of these sons was noted as an excellent piper, and the late Glengarry asked him to become his family piper. By this time even Glengarry had so far yielded to modern notions that, instead of having his piper to sit at table with him as a social equal, he had degraded him to the position of a menial, and expected him to stand behind his chair and wait on him at dinner. The young Highlander's pride rebelled at the idea of such social degradation, but he hesitated to offend his chief by a refusal, and he got out of the dilemma by going out to the wood to cut firewood, and, in the operation, deliberately chopping off two of his fingers, and thus incapacitating himself from acting as piper.

Such, then, was the state of society in which we find our ancestors at this time, and I will endeavour to indicate as rapidly as I can the influences which were now, or came afterwards, to operate in breaking it up.

The first of these influences, and the most powerful, was undoubtedly the desire of landlords to compensate by increased rents for the loss of feudal and patriarchal power, and to extract from their tenants means which would enable them to vie in comfort and luxury with their wealthier neighbours of the Lowlands, among whom many of them now began to exhibit a tendency to reside. The testimony of contemporary writers on this point is unanimous, but I shall choose a witness who can lie under no suspicion of any sympathy adverse to the landlords. General Macleod of Macleod, the grandson and successor of the Macleod of the Forty-five, has left a fragment of a memoir of his own life, and, speaking of the circumstances under which he assumed the management of his ancestral estates, he says :—"The laws which deprived the Highlanders of their arms and garb would certainly have destroyed the feudal military power of the chieftains, but the fond attachment of the people to their patriarchs would have yielded to no laws. They were themselves the destroyers of that

pleasing influence. Sucked into the vortex of the nation, and allured to the Capitals, they degenerated from patriarchs and chieftains to landlords, and they became as anxious for increase of rent as the new made lairds—the novi homines—the mercantile purchasers of the Lowlands. Many tenants, whose fathers for generations had enjoyed their little spots, were removed for higher bidders. Those who agreed at any price for their antient *lares* were forced to pay an increased rent, without being taught any new method to increase their produce. In the Hebrides, especially, this change was not gradual but sudden—and sudden and baleful in its effects." And so it was. All over the Highlands there was, during a few years preceding and succeeding the year 1775, a general, and in many cases, a very considerable, if not exorbitant, raising of rents. To some extent this was, perhaps, justified by the very considerable rise in the price of cattle which took place about the same time, and on the eastern side of the country it was to some extent accompanied by the attempt to introduce improved methods of agriculture; but the necessities of the lairds could not wait for the gradual improvement of the means of the tenants, and the rise of rents was so great and so rapid that the tenants at least felt that it was greater than they could bear. They did not, however, at that time set up any claim to a right of possession concurrent with that of the landlords, and the three F.'s had not been discovered. The tenants of that time, if they found that the rent demanded was greater than they could pay, gave up their holdings, and either migrated to other estates, or emigrated to America. There is a belief—much fostered by some people at present—that migration and emigration were unknown in the Highlands previous to the suppression of the last rebellion—but this is an entire mistake. Long previous to that time the right of Highland landlords and tacksmen to remove tenants and sub-tenants was well recognised and commonly exercised. No doubt, a tenant was seldom removed altogether from the land of the clan, because it was not the interest of the chief or of the clan, and could not be the desire of the clansmen, but instances of men belonging to one clan and holding land in the territory of another were frequent long before this. Numerous

instances could be given, but one, somewhat memorable, may suffice. When Dundee was in Lochaber, shortly before the Battle of Killiecrankie, a party of Camerons, who formed part of his army, went on an expedition into Glen-Urquhart, partly for the purpose of avenging some injury and partly to lift cattle for the support of the army. In Glen-Urquhart they came on a relation of Glengarry, who was living there among the Grants, but who expected not only that his name and lineage would protect himself, but also would enable him to protect his neighbours among whom he was living. The Camerons were quite willing to leave the Macdonell unmolested, if he separated himself from the Grants, but, as he would not do so, he was attacked along with the Grants, plundered and killed, and this incident nearly led to a fight between the Macdonells and the Camerons, and the breaking up of Dundee's army. It is evident, too, that long before this time a very considerable emigration had been going on, from the number of Highlanders who were in America, and engaged in the wars with the French, and in the War of Independence. But this emigration was gradual and unobserved. At the time we speak of, however, and in consequence of the raising of rents, there was a very great migration of families from one part of the country to another, and emigration to America became so general that it created a feeling of alarm not only in the landlords, who began to fear that their estates would be depopulated, but in the country at large. Whole families and districts left the country together, and as they went entirely at their own expense, we may assume that those who went were of the class who were able to take some means with them. General Macleod tells us that his first act of management on his estates was to assemble his clansmen, and remonstrate with them against yielding to this emigration fever, and he adds that, in consequence of his appeal and of such remissions of rent as he was able to make, there was very little emigration from his estates. Dr. Johnson tells us, however, that, in course of his tour in the Western Isles, he found that the great object of insular estate policy was to stop emigration. In Boswell's account of this tour, which, so far as the Islands were concerned, only lasted from the 2nd of September to the 22nd of October, mention is

made of three emigrant-vessels with which they came in contact. And Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh told the travellers that whereas the people who left Skye by the first emigrant vessels manifested most extraordinary symptoms of grief at leaving their native land, emigration had then become so common, and the people so accustomed to the idea of it, that they left with apparent indifference. When Dr. Johnson and Boswell paid them a visit, Flora Macdonald and her husband were preparing to emigrate, and, as is well known, they shortly after carried out their intention. The places of those who left were occupied by others, often by strangers, and thus a great severance of antient ties took place, and the tie of blood and kinship which bound the inhabitants of whole districts together were loosened. The new tacksmen had no interest in their sub-tenants, except as rent-payers, and they began to exact from them a higher rent than they themselves paid, and southern estate managers, who began to appear and to introduce improved methods of management, preached the doctrine that tacksmen themselves were mere middlemen and cumberers of the ground, and that the lairds should deal directly with all who held land on their estates, a doctrine which, when put in practice, reduced the tacksmen from the position of power and influence, which, as gentlemen of the Clan, and leaders of the people under the Chief, they had formerly held, to that of mere farmers of curtailed possessions.

(To be continued.)

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM ROSS.

(Continued.)

IN close alliance with William Ross's Love Songs are his

PASTORAL POEMS.

These, for most, embrace amorous sentiments and incidents, while beautiful pastoral sketches are introduced in his Love Songs. For instance, "Molladh na h-Oighe Gaidhealaich," is partly a eulogy of the Highland maid and partly a rich painting of pastoral life and scenes. This "Praise of the Highland Maid" is a song for which the ladies of Gaeldom, one and all, owe William an everlasting debt of gratitude; for, according to him, all the rest of womankind must yield the palm to the Highland maid, in her native simplicity, beauty, and worth, modestly and neatly clad in her tartan array; and its inherent merits ensure that the song will descend to posterity, with the stamp of genius and of truth upon it. Some good judges consider this poem William's masterpiece. There is, however, one entirely pastoral poem in the collection, "Oran an t-Shamhraidh" (Song to Summer), and in it William shows to great advantage as an observer and admirer of Nature. It abounds in imagery of the most delightful kind, and the language used is really classical in style. Each stanza seems perfect. Let us take one at random :—

"Nach cluinn thu bith-fhuaim, suthainn, seamh,
'S a bhruthainn sgiamhail, bhlàth-dhealtraich,
Is beannachdan a nuas o neamh
A dortadh fial gu làr aca :
Tha nadur ag caochladh tuair
Le caomh-chruth cuannda, pàirt-dhathach,
'S an cruinne iomlan mu 'n iath 'ghrian,
A' tarruing fiamhan gràsail air !

From first to last there is not a weak line or a halting measure in the 80 lines; and the whole piece, brimful of peculiar pith and fragrance, is a fine display of rare talent and polished taste.

Let us now give a hurried glance at his

PATRIOTIC PIECES.

Next to his love of woman, his love of country was conspicuously an element of Ross's being. We can scarcely imagine a poet who could take a very high place if he were deficient in either of these characteristics. His address to "Blath-bheinn," a mountain in Skye, near where his ancestors dwelt, is of this class—

" O 's ionmhuinn leam na chi mi thall,
Ribhinn nam beann nach fann gruaim;
Dh' aithnichinn fhein do thulach àrd,
Ge cian a thàrladh mi bhuat."

Like most Scotch poets of last century, William was an ardent Jacobite. How delighted he was when their forfeited estates were restored to the Stuarts' adherents or their descendants! How he belauded the Marquis of Graham for his persistency, culminating in success, in getting the obnoxious, miserable, and mean act prohibiting the wearing of the Highland dress expunged from the Statute Book. Then listen to his praise of Gairloch—

" Beir mo shoraidh 'thir a mhonaidh
Is nam beann corrach àrda;
Fridh nan gaisgeach 's nan sonn gasda,
Tir Chlann-Eachainn Ghearrloch.
Gur uallach eangach an damh breangach,
Suas tro' ghleannan fasaich;
Bidh cuach 's a bhadan seinn a leadain
Moch 's a mhadainn Mhai'.

" Gum b'e Gearrloch an tir bhaigheil,
'S an tir phairteach, bhiadhar:
Tir a phailteis, tir gun ghainne,
Tir is glainne fialachd.
An tir bhainneach, uachdrach, mhealach,
Chaomhach, channach, thiorail,
Tir an arain, tir an tachdair,
Sithne, 's pailteas iasgaich."

During his sojourn in the South his heart was ever in the Highlands. He says, characteristically—

" Mo ruin do'n tir o 'n d' imich mi,
'S mo shuil air fad gu pilleadh ri."

To Scotland as a whole, however, Ross's heart was not so gushing. He contented himself with much of such flowery praise of

what he considered more immediately his native country; and had not much to say in the way of upholding united Scotland against all the rest of creation, as Burns and Scott did. But all Britain, if not all the world, was listening to them. Ross sang to a more circumscribed circle, and consequently his views were narrowed to a great extent. Yet in more than one place he fondly apostrophises "auld Scotia;" and, after all, we can hardly find fault with William for being a Highlander first, and a Scotchman after. And speaking of Burns, we may here allude to the fact that in many respects there was a great resemblance between Ross and him. In personal appearance, in lines of thought and poetical fancies, in their experiences in the tender passions, in their fulness of soul, and social geniality of disposition, in their sad and premature end, we cannot think of the one man without recalling the other. And yet how very different their fate, from a literary point of view. The one daily growing in fame because read of all men—the other almost unknown, because of having written in a strange tongue that has been driven into a corner; and, moreover, because the author unfortunately destroyed what he had written.

ELEGY.

In *Elegiac* composition Ross did not attempt much, and the only elegy we have from him was an outcome of his patriotic vein. It was composed on the death of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and is remarkable in more ways than one. It is entirely free from any personal praise of the Prince, while in almost every line there is abundant evidence of the poet's sincere attachment to him and to the Stuart cause. It is also interesting as being the only lament in Gaelic that appears to have been written on the occasion. When we consider how long Prince Charlie continued to be an idol of the Highlanders, the hero of their dearest traditions and memories, with his name indelibly interwoven with their later history, it seems very strange to us that his death did not draw forth more tributes of affection and sorrow in poetic form, especially as the elegiac form of composition has ever been a favourite one with the Celts. Honest Duncan Ban was then in the zenith of his fame; but although he, in an early poem on the battle of Falkirk, showed a decided sympathy with

the Stuart cause, admitting that he would rather have fought with the Prince than against him; and although he could compose a pathetic elegy to a drowned dog, he had not a word to say when "Bonnie Prince Charlie"—once the hope and beacon of the poet's fellow-countrymen—was laid to rest in his long home, far from the scenes of his youthful wanderings and perils. Had Rob Donn, Alexander Macdonald, or John Roy Stewart survived the Prince, we may be sure William Ross would not have stood alone in recording his grief on that sorrowful occasion. This poem, for simplicity and appropriateness of diction and tasteful eloquence, must take a place in the foremost rank of William's work. It secures more than a mere passing effect. Who that ever read it did not cherish a warm feeling for the "White Cockade" ever after? On hearing the unwelcome news, his country had William's first thought:—

"Albainn arsaidh! 's faththunn bròin,
Gach aon mhuir bhàit' tha bàrcadh òirn,
D'oighre rioghail bhi 's anRòimh,
Truist an caol-chist liomhta bhòrd.

Then follow reflections about death, all-powerful, claiming all flesh as its prey; reference to his own sorrowful feelings and sad condition; to the hopes that had all been dashed; to the despair of his faithful friends and soldiers, who would all have followed him to the death. The birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, moor, and forest are portrayed as hanging their heads in silent grief; and all Nature is depicted as in mourning. A variety of touching incidents are brought in review; and the whole ends with a resigned and philosophical injunction that they should all be contented with things as they were, since better could not be made of it; that their sojourn here could be but brief, and *then* they would *all* follow the "White Cockade."

HUMOROUS.

In satire William was a keen blade, but he did not follow it up vindictively; in fact he used it more for fun than as an outlet to his spleen. There are two or three such pieces preserved, all bearing evidence of their being early productions. In his later years we find his mind was shut against anything of a light and cheery nature. The best of these satires, and perhaps the least

blameworthy, is that upon a certain "Holy Willie" of his acquaintance, who, always severe in his censure of others guilty of immoral conduct, himself made a slip, and William applied irony and sarcasm in a skilful and unmerciful manner.

In his light and humorous pieces Ross comes out in his most natural colours, and is very amusing, if, in one or two instances already alluded to, rather coarse. "None are more than comparatively good; and folly has a corner in the hearts of the wise." Very entertaining is the irony he heaps upon the indolent fellow, already referred to, who lay down and slept beside his task, leaving it untouched:—

"Chi mi laoch is gaisgeanta,
Dha 'm maiseil thig na h-airm.
A righ! gur meirg a chasadh ort
Le stridh nuair lasadh d' fhearg.
Fear mor tha crodha 'n ais-sith thu,
Bhiodh spreigeil, spraiceil, garg;
Is laoch cho treun 's tha 'm Breatuinn thu,
Ro 'n teich an t-arm dearg."

The "Oran eadar am Bard agus Cailleach-Mhilleadh-nan-dan," in form of a dialogue between himself and a "thrawn" old woman, was probably composed during his early acquaintance with Marion Ross. The design is of a happily humorous nature; and the poem is altogether free from dark forebodings or sentiments indicative of want of hope or success in his courtship. The old carline is represented as running down young girls in general, mocking William for the weakness of being in love, and dispraising his sweetheart, whom, of course, William upholds in splendid style, although, in the end, he must let the old lady have the last word; and we must admit that her arguments are delivered with considerable point and force.

His address to the Toothache is very good—not a bit inferior to Burns's. The wit is quite as keen, although Ross is only reproving the disease for its ill-usage of his friend, whereas Burns gave us his opinion of it bought by dear experience.

A translation seldom does justice to the original, and Ross's poems are difficult to operate upon with any degree of success; but we are tempted to give a feeble English equivalent of this piece.—

" A thousand death-pangs to thee, Toothache,
Thou worst of terrors!
I'm deeply grieved to see thy usage of
The best of fellows.
For each other malady there is some remedy,
And time of ease;
But from thy gnaw, thou murderous enemy!
There's no release.
'Twould grieve thee that food or drink
Our lips should pass;
But on our heads thine hand descends
Like Death's caress.

" No sooner had Donald Fraser risen
From sick-bed's pain,
Than thou, with venomous shaft, did'st bring
Him low again.
Not satisfied with what from fever
He bore before,
Thou, too, must come, thou spirit evil!
To scourge him more,
In jaws, and face, and head entire,
Thou did'st so wound him,
As if between his millstones dire
A miller ground them;
Or, as if a Saxon blacksmith
With force did pound them;
And in its cruel grasp, with pith,
His vice screwed round them.

" But I'm deceived if thy death notice
Is far away:
Once Lovat hears his clansman's usage,
To your dismay
He'll fire the black-bored cannons on you;
Will shake your soul, Sir;
He'll bring the redcoats from Fort-George;
Will make you howl, Sir,
With flaming fire and showers of bullets,
And strongest powder.

" Shame upon thee that thou did'st not
Attack some miser,
Or other nasty, worthless person,
'Twould have been wiser,
Than keeping the kindly, decent man
From his employment,
And so many carlines gruesome,
And hussies noisome,

In need of something to compel them
To mend their manners,
Between Cape Wrath and Perth and Islay,
And Isle of Harris;
Or, even if you fired away,
In our own parish."

In Bacchanalian poetry William Ross has given us two songs in praise of "mountain dew," which are inimitable in their way. There is a light gleefulness and genuine "go" about them that we must admire even if we cannot agree with all the poet says on the subject. The first of these ("Hò-rò, gur toigh leinn drama"), drew out the author of "Mairi laghach" (Mr. J. Macdonald) to write a *per contra* in dispraise of whisky; and the second ("Mac-na-Bracha") William wrote to vindicate his position, and to checkmate the other bard. There does not seem to have been any foundation for the opinion held by some, no doubt formed on the very slender ground given in these two songs, that William must have been a tippler. He would, doubtless, have written them with a light heart, in the enthusiasm of the hour. The poet had probably never seen much of the evil effects of drink—at least not in the Highlands. The pictures he draws shew not the confirmed habit-and-repute debauchees, but a certain class of rural topers who got merry occasionally, say, at a market, a wedding, or bringing in the New-Year. He says elsewhere:—

"'Nuair tharladh sibh 's an tigh-thabhairn
Far an traighte stòp leibh,
Cha b'e 'n canran bhiodh 'n ur pairt,
An uair a b' airde pòit dhuibh;
Ach mire 's manran, gaol is cairdeas,
'S iomairt lamh gun dò-bheirt;
'S bu bhinne ri eisdeachd cainnt ur beul
Na iomairt mheur air oigh-cheol."

Such were the scenes the poet had in his mind when he asks, very pertinently, how we could arrange a contract of marriage, or get through with a wedding creditably without a drop of the "cratur?"—

"Ciamar a dheanamaid banais,
Cumhnanta no ceangal teann?
Mur bidh dram againn do'n chleireach
Gur leibideach feum a pheann."

Then comes a kick at the "unco guid."—

"Tha luchd-crabhaidh ga do dhiteadh
Le cul-chainnt is briodal feall;
Ged nach aidich iad le'm beoil thu,
Olaidh iad thu mar an t-allt."

Ross's airy flights were as well understood and appreciated as his serious moods; and, if there had been anything wrong in William's relation to whisky, his praise of it would have fallen flat and unreal in the home circle around him.

It may be asked, what were the influences for good exercised by Ross; and how did his work affect the people among whom he lived and moved? His influence for good was, unfortunately, seriously marred in consequence of some very loose poems of his getting wind, which hurt his reputation to a great extent; for then, as now, the Highland peasantry were remarkable for a high moral tone. With politics or religion (those endless sources of strife and bones of contention) Ross did not interfere much; and, perhaps, he was wise. He was, however, a strict church-goer, and was for some time precentor in the Church of Gairloch. As a schoolmaster, he occupied a most rare and enviable position to the craft—his pupils adored him! The main effects of his poetry observable may have been an increasing and intensifying of the two most prominent traits of character displayed by his countrymen, viz.—Chivalry and Patriotism. Bards were ever held in great respect and esteem by the Celts, principally because they extolled, and stimulated to excellence in the virtues which Highlanders admired most and strove to possess in the highest degree. The best part of his poetry would thus no doubt have exercised an elevating effect on the minds of the people; and the worst part we trust has ere now found its level. At any rate, let us hope the two will be effectually separated in a new edition—the inferior part being dropped out, so that we may have no misgivings in placing the book in the hands of our young people, as a rich and healthy treat.

A. MACKAY ROBSON.

SMUGGLING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[By John Macdonald, Supervisor.]

(Continued.)

Matters became so grave, that in 1814 and 1815 meetings of the county authorities were held in the Highlands, and representations made to the Government, pointing out the evil effects of the high duties on spirits, and the injudicious regulations and restrictions imposed. Among other things, it was pointed out that the Excise restrictions were highly prejudicial to the agricultural interests of the Highlands. In face of so many difficulties, the Government gave way, and in 1815 the distinction between Highlands and Lowlands, and the still duty were discontinued, but the high duty of 9s. 4½d. per gallon was imposed. In 1816 stills of not less than 40 gallons were allowed to be used with the view of encouraging small distillers, and next year the duty had to be reduced to 6s. 2d., but illicit distillation was carried on to such extent, that it was considered necessary, as the only effective means of its suppression, to further reduce the duty to 2s. 4d. in 1823. In that year there were 14,000 prosecutions in Scotland for illicit distillation and malting; the military had to be employed for its suppression, and revenue cutters had to be used on the West Coast. Later on, riding officers were appointed.

It is difficult to conceive the terrible amount of lawlessness, of turbulence, of loss and injury connected with such a state of matters, and cases are known where not only individuals but communities never recovered temporal prosperity after successful raids by the military, cutters, and gaugers. But matters had fortunately reached their worst, and illicit distillation has since gradually decreased until very recently. The reduction of the spirit duty, the permission to use smaller stills, and the improvement in the Excise laws and regulations removed the principal causes which led to illicit distillation. The high duty operated as a bounty to the illicit distiller, and its reduction reduced his profits. The permission to use smaller stills encouraged farmers and others with limited capital, who could not erect large dis-

tilleries, to engage in a legitimate trade on a small scale, which afforded a ready market for barley of local growth, and provided whisky for local consumption. The relaxation of the Excise regulations led to an improvement in the quality of the whisky made by the licensed distiller, and the quality was further improved by the permission in 1824 to warehouse duty free, which allowed the whisky to mature prior to being sent into consumption. These and minor changes led to the decrease in smuggling in the Highlands shown in the following list of detections:—

In 1823	there were	14,000	detections	Duty 6s. 2d. to 2s. 4d.
In 1834	„	692	„	duty 3s. 4d.
In 1844	„	177	„	„ 3s. 8d.
In 1854	„	73	„	„ 4s. 8d.
In 1864	„	19	„	„ 10s. 0d.
In 1874	„	6	„	„ 10s. 0d.
In 1884	„	22	„	„ 10s. 0d.

The decrease in illicit distillation since 1823, concurrent with the large increase in the spirit duties, is a remarkable proof of the great improvement which has taken place in the morals of the Highland people. The change has been due to various causes, but mainly to the spread of education, and the influence of enlightened public opinion. In some cases the landlord and clergy used their influence direct, the former embodying stringent clauses in the estate leases against illicit distillation, and the latter refusing church privileges to those engaged in smuggling, as in the Aultbea district of Gairloch parish by the Rev. Mr. Macrae and the Rev. Mr. Noble. In a few localities the smuggler's means were exhausted by the frequent seizures made by energetic officers.

As might have been expected, there has gathered round the mass of lawlessness represented by the foregoing list of detections a cluster of stories of cunning and daring, and wonderful escapes, which casts a ray of interest over the otherwise dismal picture. From a large number that are floating about, I can only give a few representative stories, but others can easily supply the deficiency from well-stocked repertories.

After a School Board meeting held last summer, in a well-known parish on the West Coast, the conversation turned on

smuggling, and one of the lay members asked one of the clerical members, "Did not good, pious men engage in these practices in times gone by?" "You are right, sir, far better men than we have now," replied the Free Kirk minister. This is unfortunately true as the following story will prove. Alasdair Hutcheson, of Kiltarlity, was worthily regarded as one of the *Men* of the North. He was not only a pious, godly man, but was meek in spirit and sweet in temper—characteristics not possessed by all men claiming godliness. He had objections to general smuggling, but argued that he was quite justified in converting the barley grown by himself into whisky to help him to pay the rent of his croft. This he did year after year, making the operation a subject of prayer that he might be protected from the gaugers. One time he sold the whisky to the landlord of the Star Inn, down near the wooden bridge, and arranged to deliver the spirits on a certain night. The innkeeper for some reason informed the local officer, who watched at Clachnaharry until Alasdair arrived about midnight with the whisky carefully concealed in a cart load of peats. "This is mine," said the officer, seizing the horse's head. "*O Thighearna! bhrath thu mi mu dheireadh*," ejaculated poor Alasdair, in such an impressive tone that the officer, who was struck with his manner, entered into conversation with him. Alasdair told the simple, honest truth. "Go," said the officer, "deliver the whisky as if nothing had happened, get your money, and quit the house at once." No sooner had Alasdair left the Inn than the officer entered, and seized the whisky before being removed to the cellar. I would recommend this story to the officers of the present day. While they ought not to let the smuggler escape, they should make sure of the purchaser and the whisky. There can be no doubt that "good, pious" men engaged in smuggling, and there is less doubt that equally good, pious men—ministers and priests—were grateful recipients of a large share of the smuggler's produce. I have heard that the Sabbath work in connection with malting and fermenting weighed heavily upon the consciences of these men—a remarkable instance of straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel.

John Dearg was a man of different type, without any pretension to piety, and fairly represents the clever, unscrupulous class

of smugglers who frequently succeeded in outwitting the gaugers. John was very successful, being one of the few known to have really acquired wealth by smuggling. He acted as a sort of spirit dealer, buying from other smugglers, as well as distilling himself. Once he had a large quantity of spirits in his house ready for conveyance to Invergordon to be shipped. Word came that the officers were searching in the locality, and John knew his premises would receive marked attention. A tailor who was in the habit of working from house to house happened to be working with John at the time. Full of resource as usual, John said to the tailor, "I will give you a boll of malt if you will allow us to lay you out as a corpse on the table." "Agreed," said the plucky tailor, who was stretched on the table, his head tied with a napkin, a snow-white linen sheet carefully laid over him, and a plate containing salt laid on his stomach. The women began a coronach, and John, seizing the big Bible, was reading an appropriate Psalm, when a knock was heard at the door. "I will call out," said the stretched tailor, "unless you will give me two bolls," and John Dearg was done, perhaps, for the first time in his life. John went to the door with the Bible and a long face. "Come in, come in," he said to the officers, "this is a house of mourning—my only brother stretched on the board!" The officers apologised for their untimely visit, and hurried away. "When did John Dearg's brother die?" enquired the officer at the next house he called at. "John Dearg's brother. Why, John Dearg had no brother living," was the reply. Suspecting that he had been outwitted, the officer hurried back, to find the tailor at work, and all the whisky removed and carefully concealed.

A good story is told of an Abriachan woman who was carrying a jar of smuggled whisky into Inverness. The officer met her near the town and relieved her of her burden. "Oh, I am nearly fainting," groaned the poor woman, "give me just one mouthful out of the jar." The unsuspecting officer allowed her the desired mouthful, which she cleverly squirted into his eyes, and she escaped with the jar before the officer recovered his sight and presence of mind.

The following story, told me by the late Rev. John Fraser, Kiltarlity, shows the persistence which characterised the smugglers

and the leniency with which illicit distillation was regarded by the better classes. While the Rev. Mr. Fraser was stationed at Erchless shortly before the Disruption, a London artist, named MacIan, came north to take sketches for illustrating a history of the Highlands, then in preparation. He was very anxious to see a smuggling bothy at work, and applied to Mr. Robertson, factor for The Chisholm. "If Sandy M'Gruar is out of jail," said the factor, "we shall have no difficulty in seeing a bothy." Enquiries were made, Sandy was at large, and, as usual, busy smuggling. A day was fixed for visiting the bothy, and MacIan, accompanied by Mr. Robertson, the factor, and Dr. Fraser of Kerrow, both Justices of the Peace, and by the Rev. John Fraser, was admitted into Sandy's sanctuary. The sketch having been finished, the factor said, "*Nach eil dad agad Alasdair?*" Sandy having removed some heather, produced a small keg. As the four worthies were quaffing the real mountain dew, the Rev. Mr. Fraser remarked, "This would be a fine haul for the gaugers—the sooner we go the better." It was the same Sandy who, on seeing a body of Excise officers defile round the shoulder of a hill, began counting them—*aon, dha, tri*, but, on counting seven, his patience became exhausted, and he exclaimed, "*A Tighearna, cuir sgrios orra!*" A Tain woman is said to have had the malt and utensils ready for a fresh start the very evening her husband returned home from prison. Smugglers were treated with greater consideration than ordinary prisoners. The offence was not considered a heinous one, and they were not regarded as criminals. It is said that smugglers were several times allowed home from Dingwall jail for Sunday, and for some special occasions, and that they honourably returned to durance vile. Imprisonment for illicit distillation was regarded neither as a disgrace, nor as much of a punishment. One West Coast smuggler is said to have, not many years since, suggested to the Governor of the Dingwall jail, the starting of smuggling operations in prison, he undertaking to carry on distillation should the utensils and materials be found. Very frequently smugglers raised the wind to pay their fines, and began work at once to refund the money. Some of the old lairds not only winked at the practice, but actually encouraged it. Within the last thirty years, if not twenty years, a tenant on the Brahan

estate had his rent account credited with the price of an anchor of smuggled whisky, and there can be no doubt that rents were frequently paid directly and indirectly by the produce of smuggling. One of the old Glenglass smugglers recently told Novar that they could not pay their rents since the black pots had been taken from them.

Various were the ways of "doing" the unpopular gaugers. A cask of spirits was once seized and conveyed by the officers to a neighbouring inn. For safety they took the cask with them into the room they occupied on the second floor. The smugglers came to the inn, and requested the maid who had attended upon the officers to note where the cask was standing. The girl took her bearings so accurately that, by boring through the flooring and bottom of the cask, the spirits were quickly transferred to a suitable vessel placed underneath, and the officers were left guarding the empty cask. An augur hole was shown to me some years ago in the flooring at Bogroy Inn, where the feat was said to have been performed, but I find that the story is also claimed for Mull. Numerous clever stories are claimed for several localities.

An incident of a less agreeable nature ended fatally at Bogroy Inn. The officers made a raid on the upper end of Strathglass, where they discovered a large quantity of malt concealed in a barn, which the smugglers were determined to defend. They crowded behind the door, which was of wicker-work—*dorus caoil*—to prevent it being forced open by the gaugers. Unable to force the door, one of the officers ran his cutlass through the wicker-work, and stabbed one of the smugglers, John Chisholm, afterwards called *Ian Mor na Garvaig*, in the chest. Fearing that serious injury had been done, the officers hastened away, but, in the hurry, one of the men fell over a bank, and was so severely trampled upon and kicked by the smugglers, that he had to be conveyed to Bogroy Inn, where he died next day. Ian Mor, who only died a few months ago, showed me the scar of the wound on his chest. He was another man who had gained nothing by smuggling.

Time would fail to tell how spirits, not bodies, have been carried past officers in coffins and hearses, and even in bee-hives. How bothies have been built underground, and the smoke sent

up the house lum, or how an ordinary pot has been placed in the orifice of an underground bothy, so as to make it appear that the fire and smoke were aye for washing purposes. At the Falls of Orrin the bothy smoke was made to blend judiciously with the spray of the Falls so as to escape notice. Some good tricks were played upon my predecessors on the West Coast. The Melvaig smugglers openly diverted from a burn a small stream of water right over the face of a high cliff underneath which there was a cave inaccessible by land, and very seldom accessible by water. This was done to mislead the officers, the cave being sea-washed, and unsuitable for distillation. While the officers were breaking their hearts, and nearly their necks, to get into this cave, the smugglers were quietly at work at a considerable distance. On another occasion the Loch-Druing and Camustrolvaig smugglers were at work in a cave near the latter place, when word reached them that the officers were coming. Taking advantage of the notoriety of the Melvaig smugglers, a man was sent immediately in front of the officers, running at his hardest, without coat or bonnet, in the direction of Melvaig. The ruse took, and the officers were decoyed past the bothy towards Melvaig, the smugglers meanwhile finishing off and removing their goods and utensils into safe hiding.

After dinner, Tom Sheridan said in a confidential undertone to his guests, "Now let us understand each other; are we to drink like gentlemen or like brutes?" Like gentlemen, of course," was the indignant reply. "Then," rejoined Tom, "we shall all get jolly drunk, brutes never do." A Glen-Urquhart bull once broke through this rule. There was a bothy above Gartalie, where cattle used to be treated to draff and burnt ale. The bull happened to visit the bothy in the absence of the smuggler, shortly after a brewing had been completed, and drank copiously of the fermenting worts. The poor brute could never be induced to go near the bothy again. Tom Sheridan was not far wrong.

(To be continued.)

THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

THE SPANISH BLANKS—*(Continued.)*

AFTER this, the King's Majesty (believing certainly that these Blanks, together with the informations and intelligence of Father Crightoun concerning the Spanish King, were true indeed) addressed himself to the North of Scotland, for prosecuting Huntly, Angus, and Erroll, and made his Majesty's residence at Aberdeen. Themselves and their dependers were, by open proclamation, at their dwelling places, required to show their obedience and appearance before the King: but they having understood before the King's coming, and how his Majesty was incensed and stirred up against them, they had all left their ordinary habitations void. The Countesses of Huntly and Erroll came to the King, to whom he granted their houses and rents, without making any account thereof to his Majesty's Treasurer for the supposed transgression of their husbands.

In this meantime, the Queen of England sent an extraordinary ambassador into Scotland, whom the King received at Edinburgh, after his Majesty's return from Aberdeen. This ambassador required that the peace and confederacy concluded and confirmed at Leith, after the expulsing of the French army from Scotland, should now, *de novo*, be ratified by his Majesty in his perfect age; and further, that he should without delay punish the lords and gentlemen suspected of treason, and tried by their own writs and messages; that he should grant them no favour, but extreme rigour; for fear of the inconvenience that should follow upon their wicked pretences, if they were unpunished, when both time and occasion permitted the same. Still the English Ambassador and the Scottish Ministers urged the King to call the Catholic lords to a trial of their peers; but the King procured to the ministers this much for them, that, by their favours, they might be brought to be tried without warding; and thereafter to make such satisfaction as should be thought requisite; that in case they were found culpable, to be punished as justice should require; and, if it were otherwise, that they should be absolved; but the ministers would not yield unto the King's pleasure therein, nor permit that

the Popish lords should have any trial, till they should be first warded until the nobles should convene to try them. The King refused to ward them until they were found guilty; knowing, by this time, their innocence; for George Carr had refused what he had before, through fear, confessed against the lords, touching the Spanish blanks. His Majesty was earnest with the ministers that no ex-communication should pass against the lords before their trial; which was refused: whereupon there was a convention of the estates holden by his Majesty at St. Johnstoun, the year 1593, to curb the power of the presbyterial ministers. There it was resolved (to suppress their liberty) the estate of bishops should be erected and restored. Within a few days after, the King went from St. Johnstoun to the abbey of Holyrood house; whither also came secretly the Earls of Huntly, Angus, and Erroll. The next day, the King riding at Lauder to visit Chancellor Maitland (who was then sick) these three earls came to his Majesty on the highway; and there humbling themselves, in few words demanded licence to be tried, which his Majesty granted. But the King thereafter, in respect that he had promised both to the Ambassador of England, and to the ministers at Edinburgh, that he should neither receive them, nor admit them to his presence and favour, till they were tried; he directed the master of Glammis and the lord Lindores unto the ambassador and the ministers, to certify them of their coming to his Majesty on the highway, at such time and place as he looked not for; and, although he had used but some few words unto them, yet he would proceed no further, nor show them any other favour, but according to justice and reason. Then the ministry assembled themselves, by their commissioners at Edinburgh, together with certain barons and bailies of burghs (the King being then at Jedburgh for some affairs of the commonwealth.) They concluded, all in one voice, some articles to be presently demanded of his Majesty; which I omit to relate, as fitting to be supprest.

Whereupon the affairs of the King and of the Church were directly opposite and repugnant to another, the King caused proclamations to be made, commanding all his lieges and subjects to reset and receive the Earls of Angus, Huntly, and Erroll, which should not be imputed unto them as a crime at any time

thereafter; whereby also licence was granted unto them to pass and repass freely in any parts of the country publicly, as best should please them. The ministers, upon the contrary, offered their proclamation in the churches to their parishioners, commanding the people to abhor them, and to refuse their companies in any kind of way, and exhorting all men to be upon their defence, and to arm themselves for expelling of these Earls and their adherents: moreover, the ministry by their solicitations had drawn a great number of people into Edinburgh. Whereupon His Majesty did call a convention of the estates, and caused a proclamation to be made, and published in divers capital towns of the realm, charging all and sundry His Majesty's subjects, of what estate, quality, or degree soever, that none of them should resort or repair to the burgh of Edinburgh, or place of His Majesty's residence, upon whatsoever colour or pretence, during the handling and ordering of these matters in question, except such persons as were appointed and specially written for, or that did crave and obtain His Majesty's licence for their coming. In this commission, which was appointed at Edinburgh for decision of all controversies, there were nominated six earls, six lords, six barons, six burgesses, and six ministers, elected and chosen by His Majesty and his Council; and although the six ministers were well qualified men, and such as the rest of the brethren could justly find no fault withal, yet, because they were not nominated by themselves in general voices, they were afraid to be prejudged in their authority and estate; and, therefore, not only opposed against them, but also subnamed them which were chosen by the King and the Council: therefore the King, with advice of his Council, commanded their names to be blotted out, that no minister thereafter should be nominated in commission, but that they all, or some certain number, by command of the rest, should only be supplicants, if they had anything to crave, and no otherwise; and thus were the ministers themselves the cause that their authority was diminished.

The Commissioners did assemble at Edinburgh, as was appointed, and after some few days' disputation and reasoning, amongst divers other things, they decerned that the three Popish Earls and Achindoun should not from thenceforth be accused

for the crime they were summoned for, founded upon the blanks; but the same to remain abolished and in oblivion, and to be null thereafter; which was proclaimed by edict, at the Market Cross of Edinburgh.

The advertisement of this edict being sent from Edinburgh to the Queen of England by her Ambassador, she sent the Lord South into Scotland, willing the King to remit his lenity towards the Catholic lords, and deal plainly with rigorous justice, as the cause and good reason required. The two Ambassadors of England followed the King from Edinburgh to Stirling, by whose diligence and procurement letters were directed, charging the Roman Catholic Earls to enter their persons in prison, under the pain of treason. There was also a Parliament proclaimed, to be holden the 15th of April next ensuing. In the meantime, great instance was made by the ministers of Scotland and by the Ambassadors of England, that the Roman Catholic lords should be summoned to hear and see the process of forfaulture led against them. In end they do prevail; and direction was given for the same against the Parliament, which was appointed to be in April, 1594. Nevertheless, the Ambassadors of England, and the ministers of Scotland, thinking that the King and his counsellors were more negligent in prosecuting of the Popish lords than was promised or expected; it was secretly devised that the Earl of Bothwell, being an outlaw, should invade Scotland, by the assistance of England, upon two pretences: the first was, that, by the help of the ministers he might banish the Popish lords out of the realm of Scotland, and that the Queen of England should support him with money; which, being known and revealed, did so incense the King against her Ambassador, that a special gentleman of the Lord South's was committed to prison in the Castle of Edinburgh, who confessed that, by the command of the Ambassador, he had spoken with the Earl of Bothwell and with Mr. John Colvill (Bothwell's chief counsellor.) The second pretence was to revenge the Earl of Murray's death against Huntly and his partakers; and to fortify his purpose, the Earls of Argyle and Athole should be ready in arms, attending Bothwell's coming, to join with him against Huntly.

The King, hearing of these two pretences, thought it expedient

with advice of his council, to make a general proclamation that no manner of persons should convocate his lieges in arms, for whatsoever occasion, without his Majesty's licence, under the pain of death. Whereupon Bothwell came to Kelso, and from thence to Leith, the 2nd of April, 1594. The King being advertised of his coming, went to sermon that morning in the High Church of Edinburgh, and there, sermon being ended, he made great instance to the people, that they would assist him to suppress their common enemy Bothwell, and, to animate the Ministry and the people, he promised, in their presence, that he should never lay down arms, till he either suppressed or banished the Popish lords and their adherents; so the King led the people out of Edinburgh towards Leith; and, betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, there was a company selected out of the army, which, under the conduct of the lord Hume and Wemyss Colvill, should invade Bothwell; who, perceiving the King marching out of Edinburgh, with his army, towards Leith; and seeing that the earls of Argyle and Athole had failed him, he retires from Leith, with his company, and takes the way to Musselburgh, and so return into England; but the lord Hume, with his train, overtakes Bothwell beside Duddistone, where, after a little skirmish, the lord Hume was overthrown, and all his people beaten and chased back again to Edinburgh. Bothwell, perceiving that the King was sending more forces against him, retires towards the south borders, and so into England.

The Earl of Bothwell being thus gone, the King returns to Edinburgh, and seeing no other means to satisfy the ministers, and all utterly to suppress Bothwell's rebellion, he condescended to the forfaulture of the Popish lords, being forced to yield to present necessity. A Parliament was holden at Edinburgh the penult day of May, 1594; all and whatsoever petitions then craved by the ministers were assented to by this Parliament, where there were present but only three earls and six lords; by reason whereof things were violently carried by the ministers. The criminal cause of the Popish lords being read and considered by the few number of nobles there present, they would gladly have delayed the determination thereof until a fuller convention of the nobility were assembled; but the ministers and com-

missioners of burghs, being the greater number, prevailed; and found the hand-writs by witnesses cognosced; the rest was past over, as proven by presumption; the nobles suspended their voices, because the Popish lords' intentions were not proven judicially; always they were forfaulted and made proscript by plurality of such voices as were there present, and their arms were riven in the justice place, in presence of the Parliament.

These noblemen, being thus forfaulted, the King was also moved to make the Earl of Argyle, his Majesty's lieutenant-general in the north of Scotland, to invade the Earls of Huntly and Erroll; whereupon followed the battle of Glenlivat in October, 1594; which happened as I have declared already; and were afterward restored the year of God, 1597.

FINIS.

THE HORIZONTAL MILL AT KIRTOMY, FARR, SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

"DAR ruigeas tu Suardli, cha'n fhada uat Ciurtami"—When you reach Swordly, you are within a short distance of Kirtomy, was an old and common saying in that part of the country, and though I first saw the light in the former, a good deal of my boyish days were passed in the latter, having near relatives therein. Besides, it had attractions for me that my native hamlet was devoid of. It had at that time a large herring-fishing industry, it had also its school and a mill, the former it is fortunate in having retained, but the latter—the last of its kind, probably, on the Mainland of Scotland—has been a ruin now nearly twenty years. True, Swordly also had its mill in remote times, but the "Fuathan" (Furies), having taken umbrage at its miller, razed it to the ground, and it was not rebuilt.* At the time referred to, and for many subsequent years, Kirtomy supplied the most of the mill-stones used in the North, for the Cairnich, at its east side, produced the best grit I have seen anywhere, but the difficulty in transportation was such that for some time past the demand has

* See *Celtic Magazine*, Vol. 9, page 207.

lessened. My early schooldays were at Kirtomy, and as the schoolhouse, if I may use the term—being merely a sheep cote—was near the mill, I, with the rest of my schoolmates, would be often in and about the mill. And, after attaining to manhood, I spent many an evening and not a few nights in it. And now that it is a thing of the past, I shall, to the best of my recollection, endeavour to describe it.

The burn on which it was situate ran through the centre of the hamlet; the mill stood North and South, facing eastwards, length about 24 or 25 feet, breadth about one half inside measurement. A man of ordinary height could touch the roof while standing. It was covered with *foid* (divots) and thatched with straw, held together with ropes made of heather, stretched lengthwise and crosswise, and held down at the eaves with stones. The door, as already mentioned, was on the east side; there was also a small aperture or window on the same side, opposite the millstones, without board or glass, while an old sheep-skin bag filled with chaff served the purpose when necessary. The fire-place was on the ground against the North gable, and a small hole in the roof right above it for the smoke to find partial egress—merely partial, for a portion of it went out by the door. On the left, as one entered, and immediately behind the door—say two-thirds of the length of the mill—there was a raised platform about 18 inches, and covered with planks, on the centre of which were placed the millstone, no covering over them. This platform was termed "an leibhinn" for which I have no English word. The "treabhailt" (hopper), in that part of the country termed "sleaghag," was suspended by four pieces of rope tied to the couples. It would be about four feet high, square, about 27 inches at top, in shape like an ash-bucket, tapering to 6 inches or so where it entered the *bròg* or boot, which discharged the grain into the *suil* or eye, the circular hole in the upper millstone. The bròg or boot was attached to the hopper with ropes, and on its side was fixed the "claban" (clapper), the noise of which would deave any one but a miller, as it played fast and loose with the millstone, and as the stone gained velocity, so, in proportion, did its noise grow; and latterly its different sounds became so familiar to my ear, that at some distance from the mill, I could judge whether it was

grinding oats or bere, and could pretty accurately pronounce if either was being ground small or the reverse. Across the mouth of the bròg was a wooden pin to which a piece of small rope was attached, fixed to another vertical wooden pin that turned in a horizontal piece of wood fixed half way up on the same side of the hopper, that increased or diminished the quantity of the grain falling into the eye of the stone. A piece of board also slid down the front of the hopper, while the grain was being poured into it, to prevent it from scattering over the top of the millstone. Lifting the grain to be poured into the hopper, if in large quantity, required strength of arm as well as care, to avoid coming in contact with the upper millstone in its rotation. Close to the wall on the right, was a wooden erection for raising or lowering the upper millstone as occasion required it for rough or small grinding and termed, "an-t-each"—"the horse" a sacred animal; for woe betide the individual that dared to touch it in presence of the miller. It was worked by a wooden lever and wedges of the same material; connected with it was another piece of wood, down the side of the wall to the waterhouse, to which was attached the wooden beam at right angles which contained the socket of the water-wheel.

"Bodach-a-Mhuilinn," (The Old Man of the Mill), being the term by which the water-wheel was known, was to me when a boy a source of endless delight. Casting the recollection back through the long vista of half-a-century, I cannot recall any object or scene so often visited, and crouching on hands and knees till I would turn dizzy, watching its black body and darker wings, sgiathan) struggling as it were to free themselves from the force of water that incessantly poured itself on them—the contrast between them and the myriads of tiny white drops and spray, dashing off and thrown against the side of the narrow house, and then thrown forward to the still more narrow passage through which it found egress, still white, swelling, bubbling and foaming, till, at some distance in front of the mill, it merged into its kindred element, there to assume its natural colour and easy flow. And at a later period, when on different occasions I had to go to the mill in the small hours of the morning, dark and calm, when all around was hushed. Still as the grave, the noise of the clapper,

and the peculiar lower sound, that the blending of the water-wheel and the stone, in its evolution grinding the corn, gave forth was at some distance away, something peculiarly weird, something that charmed me, but I digress.

Bodach a Mhuilinn was a round block of bog-fir, about twelve inches in diameter and about four feet in length, standing upright right below the millstones. Through its centre passed the iron axle, square, and well wedged round about. This axle, termed an t-Iarunn Mòr (the big iron) went up through the lower millstone, at which point it was rounded, and wedged with wood. On the top of it another cross piece of iron was slid, for which corresponding notches were cut in the upper millstone, into which this cross iron fitted. This was termed "Crascan an iarunn mhòr." About a foot from the lower end of the "Bodach" the wings extended —sixteen in number, each about two and a-half feet in length, and about nine inches in breadth, and one and a-fourth inches thick, and concave, to enable the water, as it struck the hollow face, to have more power. These all were well wedged where sunk into the "Bodach," or block. The water-house was square, and four wooden beams were laid along its sides. Across the centre of these was another beam, in the centre of which was a small hole, into which the pivot of the "Bodach" worked. The Amar, the narrow wooden trough that conveyed the water from the sluice to the mill, would be about 20 feet or so in length, 18 inches in breadth, and about a foot in height, and lay at an angle of 45 degrees, so that the water struck the wings with a good deal of force. The above is all I can now recall regarding the rural structure which did service for hundreds of years, but now is numbered among the "things that were." And now a few words about its shelling and grinding.

Around the millstones, as already mentioned, there was no covering, so that the meal fell on the Leibhinn, or raised platform, right round about the lower millstone; but, when shelling, a "flatan" (mat), made of straw and woven with "flasg"—a long, green fibre that grows on the sides of rivulets in heathery districts—was put round the stones, and met till within a foot; here the grain was all thrown out and lifted into Caisidh's, generally then carried out to "Cnoc-a-mhuilinn" (the mill-hill), an eminence on the com-

mon, about fifty yards to the north of the mill, where it was winnowed by the breeze, out of a "guit" (fan), a piece of old sail, or reddish, rough bed-cover keeping it off the sward. The shelling of oats was never well executed—not more than two-thirds of the grain was shelled; but oat-shelling day at the mill was a red-letter day in the calendar of us school boys, for each filled his pockets of the grain, and kept chewing at it till teeth, gums, and throats would yield, despite the threats of the teacher. If the shelling was not all that could be wished for, it was made up in "pronn"—that is, sids for sowans, a healthy dish, and, when properly cooked, a very palatable one. The portion of oats meant for "groats" had to be put through the mill two or three times. Whether or not bere was shelled, I have now no recollection. Its grinding of oat meal was not at times quite satisfactory, but for bere meal grinding it was all that could be wished. It would grind it exceedingly fine, but at a slow rate. I have repeatedly filled the hopper with bere about mid-night, gone home and to bed, slept till about five o'clock in the morning, and on going back found it had not wholly fallen down to the "bròg."

ALEX. MACKAY.

Edinburgh.

CLARSACH NAM BEANN—THE MOUNTAIN HARP.*

IT is a most interesting circumstance that of all the galaxy of Gaelic poets whose works constitute that great labour of love and patriotism, "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," the only survivor is the Lochfine Bard, Mr. Evan MacColl.

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,"

has been, as it were, reduced to one vibrating string, but the

* *Clarsach nam Beann.* Le Eobhan MacColla. An treas clo-bhualadh, Meudaichte agus athleasaichte. Glasgow: Archibald Sinclair. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart. 1886.

appearance of a third edition of the "Clarsach," with the impress of the author's own hand, and bearing evidence that his poetic genius and enthusiasm have not deserted him even in his 78th year, will excite pleasing emotions in the breast of those who knew the bard before he emigrated to the New World, and the still larger number who have been familiar with his sweet and musical lyrics, or his warm and poetic apostrophes to many a lovely spot in his native Highlands, whose beauty had received fresh adornment from his appreciative touch. In the present, the third, edition of his Gaelic works, Mr. MacColl has given the poems and songs with his own latest revisions and corrections, as well as a number of new pieces which had not appeared in permanent form before. His poetic power needs no attestation; the popularity of the former editions of his works, both in English and Gaelic, is ample proof that he could touch sympathetic chords in the hearts of his countrymen with great success. This fresh issue of his works will afford a new generation an opportunity of drinking from the wells in which their seniors had so often found solace and refreshing. Half a century ago the bard saw, and, with the departing emigrant, bemoaned the forcible depopulation of his native country. Alas, that a better state of things has not yet enabled him to change his "Emigrant's Farewell" into a more hopeful song than that given now as the revised version.—

A dhùthaich mo rùin,
  Arsa 'n diùlanach duaichnidh,
Có air nach biodh smuairean
  A' gluasad bho d' thaobh?
Droch dheireadh do 'n ghràisg
  Tha 'g ad fhàsachadh 'n uair so!
'S e 'n droch-bheairt thug bhuam-sa
  Gleann uaine mo ghaoil.
Mo chreach! bho nach buan
  Ar sean-uachdairean treunail,
'S am fonn bha 'n an sealbh
  Nis aig balgairean breunail,
Tha Gàidheil 'g am fògradh
  Mar cheò bharr do shléibhtean,
'S ma lean riut cinn-fheadhn',
  'S ann air caoirich a's féidh!

We sincerely hope our friend may live to sing the advent of

a brighter day in his native country, when under happier conditions her sons may again be seen contented and prosperous, and with hearts capable of once more entering into the times of old. In addition to the sentimental stimulus and enjoyment which Mr. MacColl's poetry affords, we can cordially commend the book as a fountain of sweet and flowing Gaelic. Mr. MacColl's vocabulary is very full, and through the careful printing of Mr. Sinclair, he has been saved from the vexation so often inflicted on Gaelic authors of seeing their works presented to the public all bristling with errors. The book is correctly printed and neatly bound. The portrait which forms the frontispiece will help to recall the lineaments of the author's face, but we have no doubt those who know Mr. MacColl will agree with us in saying that his own pen represents the soul and spirit of the living, genial, and cultured bard much more faithfully than the pencil of the artist portrays his bodily presence.

OLD GAELIC PSALMODY.

MR. MACBEAN'S last contribution to Gaelic Literature, namely, his Gaelic Psalmody,* may not be so practically useful, but it will not be any less interesting than his former works. The work consists of a number of psalm tunes as sung in the Highlands of Scotland with all their slurs and variations, and showing also in musical notation the recitative in which the precentor repeats each successive line of the Gaelic psalm before being sung by the congregation. Of the manner in which Mr. Macbean has done his work there can be no two opinions. Those who are familiar with the congregational singing of the Highlands, and especially the North Highlands, will testify to the truthfulness with which he has noted down the tunes which compose the

* FUINN NAN SALM. GAELIC PSALMODY, including the Ancient Tunes and Precentor's Recitations. By L. Macbean. Music in both notations. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. Inverness: John Noble.

work. To write an ordinary piece of congregational music from hearing it sung is but a very simple exercise for a musician, but when the tunes are of the character here met with, the task must have been no ordinary one. True, they bear such well known names as Coleshill, French, St David's, Dundee, New London, St. Paul's, etc., but instead of the easy syllabic movement of these well-known tunes, they are loaded with grace notes and slurs, and their essential tones are lengthened out and broken up into waving phrases, to an extent that in some cases, such as in the version given of the tune French, completely sets at defiance all attempts to discover the least resemblance to the professed original. To one who has not heard these melodies sung, it is scarcely conceivable how a congregation can be kept in hand by a precentor while gliding over their endless mazes; but so familiar have they become by frequent use, and we believe also by sincere delight in their melodious windings, that it is no unusual thing to hear a Highland congregation either in the church or on the hill-side sing them almost as if with one voice, and with very little divergence indeed on the part of the individual singers.

Besides being in itself interesting as a specimen of the ecclesiastical music of the Presbyterian Church in the North Highlands, Mr. Macbean's book is suggestive of various points in connection with the religious history of the Highlands as well as questions bearing on the music of the Celt. There is no doubt that the use of the ordinary Psalm tunes in Highland churches is comparatively modern. Indeed, the present Gaelic version of the Psalms itself is quite a recent introduction. We learn from Mr. Macbean's introduction that "the first portion of the Psalter was published in Gaelic verse not earlier than 1659," and, further, that "it was translated into the present measure for the express purpose of suiting the tunes used in the Lowlands and in England; and the Synod of Argyle, by whom it was published, craved indulgence for literary defects on the plea that this particular measure had never been used in Gaelic poetry before." It had been well for Gaelic ecclesiastical music that the innovation in Gaelic prosody referred to by the Synod of Argyle had never been made, for I venture to say that it is

mainly responsible for the backward state of musical culture in our Gaelic churches. The metre chosen—the iambic—is totally unsuited to the language; for while in the iambus the accent is on the second syllable, in Gaelic words the accent is invariably on the first. The very first word in the Gaelic Psalm book will indicate what we mean. "'*S beannaicht* an duine sin," etc. Here the accent is naturally on the syllable "beann-" according to the invariable usage of the language, whereas both in scanning and singing, the accent is thrown on the second syllable, "-naicht," and so on throughout the whole version, the translation is weakened by the necessity imposed upon the translator of finding monosyllables to enable him to adjust the accent to the "tunes used in the Lowlands," and of having to permit the accent to be misplaced, as in the instance to which I referred.

In his interesting introduction, Mr. Macbean touches on a question of considerable importance, and I sincerely hope he will devote his attention to its elucidation, namely, what style of music and psalmody prevailed in the churches of the Highlands between the Reformation, and the introduction of the version prepared by the Synod of Argyle. If the Reformed Church of the Highlands had any Gaelic psalmody at all immediately after the Reformation, all trace of it seems to have died away, unless the custom which prevailed among old people of a past generation of intoning the very chapter in their family devotions, be a survival of the practices of an earlier time.

I believe the habit so common among Highland ministers of using their singing voice in the delivery of their prayers and sermons must be due to the frequency with which they have to conduct their services in the open air, where it is much more easy and effective to use the singing tones than the ordinary speaking voice. Any one who has been on board a large ship hears something similar, all the communications between master and man being conducted in long-drawn musical tones, as it would be quite impossible to make the speaking voice heard or understood at long distances, especially in a storm. To this may also be due the tendency among Highland worshippers to regard melody rather than harmony or even expressive singing. This tendency is exemplified in its most exaggerated form in Mr.

Macbean's book, where the tones of the tunes are drawn out and diversified and slurred out of all possible recognition. The habit is interesting, but, like some other peculiarities of our church music, it must be condemned. It is inimical to just and proper musical expression, and tends to render the worship outwardly distasteful and unmeaning. Perhaps more deserving of reprobation, however, is the habit, also illustrated by Mr. Macbean, of reciting each successive line of the Gaelic Psalm before the congregation sings it. This practice originated at a time when there were few books and equally few readers. But surely the time has come when the Highlanders might shake themselves free of such leading strings, and learn to do in their religious worship as they can so easily and sweetly do in their secular singing, dispense with such humiliating and vicious expedients as reciting each line before singing it. These and many other interesting features of our Church psalmody and music will, I trust, occupy the attention of Mr. Macbean, and I am sure we shall gladly welcome his observations on them as we do his present most interesting little work.

CROTCHET.

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR AUGUST, 1886.

VIII Mhios.] AN LUNASDAL, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

☽ AN CIAD CHR.—6 LA—9.6 F. | ☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.—22 LA—7.42 F.
○ AN SOLUS LAN—14 LA—6.24 F. | ● AN SOLUS UR—29 LA—0.54 F.

M.	DI.		*A'ghr'an.* E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	*An Lan An Lite.* MAD.	*An Lan An Lite.* FRASG.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* MAD.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* FRASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	♃	*VII. Donaich na dèigh na Caingis; An Lunasdal*	4.18 E	2.58	3.21	0.33	0.58
2	L	Bàs Thòmais Mhic Thòmais, *oll. leigh.*, F.C.R.* 1852	8.18 L	3.43	4. 7	1.23	1.48
3	M	Crunadh Rìgh Séumas III., 1460	4.21 E	4.31	4.55	2.11	2.34
4	C	Latha Calais, 1347	8.15 L	5.19	5.43	2.57	3.20
5	D	Bàs Rob Dhuinn, 1778; Latha Traigh Ghruinneart, 1598	4.25 E	6. 8	6.34	3.42	4. 4
6	H	Lagh-ùr nan Sgoilean, 1872	8.11 L	7. 0	7.27	4.28	4.52
7	S	[6] Breith Dìuc Dhuneideann, 1844	4.29 E	7.58	8.31	5.18	5.46
8	♃	*VIII. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	8. 6 L	9. 4	9.41	6.16	6.49
9	L	Bàs Chaiptein Mharryat, 1848	4.32 E	10.18	10.53	7.24	8. 2
10	M		8. 2 L	11.28	11.59	8.40	9.15
11	C	Latha Dhailrigh, 1306	4.37 E	...	0.29	9.48	10.17
12	D	Bacadh na Deise-Gaidhealaich	7.57 L	0.55	1.17	10.43	11. 6
13	H	An t-Seann Lunasdal	4.42 E	1.39	2. 1	11.29	11.51
14	S	Bàs Tighearna Chluaidh, 1863	7.52 L	2.20	2.37	...	0.10
15	♃	*IX. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis; An Fhèill Moire*	4.45 E	2.54	3. 9	0.28	0.45
16	L	Latha Chillsaidh	7.47 L	3.24	3.39	1. 2	1.19
17	M	Brèith Shir Ialn Hope, 1766	4.49 E	3.55	4.11	1.36	1.52
18	C	Latha Phreston, 1649	7.43 L	4.27	4.44	2. 8	2.24
19	D	Bliadhna Thearlaich, 1745	4.53 E	5. 1	5.18	2.39	2.55
20	H	B. Mhic Coinnich na "Sàr-obair," 1848	7.38 L	5.35	5.54	3.11	3.28
21	S	Latha Dhunchaillinn 1689	4.57 E	6.14	6.36	3.45	4. 4
22	♃	*X. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	7.33 L	6.58	7.23	4.25	4.47
23	L	Bàs Wallace, 1305	5. 1 E	7.53	8.26	5.11	5.41
24	M	Féill Bhartolomeis	7.28 L	9. 4	9.44	6.14	6.51
25	C	Pongannan Pheairt, 1618	5. 4 E	10.23	11. 0	7.31	8.11
26	D	Bàs Phàdruig Ghibson, 1829	7.23 L	11.36	...	8.50	9.27
27	H	Sealg Bhràigh Mhàrr, 1714	5. 8 E	0.10	0.38	10. 0	10.29
28	S	Breith Phrionns Albeirt, 1819	7.18 L	1. 4	1.30	10.57	11.24
29	♃	*XI. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	5.12 E	1.55	2.19	11.51	...
30	L	Bàs Chardinail York, 1807	7.14 L	2.43	3. 5	0.17	0.41
31	M	Bàs an Oll. Séumais Currie, 1805	5.16 E	3.27	3.49	1. 5	1.29

* F.C.R.—Fear de'n Chomunn Rioghail [F.R.S.]

The Celtic Magazine.

CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

XVIII. NORMAN MACLEOD succeeded his brother Roderick, who in 1699 died without issue. A few years after, in 1703, Martin published his "Description of the Western Isles." Writing of the people of Skye, he says that "they are generally a very sagacious people, and even the vulgar exceed all those of their rank and education I ever yet saw in any other country. They have a great genius for music and mechanics. I have observed several of their children that before they could speak were capable to distinguish and make choice of one tune before another; for they appeared always uneasy until the tune they fancied best was played, and then they expressed their satisfaction by the motions of their heads and hands. There are several of them who invent tunes very taking in the South of Scotland and elsewhere." He then goes on to tell us that musicians tried to palm themselves off in many instances as the authors of these tunes, changing their names and adopting other means of disguise, but in this they usually failed, for, our author continues, "whatever languages gives the modern name, the tune still continues to speak its true original." Some of the natives, he says, "were very dexterous in engraving trees, birds, dogs, etc., upon bone and horn, or wood, without any other tool than a sharp pointed knife." Both sexes

had "a quick vein of poesy," and they composed pieces which "powerfully affect the fancy," and "with as great force as that of any ancient and modern poet" he ever read, but "the unhappiness of their education, and their want of converse with foreign nations deprive them of the opportunity to cultivate and beautify their genius, which seems to have been formed by nature for great attainments." They were "happily ignorant of many vices that are practised in the learned and polite worlds," of several of which they did not even know the name, or had the slightest knowledge of them.

Their diet consisted generally of fresh food, and they seldom tasted anything salted, except butter. They ate but little flesh, only persons of distinction eating it every day and having three meals, the common people eating only two meals per day. "Their ordinary diet is butter, cheese, milk, colworts, brochan, *i.e.*, oatmeal and water boiled. The latter, taken with some bread, is the constant food of several thousands of both sexes in this and other Isles during the winter and spring; yet they undergo many fatigues both by sea and land, and are very healthful." There was "no place so well stored with such great quantity of good beef and mutton, where so little is consumed by eating." They had plenty exercise and air, preserving "their bodies and minds in a regular frame, free from the various convulsions that ordinarily attend luxury. There is not one of them too corpulent or too meagre" and they took "no fine sauces to entice a false appetite, nor brandy or tea for disgestion, the purest water" serving them in such cases.

The same author gives the following most interesting account of the dress of the Islanders at this period :—The first habit wore by persons of distinction was the leni-croich, from the Irish [Gaelic] leni, which signifies a shirt, and croach saffron, because their shirt was dyed with that herb. The ordinary number of ells used to make this robe was twenty-four. It was the upper garb, reaching below the knees, and was tied with a belt round the middle; but the Islanders have laid it aside about a hundred years ago. They now generally use coat, waistcoat, and breeches, as elsewhere; and on their heads wear bonnets made of thick cloth —some blue, some black, and some grey. Many of the people wear trews. Some have them very fine woven like stockings of

those made of cloth. Some are coloured and others striped. The latter are as well shaped as the former, lying close to the body from the middle downwards, and tied round with a belt above the haunches. There is a square piece of cloth which hangs down before. The measure for shaping the trews is a stick of wood, whose length is a cubit, and that divided into the length of a finger and half a finger, so that it requires more skill to make it than the ordinary habit. The shoes anciently worn were a piece of the hide of a deer, cow, or horse, with the hair on, being tied behind and before with a point of leather. The generality now wear shoes, having one thin sole only, and shaped after the right and left foot, so that what is for one foot will not serve the other. But persons of distinction wear the garb in fashion in the South of Scotland. The plaid wore only by the men is made of fine wool, the thread as fine as can be made of that kind. It consists of divers colours; and there is a great deal of ingenuity required in sorting the colours so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy. For this reason the women are at great pains, first to give an exact pattern of the plaid upon a piece of wood, having the number of every thread of the stripe on it. The length of it is commonly seven double ells. The one end hangs by the middle over the left arm, the other, going round the body, hangs by the end over the left arm also—the right hand above it is to be at liberty to do anything upon occasion. Every isle differs from each other in their fancy of making plaids as to the stripes in breadth and colours. This humour is as different through the mainland of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places are able at the first view of a man's plaid to guess the place of his residence. When they travel a-foot, the plaid is tied on the breast with a bodkin of bone or wood (just as the spina worn by the Germans, according to the description of C. Tacitus). The plaid is tied round the middle with a leather belt. It is plaited from the belt to the knee very nicely. This dress for footmen is found much easier and lighter than breeches or trews. The ancient dress wore by the women, and which is yet wore by some of the vulgar, called arisad, is a white plaid, having a few small stripes of black, blue, and red. It reached from the neck to the heels, and was tied before on the breast with a buckle of silver or

brass, according to the quality of the person. I have seen some of the former of a hundred marks value. It was broad as any ordinary pewter plate, the whole curiously engraved with various animals, etc. There was a lesser buckle, which was wore in the middle of the larger, and above two ounces weight. It had in the centre a large piece of crystal, or some finer stone, and this was set all round with several finer stones of a lesser size. The plaid being plaited all round, was tied with a belt below the breast. The belt was of leather, and several pieces of silver intermixed with the leather like a chain. The lower end of the belt has a piece of plate about eight inches long and three in breadth, curiously engraven, the end of which was adorned with fine stones or pieces of red coral. The cone sleeves of scarlet cloth, closed at the end as men's vests, with gold lace round them, having plate buttons set with fine stones. The head dress was a fine linen kerchief strait about the head, hanging down the back taper-wise. A large lock of hair hangs down their cheeks above their breast, the lower end tied with a knot of ribbands. The islanders have a great respect for their chiefs and heads of tribes, and they conclude grace after every meal with a petition to God for their welfare and prosperity. Neither will they, as far as in them lies, suffer them to sink under any misfortune; but in case of a decay of estate, make a voluntary contribution on their behalf, as a common duty to support the credit of their families.*

Simon Lord Lovat in 1699 erected a monument in the church-yard of Kilmuir, Durinish, to his father, Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, who died at Dunvegan while on a visit to his wife's relations, in May of that year, only three months before the death of Roderick Macleod of Macleod, treated of in our last. The monument, which is of freestone, is still standing, but thirty-five or forty years ago the white marble which contained the inscription fell out and was broken in fragments. The inscription was as follows:—"This pyramid was erected by Simon Lord Fraser of Lovat in honour of Lord Thomas, his father, a peer of Scotland, and Chief of the great and ancient Clan of the Frasers. Being attacked for his birthright by the family of Athole, then in power and favor with King William, yet, by the valour and fidelity of

**A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, by Martin Martin, gentleman.

his Clan, and the assistance of the Campbells, the old friends and allies of his family, he defended his birthright with such greatness and firmity of soul, and such valour and activity, that he was an honour to his name, and a good pattern to all brave chiefs of clans. He died in the month of May, 1699, in the 63d year of his age, in Dunvegan, the house of the Laird of Macleod, whose sister he had married; by whom he had the above Simon Lord Fraser, and several other children. And, for the great love he bore the family of Macleod, he desired to be buried near his wife's relations, in the place where two of her uncles lay. And his son, Lord Simon, to show to posterity his great affection for his mother's kindred, the brave Macleods, chooses rather to leave his father's bones with them than carry them to his own burial place near Lovat."

About this time there lived in Skye, about two miles south of the village of Portree, a celebrated man known as Aodh or Hugh Macqueen. From his great stature and intellectual superiority, he was known in Gaelic as Aodh *Mor* MacCuinn. He was distinguished for his integrity and sound judgment, and, generally speaking, when any questions of difficulty arose between the tenants and their proprietors, or among themselves, he was resorted to as arbitrator, when his decisions were usually accepted as final. On one occasion two of Macleod's tenants came to him to decide a dispute which had arisen between them. One of them had a cow, which, slipping over a precipice by the sea, fell into the other man's boat, which was moored at the foot of the rock, stove a hole in it, and was itself killed. The owner of the boat claimed damages for the injury to his property, while the owner of the cow denied liability, and pleaded that if the boat had not been there, his cow might not have been killed, for it would have fallen into the sea. Macleod himself, to whom the case was first referred, had some difficulty in deciding it, so he advised them to consult Aodh, to whose house he accompanied them. The dispute being laid fully before Aodh, he asked whose property the cow was, to which the owner replied that it was his. Aodh then asked whose was the boat, and received a similar reply from the other man. "And whose was the rock?" said Aodh. "Macleod's" was the answer. "Then," said Aodh, "it appears to me

that the accident would not have happened were it not for the rock, and I therefore decide that Macleod shall pay the owners the price of both the boat and the cow." Macleod who was better able to pay than either of his tenants, at once complied with Aodh's decision, and paid the value of both boat and cow.

On another occasion, two men were fishing from a rock near Portree on a very stormy day. An extra high wave carried one of them off his seat into the sea, and the other was only able to reach his drowning companion with his fishing line, the hook of which fixed in his eye. By this means he was hauled ashore, but he lost the use of his eye in consequence. Happening some time after to quarrel with his deliverer, he demanded damages from him for the loss of his eye. The novel dispute was referred to Aodh, who promptly ruled that, whenever there was a storm equal to the one during which the accident took place, the pursuer should go into the sea again at the same place, and, if he gained the shore without any assistance, the defender would then be found liable in damages for the loss of the eye. The pursuer, however, did not quite see the propriety of this course, and nothing more was heard of his claim against the man who had saved him from a watery grave.

Macleod married in September, 1703, Anne Fraser, second daughter of Hugh, eleventh Lord Lovat, by Lady Amilia Murray, daughter of John, Marquis of Athole. She married, secondly, Peter Fotheringham of Powrie, with issue; and, thirdly, John, second Earl of Cromarty, also with issue. By her Roderick Macleod had issue—one son, Norman, born after his father's death, and by whom he was succeeded in the estates of the family and as Chief of the Clan.

(To be continued.)

A GREAT UNKNOWN SCOT.

THE mother-spirit of the modern world is the printing press. Without it the civilisation kindled in Italy from the old Greek and Hebrew fires would have gone out or sunk to the thinnest flame, like the hundred civilisations that before had come and gone, if the Germans, ever thoughtful and intent to save, had not made for it a lamp that cannot break and cannot be lost—the lamp of printing. This spirit had offspring, two children, one rough, boisterous, strong, and terrible as the winter winds, and men called the young giant Steam; the other, fine, subtle, delicate as the light of heaven, and its name is Electricity. But these great spirits needed education. Masters must teach them to obey the will and wish of man. Such a master was James Watt. He took in hand the young giant of steam, he waited and he watched by it, he guided and he trained it, until, from a rough and dangerous barbarian, he made it the wondrous and harmonious worker that it is. Would it not be strange if one born in the same town as Watt, about the same time, had brought out of electricity its fine qualities that enable it to abolish distance? This is what actually was done by a fellow-townsman and contemporary of James Watt. To drop all metaphor, in this case so entising, Charles Morison, a native of Greenock, did, in the middle of last century, discover the principle of the electric telegraph, and did construct an instrument by which messages were conveyed from place to place.

Were not the evidence, as we shall show, too plain to be mistaken, I should much incline to doubt it. Whenever anybody discovers anything, half a dozen envious spirits are ready to flood every newspaper with columns of controversial matter to the effect that he did not discover it but stole it. If you found out a way to make gold from brass, or statesmen from demagogues, you would be told that it was all set down in papers that your grandfather most unlawfully took it from some one else's grandfather,

and that you had no more right to he called a discoverer than you had to be called Emperor of China. That is human nature. But here the facts are simple, clear, and past dispute. Years before the discovery is claimed for any other man, Charles Morison knew that subtle process by which thought flashes round the earth almost with thought's own swiftness.

In the early part of last century electricity was a toy, a pet of the study. Men no more dreamed of what it could do than they might dream that a pink morsel of baby-humanity would grow into a Napolean and cover Europe with graves. In 1736, James Watt came into the world that he was to turn upside down. It is probable that Charles Morison was born not far from the same time. Think of it. Greenock was then a cleanly, sleepy, little place. Even Glasgow was hardly bigger than a market town of to-day. Into the Greenock streets came the hardy Highlanders to traffic, and—it must be confessed—to spoil the Saxon as completely as they could. Prince Charlie had not yet made his desperate struggle for his father's throne. Here in this quiet place, with its steady-going, decent people, more intent upon some venture to the Indies than upon all the politics that agitated far-off London, were born, and grew, and had their training in the world's work, two youths, each of whom had in his mind ideas the full extent and vast influence of which they themselves could as little dream as the Virgin-mother with the Holy Infant in her womb could foresee Christian Europe. Did they ever meet? Perhaps they went to school together, perhaps heard the same long sermon in the Parish Church, perhaps bright eyes long gone out, sweet lips long since ashes, gleamed and smiled with simple coquetry on both. Perhaps—but we must stop. The speculation is too romantic, too fascinating. They must have met, probably they have spoken. Whether they interchanged ideas is profitless to discuss. A great mind self-centred, self-absorbed, is not so apt to detect greatness in others as the hero-worshipping public would love to think. In 1753 Charles Morison was living in Renfrew, and had already found out his great world-changing fact. The *Scots Magazine* of that year contained the following letter, the extreme interest of which warrants us in publishing it without abbreviation :—

AN EXPEDITIOUS METHOD OF CONVEYING INTELLIGENCE BY MEANS OF ELECTRICITY.

Renfrew, Feb. 1, 1753.

To the author of the *Scots Magazine*—

Sir,—It is well known to all who are conversant with electrical experiments, that the electric power may be propagated along a small wire, from one place to another, without being sensibly abated by the length of its progress. Let then a set of wires, equal in number to the letters of the alphabet, be extended horizontally between two given places parallel to one another, and each of them about an inch distant from that next to it. At every twenty yards end, let them be fixed in glass, or jeweller's cement, to some firm body, both to prevent them from touching the earth or any other non-electric, and from breaking by their own gravity. Let the electric gun barrel be placed at right angles with the extremities of the wires, and about an inch below them. Also let the wires be fixed on a solid piece of glass, at six inches from the end; and let that part of them which reaches from the glass to the machine, have sufficient spring and stiffness to recover its situation after having been brought in contact with the barrel. Close by the supporting glass, let a ball be suspended from every wire; and about a sixth or an eighth of an inch below the balls place the letters of the alphabet, marked on bits of paper, or any other substance that may be light enough to rise to the electrified ball; and at the same time let it be so contrived, that each of them may reassume its proper place when dropt. All things constructed as above, and the minute previously fixed, I begin the conversation with my distant friend in this manner. Having set the electrical machine a-going as in ordinary experiments, suppose I am to pronounce the word *Sir;* with a piece of glass or any other *electric per se*, I strike the wire *S*, so as to bring it in contact with the barrel, then *i*, then *r*, all in the same way; and my correspondent, almost in the same instant, observes these several characters rise in order to the electrified balls at his end of the wires. Thus I spell away as long as I think fit; and my correspondent, for the sake of memory, writes the characters as they rise, and may join and read them afterwards as often as he inclines. Upon a signal given, or from choice, I stop the machine; and taking up the pen in my turn, I write down whatever my friend at the other end strikes out.

If anybody should think this way tiresome, let him, instead of the balls, suspend a range of bells from the roof, equal in number to the letters of the alphabet; gradually decreasing in size from the bell *A* to *Z:* and from the horizontal wires, let there be another set reaching to the several bells; one, *vist.*, from the hori-

zontal wire *B* to the bell *B*, &c. Then let him who begins the discourse bring the wires in contact with the barrel, as before; and the electrical spark, breathing on bells of different size, will inform his correspondent by the sound what wires have been touched. And thus, by some practice, they may come to understand the language of the chimes in whole words, without being put to the trouble of noting down every letter.

The same thing may be otherwise effected. Let the balls be suspended over the characters as before, but instead of bringing the ends of the horizontal wires in contact with the barrel, let a second set reach from the electrified cake, so as to be in contact with the horizontal ones; and let it be so contrived at the same time, that any of them may be removed from its corresponding horizontal by the slightest touch, and may bring itself again into contact when left at liberty. This may be done by the help of a small spring and slider, or twenty other methods, which the least ingenuity will discover. In this way, the characters will always adhere to the balls, excepting when any one of the secondaries is removed from contact with its horizontal; and then the letter at the other end of the horizontal will immediately drop from its ball. But I mention this only by way of variety.

Some may perhaps think that although the electric fire has not been observed to diminish sensibly in its progress through any length of wire that has been tried hitherto; yet as that has never exceeded some thirty or forty yards, it may be reasonably supposed, that in a greater length it would be remarkably diminished and probably would be entirely drained off in a few miles by the surrounding air. To prevent the objection, and save longer argument, lay over the wires from one end to the other with a thin coat of jeweller's cement. This may be done for a trifle of additional expense; and as it is an *electric per se*, will effectually secure any part of the fire from mixing with the atmosphere.—I am, &c.,

C. M.

Is it not wonderful? Here *is* the electric telegraph. In 1753 this Greenock man, Charles Morison, had, and used that which, even in 1886, we regard as a marvel surpassing all other marvels. We have developed and improved it, but we have done no more. The same principle is still applied in the same way. Unfortunately this man, Charles Morison, does not seem to have had that intense power which generally accompanies invention, the power of impressing ideas upon other people. That he could lucidly and completely write down his thoughts, appears by his letter, which is remarkably clear and even elegant in expression.

But having written this letter, having sown, as it were, his idea in the *Scots Magazine*, he left the matter to time, chance, and his ideas surpassing worth. No Boulton was at hand to take it up and to translate it even then into a world-encircling net-work of nerve-like wires. Twenty-one years later Lesage, in Geneva, by means of twenty four wires, conveyed messages from place to place, and then Europe became too much engrossed in revolution for such a useful invention to reach early maturity.

In 1859 Sir David Brewster disinterred this long forgotten letter from the *Scots Magazine*, and republished it in the *North British Review*. In his remarks upon the letter he says—"Here we have an electric telegraph upwards of a hundred years old, which at the present day would *convey intelligence expeditiously*, and we are constrained to admit that C. M. was the inventor of the electric telegraph . . . . Everything done since is only improvement."

But who was C. M.? From modesty or other reasons Charles Morison had only signed his initials. Sir David Brewster was in the dark. At last light came in letters now fully given to the world for the first time. These letters, after the death of Sir David, were found among his correspondence by C. Brewster Macpherson, Esq. of Belleville House, Kingussie, and by him generously presented to the Watt Library, Greenock. Here they are, and very interesting is the story they tell:—

Port-Glasgow, 31st October, 1859.

Sir,—Having the other evening been reading a portion of the *North British Review*, vol. 22, p. 545, regarding the invention of the Electric Telegraph, and having by mere chance come upon the passage which says, "It was reserved for a Scotchman, a gentleman residing in Renfrew, to suggest the idea of transmitting messages by Electricity along wires passing from one place to another. The remarkable proposal was published in the *Scots Magazine* for February, 1753, in an article bearing the initials 'C. M.,' *the only name which we shall ever probably obtain* for the first inventor of the Electric Telegraph"—a friend of mine at present living with me here, on being shewn the passage, and thinking for a minute, told me he could solve the mystery regarding the gentleman in question, with the view of sending the same to you, presuming that you were the writer of the article referred to, or connected with the publishing of the *North British Review*. He

stated that in a letter which his great grandfather had written to Margaret Wingate, Craigengilte, near Denny, in the year 1752, which letter he recollects having seen, and which he believes is still in preservation, his great grandfather describes having seen a gentleman in Renfrew, of the name of Charles Morrison, who was a native of Greenock, and was a bred surgeon, but it *is a question whether he ever practised his profession*, as it was known he was sometime connected with the tobacco trade in Glasgow. It is presumed he had not continued very long at the business of dealing in tobacco, but had made the study of finding out this noble science his daily theme. The people of that age were so superstitious that they believed Mr. Morrison was *crazy*, and that the *Devil was acting in concert with him*, and my friend's grandfather and grandmother also thought so, and all who heard or saw him transmitting intelligence along wires by invisible means, were actually persuaded that the man was assisted by some supernatural being. From what my friend can remember of hearing, it is thought that Mr. Morrison had to leave Renfrew, in consequence of the superstitious notions of the age. Mr. Morrison did leave Renfrew, whether from this cause or not he cannot affirm, and went to Virginia, U.S., where he afterwards died.

My friend remembers perfectly well when a boy of his grandfather coming to his father's house, and telling all sorts of stories about the gentleman in Renfrew, who could transmit messages along wires, and what the general opinion was regarding him. The subject being new and interesting, caused him to listen to it with greater attention, and this is the reason he says why he recollects so well about Mr. M. at the present day.

Perhaps I am only troubling you with this long epistle for no use, as you may ere now have obtained from some one else a better history of Mr. M.'s pedigree.

My friend advised me to send the above information as an article for publication in the newspapers, but I thought it would be better to send the same first to you, and probably you might inform me if you had not already been favoured with the intelligence, and advise whether you would wish to publish the same yourself.

If you desire any further particulars regarding Mr. Morrison, I shall be happy to be at your service, and endeavour to obtain anything you may suggest.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient faithful humble Servant,
R. H. LOUDAN,
At ALEX. LADE, Esqr.'s.

Answd. Nov. 2, 1859. (Jotting by Sir David Brewster.)

Wrote again, Jan. 2, 1860. (Jotting by Sir David Brewster.)

Port-Glasgow, 4th January, 1860.

Sir D. Brewster, St. Andrews.

Sir,—I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 2nd instant, and, in answer, beg to state that my friend, Mr. Foreman, has been endeavouring to get the letter written by his grandfather, but as yet he has not been successful. It appears the above letter, among others, are in the custody of an aunt, who lives in a small village in Perthshire. He wrote about the middle of November last to make a search for the letter, and to send it, or a copy thereof, but she wrote back saying she had not been able to find it. Mr. Foreman then stated that he would, perhaps, go and pay her a visit about the New Year, when he would make a search himself, but circumstances having prevented him from going, nothing farther has been done. He has again written to-day to his aunt to renew her search, as it is possible she, being an old woman, might not know it, although she laid her hands on it. For these reasons I have delayed writing you in answer to yours of the 2nd November. So soon as a reply comes, I shall again write you, either with the letter or the statement you refer to. I would like very much the letter could be got, as it would at once settle a matter of great importance to Scotland.

I am,

Yours respectfully,

R. H. LOUDAN.

Port-Glasgow, 30th January, 1860.

Sir David Brewster, St. Andrews.

Sir,—In reference to my letter of the 4th instant, I now beg to send you annexed a statement by my friend, Mr. Foreman, regarding Mr. Charles Morrison. So far as he recollects he can vouch for the truth of what is therein contained. I am sorry he has not been able to get either of the letters therein referred to. His aunt being a very old and frail person, and not considering the importance of the letters, I suppose cannot be fashed to make a search for them. Mr. F. has written her twice, and the only answer he has got was that she has not been very well, and if he wanted the letters in question, he should come himself and look for them. He says that she looks upon all the old papers and books as great relics, and would not part or lend any of them to any one upon any account whatever.

My friend has not the means, I know, else I believe he would go himself, as he appears very anxious that the matter could be solved. He says that he hopes we wont be beat, as he

intends ere long of going himself, and making a search if the annexed does not suffice. Trusting that the annexed particulars may answer the object you have in view in the meantime,

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

R. H. LOUDAN.

In answer to your enquiries respecting Charles Morrison, I now beg to inform you that I recollect of having seen a letter about 30 years ago addressed by my great grandfather, Mr. Foreman, farmer, Blackdhu, near Stirling, in Perthshire, to Miss Margate Wingate, residing at Craigengelt, near Denny (to whom he was subsequently married), and which I now fully believe was dated in 1750 (instead of 1752, as I lately stated to you), referring to a gentleman in Renfrew who transmitted messages along wires short distances by means of electricity. His letter gave the gentleman's name as Charles Morrison, and described him as being a *very bashful and eccentric individual*, a native of Greenock, and bred a surgeon. I also recollect of having seen and read a letter in the handwriting of this same Charles Morrison (it being signed by him), addressed to Mr. Foreman, dated 25th September, 1752, giving a detail of his experiments in sending messages along wires by means of electricity, and stating that he had sent a description of the same to Sir Hans Sloan in London, by whom he was encouraged to perfect his experiments, and that he intended giving him a more detailed account in the following year, 1753, when he hoped also to be able to publish a minute narration thereof in the *Scots Magazine*. His letter also stated Sir Hans Sloan at that time was an aged man, and very frail, and that it would probably be about the month of May, 1753, before he could comply with the requirements of Sir Hans; but Mr. Morrison appears to have been able to comply sooner than he expected, as the letter is dated February in the *Scots Magazine*. It also stated that as he was likely to be ridiculed by many of his own acquaintances, and as it was a thing the great world cared little about, he would only publish his initials. What causes me to recollect the date 25th September, of the above letter at this day is, that I was born on that day and month.

The letters above referred to I believe are still in preservation, and if I had an opportunity I would go myself and make a search for them. They are in the possession of an aunt of mine who resides near Stirling. If they have been destroyed it must have been within the last few years, as I know she had them lying in a garret among a great number of other old papers and books.

I forgot to say that there are descendants of Margt. Wingate

above referred to, of that name, who are shawl manufacturers in Glasgow, and I have no doubt if they were communicated with they might in some way or other verify the truth of the above statements. D. W. FORMAN.

And this is all we know of the great man who first found out the great idea of electric thought-communication. He was "very bashful and eccentric," crazy, devil-aided, a surgeon who never practiced surgery. We can well believe the last. Who would trust the cure of his body to a man who professed to be able to do such dreadful things? He was either a rank impostor, or —— imagination shuddered to think what. One may readily imagine the trembling mother drawing her brood around her and looking upon the unhappy person with wrath and suspicion, who ventured to suggest that the demon-doctor should be sent for to look at her poor sick baby. Was it not a condition of the fiend that once a year a child should be offered at the devil's sacrament? Poor "bashful and eccentric" Morison. Readers smile sadly to think of him with his idea, shyly shuffling along, while the parish minister perchance stopped him to give him solemn warning; while the wise, common-sense spirits, too well taught to believe either in the old or the new, tittered as he passed, and made jests which, witty or no, received tremendous applause. The poet of the place made verses about him, no doubt, and when the minister preached about the Witch of Endor every eye in the church was turned upon him. At last, tired of it all, he went away; he emigrated to the United States. Search is being made in Virginia to see if he has left any traces there. We doubt if the searchers will succeed. A man of his nature, if he makes an effort and fails, rarely tries again. Probably his invention made his life in Scotland so intolerable to him that he would ever afterwards seek to bury himself and it from human investigation. Scotland, in 1753, to a "very bashful and eccentric" man, with a great idea, must have seemed a very considerable distance from heaven. At any rate, that is all *we* know about him. These few stray lights fall upon what was certainly a great and strange, and was probably a lonely and lovely nature. We would fain know more. Scotsmen throughout the world must look with reverence upon this brother Scot, whose name should be placed

high on the long roll of their illustrious dead. It may be that written or oral tradition of him lingers hidden, dusty, and dim in manuscript or memory. If such there be, and these lines meet the eye of anyone in whose mind is the slightest hint of these hid treasures, we earnestly entreat him to search diligently until he find them, and to communicate with Allan Park Paton, Esq., the learned and well-known librarian of the Greenock Library. This gentleman—the editor of that Hamnet Shakespeare, so much regarded by actors and students, and so well appreciated by the general public—has set himself with characteristic zeal to rescue Morison's name from the waters of oblivion that seem well nigh to have overcome it; for, in the above article of Sir David Brewster, and a passing allusion of Mr. Tyndal, is summed up all the honour that has been paid to his memory. In a glass frame, hung upon the walls of the noble Greenock Library, Mr. Paton has, very lately, placed all that has been written about this great unknown. Surely the people of Greenock will come to his help. What a noble boast it would be of any town to be able to take strangers and to point out to them two great monuments, placed side by side, saying, "By the thoughts of these two men has the whole modern world been more changed than in all the ten thousand years of old history. These two sons of Greenock, born on this shore, bred beside these hills, nurtured in our schools, mastered the two giant powers of steam and electricity, and tamed them to obey man more perfectly than ever plantation slave obeyed his master." Greenock people should insist that henceforth their town be known as the birthplace of James Watt and Charles Morison.

Greenock. W. J. DOUGLAS.

THE CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

REPLY BY REV. ÆNEAS CHISHOLM TO PROVOST MACANDREW.

I DID not intend to take any notice of Provost Macandrew's last rejoinder to mine on the Celtic Church, because I considered that he had not upset my arguments in one single point, much less that he had maintained his own position. It was not my ambition to chant a pæan of victory over a personal opponent, but to "give evidence of the faith that is in me," and to let the public judge between us. I find, however, that my silence has been misinterpreted, and I am compelled to take the field again, so as to establish my position still more convincingly.

To begin then—Let us see how we stand. We are agreed as to one very important point in this controversy, viz., that the Church in Ireland, established by St. Patrick, acknowledged the authority of the Church of Rome, and that the Church of Scotland, which came from Ireland, "after 100 years of isolation and independence," resorted to the views of the older Irish Church, and from that time she was practically the same as the rest of the Catholic Church in the West, acknowledging the Church of Rome as the mother of all the Western Churches.

We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the state and position of the Celtic Church during these 100 years, during which, according to the Provost, she had developed into a Church constituted in a manner entirely different from the Church of Rome, during which, in fact, she became quite another Church, with a different form of government, different doctrines, different ritual, and different discipline. That is the Provost's contention, and his proof reduced to a syllogism is this—The Columban Church was ruled by an Abbot, who was not necessarily a Bishop. But this alone is sufficient to constitute her a Church entirely different from any other Church before or after. Therefore, she was entirely different from the Church of Rome.

Granting the major proposition of this syllogism, I deny entirely the minor, and therefore I deny the consequence and

the conclusion. The fact that the Columban Church was ruled by an Abbot is not sufficient to constitute her an entirely different Church. It is true that this was an exceptional and peculiar feature in the Columban Church. It is true that it is not the normal condition of the Church of Rome; but it is absolutely false to say that it would not be permissible, or, according to circumstances, perfectly justifiable and proper in a Church in full communion with Rome. For many years after the so-called Reformation the Catholic Church in Scotland was ruled by a Priest-Prefect—for many years after that by Vicars Apostolic. Neither of these are the normal government of the Roman Catholic Church, and even the restored hierarchy of the present day is not the full and complete form of government of our Church. And so with the Celtic Church. The Bishops of that Church were Monks, and as such they continued to obey their Abbots. As Bishops they were superior to the Abbots. As Monks they obeyed. One would suppose that Provost Macandrew thinks they received their orders and powers as Bishops from the Abbot, which of course is absurd to anyone in the least degree conversant with the Catholic doctrine regarding Holy Orders. And this is what I meant when I said that the Bishops yielded "a sort of civil jurisdiction to their Abbot." Everyone knows that civil jurisdiction, strictly speaking, refers to the State. But as this was neither, strictly speaking, a spiritual jurisdiction, I called it a *sort* (and I do not think unfairly)—a sort of civil jurisdiction. But if the Provost does not like the expression, I let it pass. All I contend for is, that the obedience which the Bishops yielded to their Abbots was their obedience only as monks. What *does* the worthy Provost mean when he says that "the Abbot was the superior and ruler of the whole Church in all matters ecclesiastical—in all matters of faith and worship—in a fuller sense than the Pope was ruler in his Church?" He has allowed his imagination run away with him. Of course I can quite understand that this ground of difference in the Columban Church must bulk much larger to the view of Provost Macandrew than it would do to an ordinary Roman Catholic. To one who cannot see a difference between matters of faith and matters of discipline, it naturally enough assumes the proposition

of a difference in Churches. But it is not so. Why, as I pointed out, Bede, *the Romanist*, referred to this peculiarity in the Celtic Church, but he did not dream of it as a reason why he should regard that Church as separate or distinct from his own, and I need not add that those were not days in which a difference involving the conclusions to which the Provost has arrived would have been tolerated. The whole thing is a myth, developed, not during the 100 years after St. Patrick, but in the fertile imagination of Provost Macandrew in the 19th century. Nay, one of the arguments upon which he relies to prove the difference of the Churches proves the very opposite. The Columban Church sent its missionaries into territories which had been already occupied by the Roman clergy. Therefore, concludes the Provost, it must have been a different Church. Well, that is, to say the least, very funny. So that, if an English body of clergy were to appear in a missionary country already occupied by a French clergy, would that prove that they belonged to different churches? Certainly not, unless they went to preach different doctrines. Thus, when Bishop Aidan went to Northumbria, there was no bishop there at the time, but the Saxons had been instructed by the Roman clergy, and naturally put themselves under the charge and guidance of Aidan, because he taught the same faith, and had become the bishop of that territory. That only shows that they were of the same faith —the same Church.

Now let us turn our attention to the Provost's main argument —his "pièce de résistance"—the Eastern question. "The Celtic Church had peculiar customs and observances to which it rigidly adhered, and which the Roman Clergy made the abandonment of them essential to the inclusion of the Church within the Catholic unity."

In the first place, then, I deny most distinctly that the Roman Church made the abandonment of the calculation, according to which the Celtic Church computed their Easter, essential to its inclusion within Catholic unity. What happened was this—When Augustine arrived in England, whither he had been sent by Pope Gregory to convert the Saxon nation, he found that the Welsh Church did not celebrate Easter Sunday on the same day on which it was kept on the Continent, and also that they had some

peculiarity in their ritual for the administration of baptism. As he had taught the Saxons, whom he had converted, the proper day on which Easter ought to be kept, he saw that this difference in the day of the principal festival of the Christian year would be a stumbling-block to the Saxons, and he accordingly invited the Welsh Bishops to lay aside these differences, which were only differences in matters of discipline, and unite with him in preaching the gospel to the Saxons. Fancy St Augustine, of all men, joining a church which was alien to his own, which did not acknowledge the authority of the Pope, in order to preach the gospel to the Pagans! The thing is absurd. The Provost imagines that Augustine's mission was to bring the Welsh Church into submission to his own, and demanded as a necessary condition that they would give up their peculiar usages; which, when they refused to do, he solemnly cursed them, and let them go their way. Now, it was no doubt part of Augustine's mission to correct abuses, which, in the course of time, had crept into the Welsh Church, shut out as it was from the rest of the world in the mountainous fastness of Wales. Pope Gregory directed his emissary, not only to preach to the English, but also to procure by *persuasive* means, if he could, a reformation of discipline and morals among the Britons. There is not one word or hint that the Welsh or Celtic Church was in any other matter different from the rest of the Churches of the West. Not a word nor a hint that it refused to acknowledge the authority of Rome. Why, if that had been the case, it must have been known, and the first step to bring them within Catholic unity must have been taken in that direction.

Bede tells us what happened. Augustine called the Welsh Bishops to meet him at a place in Worcestershire, since called Augustine's Oak. He endeavoured to *persuade* them by *fraternal* admonition (there is no word of *demanding submission* under penalty of being excluded from Catholic unity) that being (already) united in Christian peace, they would undertake the common labour of evangelising the Pagans. To this end he asked them to give up their practice of fixing the Easter period. When neither prayers, nor exhortations, nor entreaties prevailed, St. Augustine appealed to the miraculous power. A blind man was

brought before them. The British bishops failed to give him sight. Then Augustine prayed, that by giving corporal sight to this man, Almighty God might give them spiritual light. The blind man saw, and the Britons acknowledged that truth was on the side of Augustine, but that they could not give up their ancient customs without the consent of their people. They asked, however, to meet Augustine a second time for this purpose. Accordingly, seven bishops, with their most learned men, met him near the same place. On their way they consulted a learned and pious hermit whether they ought to give up their traditions at the call of Augustine. "If he is a holy man," said the hermit, "follow him." But how can we know? Well, if, on your approach, he rises to do you honour, know him to be meek and humble; if, on the contrary, he sit still, then he is proud and is not from God, and not to be listened to." It happened that St. Augustine remained sitting, and they would not listen to him. They charged him with pride and arrogance, and refused to listen to his solicitations. Does this prove that they did not acknowledge the authority of Rome? Surely not. The whole thing hinged on the foolish advice of the hermit. Had Augustine risen to do them honour, the British bishops would have taken him for their Archbishop, and yielded everything to him. Provost Macandrew says that when they refused to receive him as their Archbishop, Augustine doomed them to destruction, and left them. He did no such thing. If he had read Bede, he would have seen that what he says is, "The man of God *foretold* them, that if they would not receive their *brethren* in peace, they would receive war from their enemies—and that if they would not preach the way of life to the Saxons, they would suffer death at their hands"—which prophecy, Bede continues, was fulfilled. If, therefore, they refused to submit to St. Augustine, it was not because they regarded him as belonging to another Church, but because they listened to the advice of the hermit, who left the matter to be decided by his accidental rising or sitting. If they refused to preach to the Saxons, it was because they looked upon them as the invaders of their country, and enemies of their race. We cannot, indeed, say much for their intelligence or Christian charity, which is the worst we can say against them. But to suppose that

they knew nothing of the claims of Rome, and refused to submit to her authority, is preposterous, the more so when we take into account the fact well authenticated that the ancient Britons received the faith direct from Rome. Bede, lib i., civ. Lucius, King of the Britons, sent a letter to the holy man, Eleutherius, who at that time ruled the Pontifical See, entreating him to instruct him and his people in the Christian religion. This was about the year 173. The Pope acceded to the wish of the King. Let us now turn to the neighbouring or Scottish Church, and we will find ourselves on similar ground. The inconvenience of keeping Easter at different periods, according to different computations, reached a climax in the household of Oswy, King of Northumbria. He had been instructed by the Scots, and married a Saxon princess, Eanfleada, who had received baptism at the hands of the Roman missionaries. The consequence was that, while the King was celebrating the joyous festival of Easter, after the Lentan fast, his queen and her household were only beginning the sorrowful devotions of Holy Week. She was a week behind. The confusion was intolerable, and the King determined to put an end to it—resolved to hear both sides of the question, and for this purpose summoned Colman on the part of the Scots, and Wilfrid as the supporter of the new system, to lay before him the reasons for their practices. This conference at Whitby can hardly be called a council, although it is sometimes designated as such. While Colman was a bishop, Wilfrid was only a priest. He did not appear in any sense as the delegate of the Pope. There could not, in the nature of this case, be a demand on his part of submission. It was merely the act of a king wishing to settle a family dispute. Colman, in giving his reasons for the Scottish custom, appealed to the authority of St. John the Evangelist and the practice of their Fathers, and especially St. Columba. Wilfrid replied, the Pasch which we celebrate at Rome is held also in Italy, in France, in Africa, Asia, and Greece, and over the whole world, with the exception of these two islands in the extremity of the ocean. As for the authority of St. John, he reminded them that many of the Jewish observances were tolerated in the infancy of the Church, on account of the weaknesses of the Jewish converts. Thus, he said, St. Paul

himself had Timothy circumcised. But he pointed out that the Scottish mode of computing Easter was not even in accordance with that of St. John—that, as for the holy founder of Iona, he had no doubt he acted throughout in good faith, and that he felt convinced, if the proper cycle had been pointed out to him, he would have, according to his known piety, adopted it. He then appealed to the authority of St. Peter. Colman did not deny, but acknowledged the authority of Peter. The reasoning of Wilfrid was sufficient to convince the King that the new mode of reckoning Easter was better than the old. Provost Macandrew contends that the fact that Bishop Colman, who was a bishop, did not yield at once to Wilfrid—who was only a priest—is sufficient to convince him that the Scottish Church did not acknowledge the supremacy of Rome. All I can say is that, where he wishes to be convinced, it requires very little to bring about that consummation; and the only way he can dispose of Bede's account is to say that, Bede being a Roman Churchman, gives the best of it to Wilfrid! It is true that Colman did not yield to Wilfrid, but others did. Cedd, a Scottish bishop, who was present, gave up the Scottish mode, and introduced into his own see the new and better mode of computing Easter. Bede says that the greater number of those who were present followed his example, and that Colman returned to consult his brethren at home, and, it is said, shortly afterwards, he also saw his error. Certain it is that the Scottish Church became divided on this point, and as those who adhered to their local traditions were not called upon to retract under penalty of being cut off from Catholic unity, we cannot look upon them as schismatics. If they did refuse to yield to the Roman custom because they did not acknowledge the authority of Rome, then, all we can say is, that they would have become schismatics, and, indeed, by some they are regarded as such; but that does not prove that the Church as founded by St. Columba did not acknowledge Rome, or that he would not have adopted the new calendar if he had known it. The fact that the Conference at Whitby had no authoritative character is enough to show that the conduct of Colman in first consulting his brethren before giving his decision proves nothing against my position. The fact that it took a considerable time

before the Scots universally adopted the new system, only shows how difficult it is to overturn national prejudices and customs, and the wisdom of Rome is manifested in the moderation with which she moves in such circumstances, leaving matters to time and fuller knowledge when it is not a question of faith. But how arises the question, What was the cycle adopted by the Scots? Whence came it? Who introduced it? One thing is clear, it did not come from the East. Colman was wrong when he relied on the authority of St. John. The Scots were not *Quarto decimans.* What will Provost Macandrew say when I tell him that this cycle actually came from Rome. An ancient table for the computation of Easter, which had long puzzled the antiquarians, has been shown by the Chevalier de Rossi to have been used in Rome during the fourth century. The computation is given down to the year 354, and it agrees exactly with the calendar used by the Scots in the seventh century. When the troubled times came the Western Isles were cut off from much intercourse with the Continent, and they were naturally ignorant of the corrected calculations which had been meantime adopted in Rome, and it is to this that Wilfrid referred when he said to Colman that "if any Catholic calculator had come among them they would have followed his admonitions." In the words of De Rossi it is only another argument for the bond of union between the Celtic and Roman Church. One word in conclusion. I pointed to a most interesting contemporary evidence of what the faith of the Celtic Church was, from the mouth of no less a person than Wilfrid himself, who stood up in a council at Rome and professed before the Pope and Bishops assembled that he and the Celts, the Britons, Picts, and Saxons were of the one true Catholic faith. And how does Provost Macandrew meet this? By saying, It is impossible now to say what Wilfrid meant by the true Catholic faith! "*Risum teneatis amici.*" Impossible to know what a Catholic Bishop means by the true Catholic faith when he speaks before the Pope in Council! Oh, but he was a fugitive from his own Church! says the Provost, grasping at a straw. Well, what of that? He came to Rome to appeal against the encroachments of Archbishop Theodore, and his appeal was sustained, and he himself restored. But what has that to do with his profession

of faith? Oh, but he was not authorised to speak in the name of the Scottish Church. I never said he was. But what I said and say is, that here is a piece of contemporary evidence on the part of a Roman Catholic Bishop, who lived among the Scots, who knew their faith—that it was the same faith which he himself held, and of which he there and then made open profession in the Council. I do not claim for this more than it is worth. It is only a piece of evidence, and the stronger because it is contemporary evidence, and that, too, on the part of a man who, if anyone would, would have been in opposition to the Scottish Church, declaring that he was not in opposition, but of the same true Catholic faith. I will only ask Provost Macandrew to give me one piece of *contemporary* evidence, no matter from whom, as clear and explicit to show that the Churches were not in Catholic unity. This he never can show, and I do not think there is much use in continuing the argument with one who cannot see the difference between matters of faith and matters of discipline, and who convinces himself that when he sees a difference in matters of pure discipline, not involving one single principle of dogmatic faith, he can see two Churches and two faiths.

ÆNEAS CHISHOLM.

Banff.

THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS—THEIR SOCIAL AND LITERARY HISTORY—1775-1832.

[By Provost Macandrew.]

(Continued.)

The next great cause of change was the introduction of the rearing of sheep as a prime industry. When the Highlands were opened up, and the landlords directed their attention to the means of increasing their rentals, it was perceived that the Highland hills were well suited for sheep walks, such as had long been in existence on the Borders, and had then almost without record or observation, turned the land of the Scotts and Elliots, Kerrs and Johnstones, and other Border clans into great pastoral wastes, and that the great mountain wastes which had hitherto been the common grazing grounds of a whole district, for a few weeks in summer afforded pasture for a proportionably small number of cattle requiring a host of attendants, were fitted to maintain all the year round, or nearly so, great flocks of sheep which required very little attendance, and in their wool, and in their lambs, afforded a double source of annual profit in addition to the return from those sold for mutton. This mode of using the hills not only thus afforded a more ample rent to the proprietors, and a great saving of trouble in management of estates, but by the wily southern graziers who began to come in, and by enlightened people from the south, it was lauded as an improvement, and the man who caused the barren hills to produce so many pounds of mutton and of wool, when before only a much smaller number of pounds of beef had been produced, was looked on as a benefactor to mankind, inasmuch as he increased the material resources of the country, and was placed on the same pedestal as the man who made two blades of grass grow when only one grew before. In fact, improvement in this sense became a rage. Now, there is no doubt that it was carried out much too rapidly, and on too great a scale, and without due regard to the feelings or the interests of the dwellers on the soil, and, as we are now learn-

ing, without due regard to the permanent interests of the land and its possessors, or of the country at large.

In Sutherland the change was carried out wholesale and at once, and in course of a very few years the people were removed wholesale from the inland glens and settled along the sea coast. The history of these deplorable evictions is well-known, and need not be dwelt upon. Nobody probably has deplored them more deeply than the amiable nobleman in whose name they were carried out, and who certainly believed that he was improving his county, and benefiting his successors. In other parts of the country the process was more gradual, for I do not find any case of wholesale eviction from the last of those in Sutherland, which took place about 1820, till after the end of the period about which we are now speaking. In very many instances the old tacksmen became sheep farmers, and by their personal and family influence they no doubt induced their sub-tenants to remove voluntarily. The way in which the conversion of the country into sheep walks affected the smaller class of holders appears to have been this—The holding of a tacksman with the addition of a vast range of waste over which he and his sub-tenants, and probably the possessor of adjoining club farms, grazed in common in summer were converted into a sheep walk. With the proper occupation of it as such the holdings of the sub-tenants, scattered probably all over it wherever there was a patch of good soil, interfered materially, and the cultivated patches and green spots around the settlement were coveted as grazing; the dogs and children of these people disturbed the sheep, and their few sheep mixed with the flocks, and probably communicated disease. In fact, the people became a nuisance to the sheep farmer, and their land became a necessity to him, and either gradually or wholesale they were removed, and settled, in the West Coast, along the sea coast, or on the farms already held by joint tenants sub-dividing the possessions with them, and in the East Coast along the skirts of the cultivated land in the great valleys, and along the coast. Hence the green spots showing signs of cultivation, and the ruins of houses which are to be found in all the upland glens, particularly on the West.

Almost co-temporary with the introduction of sheep-farming

were two other circumstances, which had a powerful effect, principally on the West Coast and Islands. These were the general cultivation of the potato and a rise in the price of the products of kelp which took place about the beginning of this century. The extraordinarily prolific nature of the potato made it possible, by its cultivation, for a family to subsist on a very much smaller extent of ground than they could when their dependence was on corn and cattle, and the manufacture of kelp, while affording a very large profit to the landlords whose estates were bordered by the Western seas, afforded a remunerative source of labour for a few months in the year to the people, and seems to have been one of the main causes which led to the stoppage of the flow of emigration. This was one of the main causes which produced the overcrowding of the people in what are now called the congested localities along the Coast. Coincident with this again was the introduction of the system of lotting, as it is called, which led to the existence of the present West Coast crofts. Formerly, as I have said, the arable land in townships occupied by joint-tenants was, like the grazing, held in common, and divided every year among the occupiers. About the beginning of the century a change was introduced, and it became the practice to divide the arable land into lots or crofts, which were possessed separately, the possession carrying a right to the grazing of a fixed number of animals on the grazing land of the township, which was still, by the necessity of the case, held in common. This was intended, and one would suppose it to be an improvement, for naturally it was to be expected that when a man had exclusive possession of a piece of arable land, he would cultivate it more carefully than if he only had the right to crop it for a year at a time. The effect has been, however, the very reverse. Formerly, and when a farm was possessed by a number of families in common, it was the interest of all to prevent any increase of the families living on it—latterly, and when each man possessed his own croft, he could settle a son, or a daughter's husband, or other relative on it without consulting any person, and accordingly a system of subdivision has gone on, often in the face of the exertions of landlord and factor to prevent it, till there are now very few of the original lots or crofts possessed by one tenant, a half croft being the common

holding, and there being often greater subdivision, and a host of cottars and squatters, besides, settled on every crofting township. The extent of land possessed by each family is thus only sufficient for a patch of oats and a patch of potatoes, and is cultivated by these crops in alternate years without rest of any kind; sown grasses are not used; the arable land is run over by the sheep and cattle in winter, and the system of agriculture is absolutely worse than it was a hundred and fifty years ago. The extent to which subdivision and the compression of the people into small space has taken place, has now been shown beyond all doubt by a pamphlet which has just been published by Mr. Macdonald of Skaebost, which is worth all the literature on the subject which has hitherto been published, and which all interested in the crofter question should read. In it are given the rentals of the Macleod estates in 1664, of the Macdonald estates in 1733, and of the Mackinnon estates in 1751, these comprising very nearly the whole of Skye. According to calculations made by Mr. Macdonald from these rentals, and from the evidence of the tenants given in ascertaining them, and on the assumption that there was no material change till after the Rebellion, it appears that the rental of Skye has increased since then about ten times, that the number of joint-tenants then possessing land was 517, paying an average rent of what, according to the present rental, would be £17; and 1031 sub-tenants holding from tacksmen, and paying on the average a rent of £9; whereas there are now 2043 crofters paying an average rent of £4 11s. 7d., or so, or to put it in another way, and equalising the rents, the joint-tenants and sub-tenants in 1746, paid £18,279 of rent, and now, while the number has increased one-third, they pay only £9357, or little more than one-half. Again, at the former time, there were 142 landlords and tacksmen holding land, and now there are only 7 proprietors and 29 tacksmen.

These figures contrast the changes in the economic condition of the people on the West during the time of which we are treating. On the Eastern side of the country some of the causes which I have indicated did not apply, and the course of events has led to very different results. This is to be accounted for partly by the difference of climate and soil, and partly by the

different natural distribution of the land, but so great has been the difference that one is tempted to suspect some radical difference of race. The climate on the East is favourable to cultivation; there is a broad belt of arable land along the coast, and the greater distance of the coast from the water shed has given us rivers with long courses, which have furrowed the country into broad valleys, with long and fertile bottoms. This was all favourable to agriculture, and consequently attention was soon directed to it, and great improvements had taken place in this way before the introduction of sheep. Sheep, too, were late of being introduced, and they never became the exclusive possessors of the land as in the West. There has no doubt been far too much adding of field to field, but we have not had anything approaching the massing of the people into contracted areas which took place on the West, and even now there is a fair distribution of land into holdings of various sizes, which offers to the industrious small farmer that opportunity of improving his position which is totally absent in the West.

Another cause which led to change, but which was only beginning to be powerful at the close of our period, was the letting of our moors and mountains for purposes of sport. Deer forests had hardly begun to be talked of, but grouse moors were becoming much the fashion, and their tendency was to discourage small holdings in sporting districts—for the sportsman desires a waste—and to lead very much to the new residence of the proprietors.

No account of the Highlands during this period would be complete without a reference, which must now be a short one, to the military spirit which pervaded the people during the whole period of which we are treating. Previous to the suppression of the Rebellion, every Highlander was a soldier, and went habitually armed. It was natural, therefore, that they should look to the army as a means of employment when they found their presence at home no longer required. At that time too the army was very different from what it is now. The extravagant habits of the present mess-tables were unknown, and the short-service system had not been thought of. The officer of those days seldom had any private fortune, and the habits of the army were such that he was able to live on his pay, and even if he only attained the rank of lieutenant, on his pension; while to the common soldier pay and

pension were an ample provision. To enter the army in any rank was thus a provision for life. To the proud, poor Highlander of all ranks the profession of a soldier therefore offered irresistible attractions. It was the profession of a gentleman, it was congenial to his habits and to his thoughts and feelings—nurtured as he was on the stirring records of a warlike race, it relieved him from the necessity of any menial or mechanical employment, and from all anxiety as to the future. The time too was propitious; it was a time of constant wars, men for the army were urgently required, and the elder Pitt saw with the glance of genius where they were to be got. As he said himself, in a memorable and often-quoted speech :—"I sought for merit where it was to be found; it is my boast that I was the first Minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the North. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifice of your enemies, and had gone nigh to upset the State in the war before last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side, they served with fidelity as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world." The system which Pitt adopted, and which was continued down to the close of the Napoleonic wars in 1815, the giving of commissions for the raising of a certain quota of men, admirably suited the circumstances of the Highlands. Accordingly, from 1757 to 1815, Highlanders literally swarmed into the army, and many a youth brought up in a bothy, but with good blood in his veins, was able, by this influence still attaching to his blood and name, to gather together a band of his neighbours and companions sufficient to entitle him to a commission, and thus to establish himself in a social position, to which he felt his lineage entitled him, but to which he had probably no other means of attaining. It was during this time that all the ever-victorious Highland Regiments, which are yet the pride and glory of the nation, were raised, and there were many others, which have since been disbanded, raised. Down to the time of the Crimean War, too, these regiments all continued to be substantially Highland, and until that time the Highlands were a favourite and prolific recruiting ground. With the Crimean War came the necessity

of great and immediate increase to the army, and the great towns had to be resorted to, and regiments were filled up without regard to nationality. Following on this came the short service system, with the disappearance of the pension, and somehow not only were the Highlands neglected as a recruiting ground, but the conditions of service appear to have become unsuitable, and to a very great extent Highland Regiments were so only in name and dress. This is very greatly to be regretted, for nowhere does the Highlander appear to greater advantage than as a soldier, and it is to be hoped that, with the increased permission for long service, and the quartering of a Highland Regiment permanently in the Highland Capital, the old spirit may revive, and that Highland Regiments may become so in reality both as regards officers and men. I have not said anything about the services of the Highland Regiments, for this does not fall within my present subject, but if any proof is wanted that the Highland people of the time of which we are treating, or of an earlier time, were not rude and uncivilized, and were in no sense degraded by poverty, but were, on the contrary, a sober, God-fearing, intelligent, and moral race, in a much higher degree than persons of the same class in other parts of the country, we have only to turn to the records of the conduct of the Highland Regiments, particularly those first raised, in camp and quarters. They were not only brave in the field, but in peace they were orderly, sober, amenable to discipline, thus exhibiting the highest qualities of men and of soldiers.

The large number of men who served in the army naturally produced a large number of retired military men, who settled in their native land. It became much the fashion with them to take farms, and these men naturally gave a tone to the society of their time, and contributed to keep up that honourable tone of feeling and high and gentleman-like bearing which had distinguished the Highlanders of the old time.

Such are briefly some of the causes and their effects which marked this period of time in the Highlands. But even at the close of this period, much of the old spirit and the old state of society still remained. All over the Highlands many of the old tacksmen families remained, and even when new men had come

they were rapidly assimilated, and adopted the old habits of free and cordial hospitality which had distinguished the good old time. The causes I have indicated were still at work, but they had not produced their full effects, and it is since the close of this period that the great changes have taken place; that the race of long descended gentlemen-tacksmen has been swept entirely away. I believe there are not now half-a-dozen considerable farmers in the Highlands and Islands who hold the farms which their ancestors held over one hundred and fifty years ago. I only really know of one. To show the magnitude of the change, I will just quote one sentence:—When the late Cluny brought home his bride in 1832—and we have lost them both only within the last eighteen months—he was met at Dalwhinnie by upwards of sixty mounted gentlemen of his clan. Where are these or their descendants now? An echo answers where? They are certainly not in Badenoch.

(To be continued.)

SMUGGLING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[By John Macdonald, Supervisor.]

(Continued.)

I am surprised to find so little reference to whisky and smuggling in our modern Gaelic poetry and literature. There is no reference in earlier writings. In fact, both are more indebted to Burns for their popularity than to any of our Highland writers. Dugald Buchanan (1716-1768) has a reference to drinking in his celebrated "Claigeann." Rob Donn (1724-1812) has "Oran a Bhotuil," and "Oran a Bhranndaidh." Allan Dall (1750-1829) has "Oran do'n Mhisg," Uilleam Ross (1762-1790) has "Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha," and Mac-na-Bracha; and Fear Strath mhatha-saidh has "Comunn an uisge-Bheatha." But their songs are not very brilliant, and cannot be compared with Burns' poems on the same subject. Highland whisky and smuggling do not appear to hold a befitting place in Highland song and literature.

We have seen that the manufacture and consumption of whisky on an extensive scale in the Highlands is comparatively recent. So far as can be ascertained, the quantity was not large even 100 years ago. Since the beginning of the 17th century the Highland people were in the habit of distilling in their homes for their own private use, and no doubt to this practice is due to a great extent the prevalence of illicit distillation among them at one time. As late as 1859 every household was allowed to have a bushel of malt for making ale, and cottagers are to be again exempted from the brewing licence recently imposed upon them. Such a privilege as the Ferintosh exemption must have exercised an evil influence among the people. They must have looked upon illicit distillation as a very venial offence when Government would grant permission to manufacture whisky practically duty free. As a rule, spirits were distilled from the produce of their own lands, and the people being simple and illiterate, ignorant alike of the necessity for a national Exchequer, and of the ways and means taken by Parliament to raise revenue, they could not readily and clearly see the justice of levying a tax upon their whisky. They draw a sharp distinction between offences created

by English statute and violations of the laws of God. The law which made distillation illegal came to them in a foreign garb. Highlanders had no great love or respect for the English Government. If the Scottish Parliament could pass an Act to destroy all pewits' eggs, because the birds migrated South, where they arrived plump and fat, and afforded sport and food for the English, it need not cause surprise if Highlanders had not forgotten Glencoe, Culloden, Butcher Cumberland, the tyrannical laws to suppress the clans, and the "outlandish race that filleth the Stuart's throne."

While a highly sentimental people, like the Highlanders, were in some degree influenced by these and similar considerations, the extent of illicit distillation depended in a great measure on the amount of duty, and the nature of the Excise regulations. The smuggler's gain was in direct proportion to the amount of the spirit duty; the higher the duty the greater the gain and the stronger the temptation. We have seen how the authorities of the time, regardless of the feelings and the habits of the people, and of the nature and capabilities of the Highlands, imposed restrictions which were injudicious, vexatious, and injurious; which not only rendered it impracticable for the legal distiller to engage profitably in honest business, but actually encouraged the illicit distiller. We have seen how, particularly under the operation of the still licence, the legal distiller, in his endeavours to increase production, sacrificed the quality of his spirits, until the illicit distiller commanded the market by supplying whisky superior in quality and flavour. To this fact, more than to anything else, is due the popular prejudice which has existed, and still exists in some quarters, in favour of smuggled whisky. There can be no doubt that while the still licence was in force from 1787 to 1814, and perhaps for some years later, the smugglers' whisky was superior in quality and flavour to that produced by the licensed distiller. But this holds true no longer; indeed, the circumstances are actually reversed. The Highland distiller has now the best appliances, uses the best materials, employs skill and experience, exercises the greatest possible care, and further, matures his spirit in bond—whisky being highly deleterious unless it is matured by age. On the other hand the smuggler uses rude imperfect utensils, very often inferior materials, works by

rule of thumb, under every disadvantage and inconvenience, and is always in a state of terror and hurry, which is incompatible with good work and the best results. He begins by purchasing inferior barley, which, as a rule, is imperfectly malted. He brews without more idea of proper heats than dipping his finger or seeing his face in the water, and the quantity of water used is regulated by the size and number of his vessels. His setting heat is decided by another dip of the finger, and supposing he has yeast of good quality, and may by accident add the proper quantity, the fermentation of his worts depends on the weather, as he cannot regulate the temperature in his temporary bothy, although he often uses sacks and blankets, and may during the night kindle a fire. But the most fatal defect in the smuggler's appliances is the construction of his still. Ordinary stills have head elevations from 12 to 18 feet, which serves for purposes of rectification, as the fusel oils and other essential oils and acids fall back into the still, while the alcoholic vapour, which is more volatile, passes over to the worm, where it becomes condensed. The smuggler's still has no head elevation, the still-head being as flat as an old blue bonnet, and consequently the essential oils and acids pass over the alcohol into the worm, however carefully distillation may be carried on. These essential oils and acids can only be eliminated, neutralised, or destroyed by storing the spirits some time in wood, but the smuggler, as a rule, sends his spirits out new in jars and bottles, so that the smuggled whisky, if taken in considerable quantities, is actually poisonous. Ask anyone who has had a good spree on new smuggled whisky, how he felt next morning. Again, ordinary stills have rousers to prevent the wash sticking to the bottom of the pot and burning. The smuggler has no such appliance in connection with his still, the consequence being that his spirits frequently have a singed, smoky flavour. The evils of a defective construction are increased a hundred-fold, when, as is frequently the case, the still is made of tin, and the worm of tin or lead. When spirits and acids come in contact with such surfaces, a portion of the metal is dissolved, and poisonous metalic salts are produced, which must be injurious to the drinker. Paraffin casks are frequently used in brewing, and it will be readily understood that however carefully

cleaned, their use cannot improve the quality of our much-praised smuggled whisky. Again, the rule of thumb is applied to the purity and strength of smuggled spirits. At ordinary distilleries there are scientific appliances for testing these, but the smuggler must guess the former, and must rely for the latter on the blebs or bubbles caused by shaking the whisky. On this unsatisfactory test, plus the honesty of the smuggler, which is generally an unknown quantity, the purchaser also must rely. This is certainly a happy-go-lucky state of matters which it would be a pity to disturb by proclaiming the truth. Very recently an order came from the South to Inverness for two gallons of smuggled whisky. The order being urgent, and no immediate prospect of securing the genuine article, a dozen bottles of new raw grain spirit were sent to a well-known smuggling locality, and were thence despatched South as real mountain dew. No better proof could be given of the coarseness and absolute inferiority of smuggled whisky.

But the physical injury caused by drinking an impure, immature whisky, and the pecuniary loss sustained by purchasing a whisky of inferior quality and unknown strength at the price of good, honest spirit, are nothing compared to the moral aspect of the case. Let me quote again from Stewart of Garth (1821), "I must now advert to a cause which contributes to demoralise the Highlanders in a manner equally rapid and lamentable. Smuggling has grown to an alarming extent, and if not checked will undermine the best principles of the people. Let a man be habituated to falsehood and fraud in one line of life, and he will soon learn to extend it to all his actions. This traffic operates like a secret poison on all their moral feelings. They are the more rapidly betrayed into it, as, though acute and ingenious in regard to all that comes within the scope of their observation, they do not comprehend the nature or purpose of imports levied on the produce of the soil, nor have they any distinct idea of the practice of smuggling being attended with disgrace or turpitude. The open defiance of the laws, the progress of chicanery, perjury, hatred, and mutual recrimination, with a constant dread and suspicion of informers—men not being sure of nor confident in their next neighbours—which results from

smuggling, and the habit which it engenders, are subjects highly important, and regarded with the most serious consideration and the deepest regret by all who value the permanent welfare of their country, which depends so materially upon the preservation of the morals of the people."* This is a terrible picture, but I am in a position to vouch that it is only too true. The degradation, recklessness, and destitution which, as a rule, follow in the wake of illicit distillation are notorious to all. I know of three brothers on the West Coast. Two of them settled down on crofts, became respectable members of the community, and with care and thrift and hard work even acquired some little means. The third took to smuggling, and has never done anything else; has been several times in prison, has latterly lost all his smuggling utensils, and is now an old broken-down man, without a farthing, without sympathy, without friends, one of the most wretched objects in the whole parish. Not one in a hundred has gained anything by smuggling in the end. I know most of the smugglers in my own district personally. With a few exceptions they are the poorest among the people. How can they be otherwise? Their's is the work of darkness, and they must sleep through the day. Their crofts are not half tilled or manured; their houses are never repaired; their very children are neglected, dirty, and ragged. They cannot bear the strain of regular steady work even if they feel disposed. Their moral and physical stamina have become impaired, and they can do nothing except under the unhealthy influence of excitement and stimulants. Gradually their manhood becomes undermined, their sense of honour becomes deadened, and they become violent law-breakers and shameless cheats. This is invariably the latter end of the smuggler, and generally his sons follow his footsteps in the downward path, or he finds disciples among his neighbours' lads, so that the evil is spread and perpetuated. Smuggling is, in short, a curse to the individual and to the community. (*To be continued.*)

* Dealing with the subject of smuggling, Buckle, in his "History of Civilisation," says:—"The economical evils, great as they were, have been far surpassed by the moral evils which this system produced. These men, desperate from the fear of punishment, and accustomed to the commission of every crime, contaminated the surrounding population, introduced into peaceful villages vices formerly unknown, caused the ruin of entire families, spread, whenever they came, drunkenness, theft, and dissoluteness, and familiarised their associates with those coarse and swinish debaucheries which were the natural habits of so vagrant and so lawless a life."

TRAGIC FULFILMENT OF A CAITHNESS PREDICTION.

ABOUT the year 1612 Lord Maxwell of Nithsdale had a quarrel with a neighbouring Border chief, Sir James Johnstone, and, happening to meet one day, the dispute was renewed, until from words they came to blows, when Maxwell unfortunately ran Sir James through the body and killed him on the spot. Horror-stricken at the tragic result of the quarrel, and fearing the vengeance of the murdered man's relatives, Maxwell took to flight, and made his escape to France. He soon, however, returned, and concealed himself for some considerable time in the wilds of Caithness, trusting to the well-known generosity of the natives not to betray him. A price was set on his head, but he was safe enough so far as the common people were concerned, who scorned to betray even a stranger who trusted himself to them. These fine sentiments were not, however, held by their leader, Colonel George Sinclair, who, on hearing of the fugitive lord, determined to curry favour with the Government by giving him up. Accordingly, he pursued him, and at length secured him near the boundary of the county, and at once sent him to Edinburgh, where the unfortunate gentleman was executed.

Tradition states that when Lord Maxwell was taken prisoner by Colonel Sinclair he upbraided him in no measured terms for his treachery, and told him that he would never prosper after such a deed, but would soon meet with a violent death himself. The Colonel laughed at this ominous prophecy; but he soon had cause to remember it, for, finding that his neighbours, and even his clansmen, resented his violation of the rules of hospitality, he determined to leave Caithness for a while, and entered the service of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, to assist him in his war against Denmark and Norway.

Having raised a body of 900 men, he embarked, accompanied by his young and beautiful wife, who could not bear to be left behind, and who, to avoid publicity, dressed herself in man's clothes and went as her husband's page. Colonel Sinclair found

he could not land at Stockholm, as the Baltic was in possession of a strong Danish fleet. He therefore determined to land in Norway, and fight his way at the head of his men across the country until he could reach Sweden and join the King's army. He accordingly began his march, laying waste the country, and ill-treating the peasantry in a most cruel manner. This brutality at last so aroused the people that they were nerved to make some attempt at retaliation.

The "budstick," (answering to the Fiery Cross of the Highlands) was sent round. The people assembled, armed with muskets and axes, to the number of 500, and placed themselves under the leadership of one of their number, named Berdon Seilstad, who, seeing he could not compete with the invaders in numbers, had recourse to stratagem. Sinclair's movements were carefully watched by spies, until he arrived at a place considered favourable for attack. This was a narrow defile between a precipitous rock on one side and a deep and rapid stream on the other. While Sinclair was deliberating whether to pass this dangerous gorge, or try to find another road, he espied a young countryman, who he at once took prisoner, and by threats and promises compelled him to act as his guide. The lad seemed very simple and stupid, but agreed to act as guide if they would not hurt him. Having obtained a promise to this effect, he led them farther through the difficult pass, until, at a certain spot he suddenly stopped, and firing a pistol which he had hitherto kept concealed, leaped among the rocks, and at once disappeared. Before the report of the pistol shot had died away, Sinclair's party heard the blowing of a horn, and in a moment the rocks which overhung the narrow path, were alive with the enraged natives, who poured a terrific volley on the devoted heads of the entrapped Caithness-men. Those of the peasants who had no firearms, hurled down fragments of rock and large stones, which proved as destructive as the muskets of the others. The erstwhile guide was among the foremost of the enemy, with all his assumed stupidity thrown off, and was seen to be pointing out Colonel Sinclair to Berdon Seilstad, the leader of the Norwegians, who, having heard that Sinclair bore a charmed life not to be injured by ordinary shot, pulled off one of the silver buttons of

his coat, and, biting it into shape, loaded his musket with it, and, taking deadly aim, shot Colonel Sinclair over the left eye, killing him instantaneously. The carnage was dreadful, and the Scots were killed wholesale, without being able either to defend themselves or attack their enemies. Numbers of the wounded fell into the roaring waters of the torrent below, while about sixty were taken prisoners, and of the whole 900 who entered that fatal pass, only three escaped and succeeded in making their way back to Caithness. One was the wife of the Colonel, the other two being gentlemen who knew the supposed page was their Colonel's wife, and did their best to defend her.

There is a pathetic incident mentioned in connection with this unfortunate affair. The day before the slaughter of the Caithness men, a young Norwegian was sitting with his betrothed bride in earnest conversation. He wished to join his countrymen in their proposed attack, and she was trying to dissuade him from doing so; but on hearing that one of her own sex was supposed to be among the invaders, she wished her lover to go to their camp privately that night and try to protect the lady from the fate which they well knew awaited the rest. He consented, and in the twilight made his way unseen to where the Scots lay encamped for the night; but, in endeavouring to get near enough to Mrs. Sinclair to give her warning, he was perceived by her, and, not waiting to hear what he wanted, she shot at, and killed him. Tradition records that it was the bereaved and grief-stricken bride, who, disguised as a lad, led the Scots to their doom, and revenged her lover's death by pointing out Colonel Sinclair to the Norwegian Captain. The sixty men who were taken prisoners were a few days afterwards marched to a field and there brutally slaughtered in cold blood by the natives, who had got tired of providing food and lodging for them. Their comrades, who fell at the time, were left as they lay, for the birds of the air and beasts of prey to devour; but the body of Colonel Sinclair was decently buried, and a wooden cross erected over the grave with the following inscription:—

"Here lies Colonel George Sinclair, who, with 900 Scotsmen, were dashed to pieces, like so many earthen pots, by the peasants of Lessoe, Vaage, and Froem. Berdon Seilstad of Ringeboe was their leader."

Robert Chambers, who visited Norway in 1849, and went to the scene of the tragedy, says—"In a peasant's house near by were shown to me a few relics of the Caithness men, a matchlock or two, a broadsword, a couple of powder-flasks, and the wooden part of a drum."

And thus ended one of the most unfortunate, fatal, and inglorious military adventures in which Scotsmen were ever engaged.

M. A. ROSE.

C. PSALM IN IRISH.

As there is no long metre version of the Hundredth Psalm in the Scotch Gaelic Psalm Book, perhaps some of your readers will be interested in the following from the version prepared by the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod ("An Teachdaire Gaidhealach") "for the use of the native Irish," in 1836. J. W.

Fuaim luathghaireach deanaidh gach tìr,
Don Triath ar nard-Thighearna fìor;
Tigidhe a's deanuidh seirbhis dò,
Air aghaidh le subhachas gach lò.

Ni sinn do rinn sinn fein, a Dhia,
Biodh aguibh fios gur b' e an Triath;
A dhaoine sinn 's a shluagh go léir,
Caoire a innbhir cneasda shaoir.

Tigidhe 'na gheatuibh-sior a steach,
Go cuirtibh aluin a naomh-theach,
A's tigidhe fos le moladh mor,
A làthair Righ na nuile ghloir.

Sar-bhuidheachos anois tugaigh dhò,
A's ainm-sion beannuigh gach lò;
Oir Dia ta maith a's troc 'reach sior;
Go sao'l na sao'l ta seisean fior.

CONCERNING LOCHIEL—1664, 1717, AND 1784.

TIMES have greatly changed when the quarrels of two great Highland Chiefs made it necessary for a neutral person to get an Assurance and Protection such as that after given. In course of the lengthened quarrels betwixt Mackintosh and Lochiel in regard to the great estate of Glen Luie and Loch Arkaig, matters were in the year 1664 referred to arbitration.

The arbiter fixed upon was the Earl of Moray, and, considering the hostility displayed on many an occasion by that family to the Mackintoshes, it showed a great spirit of conciliation on the part of Mackintosh that he agreed to this arbiter.

The meeting was appointed to be held at Tomnahurich early in the month of June; but, though William Baillie of Dunain was willing to accommodate the Camerons coming from the West by allowing them to encamp on his lands, he deemed it necessary for his safety to get the following Letter of Assurance from Mackintosh :—

"Whereas Evan Cameron of Lochyeld has ane assurance of me to com the length of Dunzean, attended with threttie persons only, and to stay there for the space of four days (this being the first) without trouble or molestation. And seeing Wm. Bailzie of Dunzean, his wife and servants, cannot goodly but have communication with the said Evan and his said attendants during the tym aforesaid. Therefore, I do assure the said Wm. and his aforesaids that he nor they shall no ways be troubled by me for inter-communing with the said Evan and his said attendants during the space aforesaid. They thereby acting nothing prejudicial to the authority, nor to me nor myn, and hereof I assure them by these, subscribed at Inverness, the eight day of June, 1664 years, by me.

(Signed) "L. MACKINTOSHE,
Of Torcastell."

After full deliberation, it was determined that Lochiel should have the lands, but hold them of and under Mackintosh as his

superior, and pay a considerable feu-duty. Affecting to acquiesce, Lochiel obtained a day to think over the matter while the necessary documents could be prepared, but his pride, and the anger of the clansmen having been aroused at the idea of vassalage to Mackintosh, Lochiel and his men decamped in the night with great expedition, and he afterwards repudiated the decreet of Tomnahurich.

Two years later Lochiel had to accept the superiority of the Duke of Argyll, and, as will be immediately seen, that family did not scruple to exercise their rights of superiority after the rising of 1715.

Sir Evan in his latter years had disposed of his estate to his eldest son, John, reserving to himself a certain life-rent. John Cameron was attainted in 1716.

It thus happened that before his death, Sir Evan had the misfortune to see the estates which, after great effort, he had preserved and consolidated, apparently lost to the family for ever.

Sir Evan continued to live at Achnacarry, and as late as the 29th day of January, 1717, he signs, at that place, a procuratory to have himself served nearest and lawful heir male to his deceased nephew, Allan Cameron, son of his also deceased brother, Allan Cameron. The Procuratory which is signed "E. Cameron of Lochzeill" in a very tremulous hand, and altogether a wonderful piece of caligraphy, is witnessed by Archibald Cameron of Dungallon, and Alex. Cameron, cousin German to Glendessary.

The object of the service appears to have been for the purpose of making up a title to a wadsett, dated the 18th of May, 1696, granted by Sir Evan for the sum of 6000 merks over the lands of Achnasaul.

In 1717, John, Duke of Argyll; Elizabeth, Duchess Dowager of Argyll, his mother; James, Earl of Bute; Archibald, Earl of Islay; Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglass, Bart.; John Campbell, Lord Provost of Edinburgh; Colonel Alex. Campbell of Finnab; George Drummond, Esq., one of the Commissioners of H.M.'s Excise; Mr. Patrick Campbell of Monzie, advocate; and Ronald Campbell, Writer to the Signet, commissioners nominated by his Grace, the said John, Duke of Argyll, for managing his affairs and estate, conform to his commission to them, or any three of them,

who are thereby declared to be a quorum, dated 10th September, 1716, lose no time in taking possession of Glen Luie and Loch Arkaig, and they pursue the tenants to make payment of the rents to the Duke, as in right, under the late Act for the encouragement of superiors, etc., of the lands which formerly pertained to John Cameron, late of Lochiel, attainted. The following is a list of the tenants' names and their rents of the lands before referred to, but it does not include Lochiel's tenants on his Argyleshire estates, nor those on his part of Lochaber held of the Duke of Gordon.

It will be observed that few surnames are given, and that the ancient Macphees of Glendessary have become Camerons—their "alias" being Macphee. A rental of these lands in 1642 is very interesting, and may be published hereafter. The chief tenant in 1642, after the Tutor, appears to have been John Cameron, the well-known "Bodach" of Erracht—of whom, Sliochd Ian-a-Voddich.

Here is the rent roll of Glen Luie and Loch Arkaig, Moy:—Duncan mac Ian vic Ewen, John mac Ewen vic Ian, Donald Mac Ian, John Macphail, Ewen Mac Ian oig, John mac Gillie challum, John oig mac Ewen vic Ian, and John Combie. Two hundred and forty pounds Scots money, silver rent; 20 bolls of meal and twenty merks for the presents, each of them for their own parts of the said rent of Moy. Strone—Dugall Cameron of Strone, for Strone, Achachera, and Kinloch-Arkaig, 200 merks silver tack duty. Barr—Alexander Cameron, Allan mac Ewen vic Harlich, and John Ban mac Lauchlan, 360 merks silver rent, 3 quarts butter, 3 stones cheese, one sheep, two veals, each of them for their own part of the rent of Barr. Inners—Killivullin—Alex. mac Ewen vic Neil, and William mac William, 133,, 6,, 8, Scots of silver rent, 2½ stones cheese, 2 quarts and 1 pint butter, one sheep, one veal, one kid, and one lamb of presents, each for their own parts. Mursherlich, and Auchinellan —Dugall Cameron, John mac Coul-vic-Coil-Donald Mor, and Donald mac Ian vic Ian mor, 200 merks silver rent, 3 stones cheese, 3 quarts butter, 2 sheep and 2 veals of presents, each of them for their own parts of the said lands.

Erracht and Glenmalzie—John Cameron of Erracht, 140

merks Scots money, of superplus duty; 2 stones cheese, and 2 quarts butter of presents conform to his wadsett. The mill of Erracht, the said John Cameron 50 merks superplus duty.

Invermailzie—Ewan Mac Gillichallum, William Mackay, Angus Mac Ewen Roy, and William Mac Innish, 100 merks Scots silver rent, one stone cheese, one quart butter, one sheep, one veal, and one kid, each of them for their own parts of said lands of Invermailzie.

Keilliross—Duncan Mac Ian vic Ian Mor, Ewan Mac Coil Van, John Mac Coil Van, Duncan Mac Kiermod, and Allan Cameron, piper, 80 merks Scots money silver rent, one stone cheese, one quart butter, one sheep, and one kid each for their own part of said lands of Keilliross, Clunes, and Glendessarie; Duncan Cameron, tacksman, 200 merks Scots silver duty, five stones cheese, five quarts butter, two sheep, two veals, one kid, and one lamb of presents.

Sallachan—Duncan Mac Ian Roy, Allan Mac Coil vic Combie, and John Mac Allan vic William, forty pounds Scots money, one quart butter, one stone cheese, one sheep, one veal, and one kid of presents, each of them for their own part of said lands of Sallachan.

Muick—John MacCoil van, *alias* Macphee, forty-five merks Scots money of silver rent, one stone cheese, one quart butter, one sheep, one veal, and one fodd Redd of presents for Muick.

Kenavoir—John MacAllister vic Coil, Allan Mac Allan vic William, and Duncan Mac Coil Roy, fifty merks Scots money silver rent, each of them for their own part of said lands.

Keanich—Alexander Mac Ian vic Combie, John Mac Combie Mor, John Mac Ian vic Combie, and Mac Combie vic Ian Dhu, ninety merks Scots money of silver rent, one quart butter, one stone cheese, and one sheep of presents each for his own share and part of said lands.

Muirlagan—Archibald Mac Ewen vic Ian, Duncan Mac Ewen vic Ian, and Ewen Mac Angus Van, 180 merks of silver rent, etc., for presents. Glendessarie—John Cameron, *alias* McPhee, of Glendessarie. Wadsetter thereof 140 merks of superplus duty, 1 gallon of butter, 4 dozen of cheese, 2 sheep, 2 lambs, 2 veals, 2 kids, with another quart butter and 1 dozen

cheeses and 2 merks Scots as a proportional part of the few duties payable by him to the said Duke as superior of the said lands conform to his waddset right thereof.

Glenpean Beg and Lagganfearn—Dougall Cameron wadsetter thereof, 220 merks Scots money as superplus duty, 10 stones cheese, 10 stones butter, 3 wedders, 3 veals, 2 kids, and 2 lambs, conform to his wadset right thereof.

The following, from the newspapers of the day, when the forfeited estates were restored, is curious, and shows the classics were well established in Lochaber. It bears to be an extract from a letter, dated Fort-William, August 24th, 1784:—"Yesterday there was a numerous meeting of the family of Lochiel, on the joyful news of the forfeited estates being restored. It was proposed that, to testify their gratitude to His Majesty, and to commemorate so generous an action, the family should unite to contribute towards erecting a pillar on the top of Ben-Nevis (the highest hill in the country), with suitable inscriptions in Gaelic, Latin, and English. That each family should have a small pillar (with the arms of the family) erected round the large one. One gentleman suggested the following lines, from the first Ecclogue of Virgil, for an inscription on the large pillar:—

"'O, Dundassiee! Deus nobis haec otia fecit,
Namque erit ille mihi, semper Deus illius aram:
Saepe tener nostris ab oribus imbuit Agnus;
Ille meas errare boves ut cernes, et ipsum
Ludere quae vellem Calarno permissit Agresti.'"

C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR SEPTEMBER, 1886.

IX. Mhios.] SULTUINE, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

☽ AN CIAD CHR.—5 LA—7.56 M. | ☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.—21 LA—5.56 M.
○ AN SOLUS LAN—13 LA—10.50 M. | ● AN SOLUS UR—27 LA—0.19 F.

M.	DI.		*A'ghr:an.* E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	*An Lan An Lite.* MAD.	*An Lan An Lite.* FEASG.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* MAD.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* FEASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	C	Latha Thippermuir, 1644	5.18 E	4.11	4.33	1.52	2.13
2	D	Sgaoil Arm nan Ceannaich, 1858	7. 6 L	4.35	5.18	2.34	2.55
3	H	Bàs Chromwell, 1658	5.22 E	5.41	6. 4	3.16	3.36
4	S	Bàs Iarla Lennox, 1571	7. 0 L	6.28	6.53	3.57	4.20
5	℞	*XII. Donaich na dèigh na Caingis*	5.26 E	7.20	7.51	4.44	5. 9
6	L	Eirigh Righ Seumas VII., 1688	6.55 L	8.25	9. 4	5.39	6.14
7	M	Bàs Shir Ghilliendras Halliday, 1839	5.30 E	9.45	10.23	6.51	7.31
8	C	Glacadh Shebastopol, 1855	6.50 L	11. 0	11.35	8.10	8.49
9	D	Latha Fhlodden, 1513	5.33 E	...	0. 8	9.24	9.55
10	H	Breith Mhungan Pàirce, 1771	6.45 L	0.35	0.57	10.20	10.44
11	S	Latha Chamus-Choinnich, 1297	5.38 E	1.18	1.38	11. 5	11.25
12	℞	*XIII. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	6.39 L	1.56	2.13	11.44	...
13	L	Latha Philiphaugh, 1645	5.41 E	2.29	2.44	0. 1	0.18
14	M	Féill an Ròid	6.34 L	2.59	3.13	0.35	0.51
15	C	Toirt a stigh a' Chunntais ùir, 1752	5.45 E	3.28	3.43	1. 7	1.23
16	D	Bàs Righ Séumas VII., 1701	6.29 L	3.59	4.15	1.39	1.55
17	H	Seisdeadh Dhunéideann, 1745	5.49 E	4.31	4.47	2.10	2.25
18	S	Séisdeadh Pharis, 1870	6.24 L	5. 3	5.22	2.42	2.59
19	℞	*XIV. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	5.53 E	5.42	6. 2	3.16	3.33
20	L	Latha Alma, 1854	6.19 L	6.25	6.50	3.53	4.17
21	M	Bàs Shir Walter Scott, 1832; Latha Phrestonpans, 1745	5.57 E	7.20	7.55	4.43	5.12
22	C	Breith Iain Home, 1722	6.13 L	8.34	9.17	5.46	6.28
23	D	An Fhéill Eònain	6. 1 E	10. 1	10.41	7. 7	7.50
24	H		6. 8 L	11.18	11.53	8.32	9. 9
25	S	Glacadh Lucknow, 1857	6. 5 E	...	0. 22	9.43	10.13
26	℞	*XV. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	6. 2 L	0.48	1. 13	10.39	11. 5
27	L	Bàs Shéumais Fhaolain, 1852	6. 8 E	1.37	2. 0	11.31	11.55
28	M	Bàs Dheòrsa Bhuchannain, 1582	5.57 L	2.23	2.44	...	0.19
29	C	An Fhéill Mìcheil	6.12 E	3. 5	3.26	0.42	1. 5
30	D	Breith Uilleim Chuimein, 1715	5.52 L	3.47	4. 8	1.28	1.49

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CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

XIX. NORMAN MACLEOD was born after the death of his father, in 1706, and the estates were managed by his guardians until he came of age, when, in addition to the family estates, he succeeded to a fortune, saved during his minority, of about £60,000. In an Account of the Highland Clans, written in 1725, Macleod is described as "a gentleman of the greatest estate of any of our Highland clans," and we are informed, by the same authority, that in Skye, "in which place the most part of his numerous clan reside," there "are a great number of gentlemen of good account" among his followers.

Norman was not infeft in the family estates, as heir to his father and grandfather, until November, 1731, and May, 1732, though he must have come of age five or six years before these dates. In the latter year he contested the County of Inverness for a seat in Parliament against Sir James Grant of Grant, Baronet, and was defeated.

A letter from Norman Macleod to the Laird of Culloden, dated at Dunvegan, on the 19th of December, 1732, shows that a regular correspondence had been going on between the two, and that they were on the most friendly terms. After stating his intention of making Barons who could vote in the pending election, and expressing his contempt "for everyone of our shyre that won't on this occasion exert himself," he proceeds—"I won't repeat what I spoke to you last harvest about getting the Custom

House of Hornwa (Stornoway), brought to Glenelg; but I tell you that, in spite of me, a great deal of brandy is run over this island and neighbourhood, which I assure you vexes me; and to show my good inclination for the quick sale of Ferintosh, procure in the meantime (which I am informed can be got) a warrant from the Commissioners of the Customs to me, and whom I appoint, to seize vessels with contraband goods anywhere about Skye or Glenelg: and I'll warrant you an effectual stop shall be put to that mischievous trade; and without I can do little." The people to be employed by Macleod, he said, would expect the same rewards for any seizures made by them, as were allowed to the regularly appointed commissioned officers of the Excise.

Lord Lovat, writing to Culloden ten days later, says that "Duncan (President Forbes) has directed me how to write my answer to my cousin, Macleod, which (advice) I will follow and send you the letter with a flying seal." Regarding his suit against Mackenzie Fraser of Fraserdale for restitution of the Lovat estates then going on, he says in the same letter, "If my cousin, Macleod, designs to interpose to make use of his interest. I think this is the time." That Lovat thought highly of Macleod appears from a letter addressed by his lordship to Culloden, printed at pp. 129-30 of the Culloden papers, and dated, Edinburgh, 30th of January, 1733, in which he says, "My cousin, the Laird of Macleod, is mighty kind in his letter to me; it is most certainly to you that I owe his good intentions to serve me, and live in great friendship with me; but he desires that nobody but you and your brother should know it; otherwise, that it will put him out of condition to serve me, because of the weakness and jealousies of those he has to do with. Macleod," his lordship continues, "is really a sweet-blooded young fellow, and has good sense and writes prettily. I wish with all my soul that this great affair were ended, that we might live in an affectionate and strict friendship together; since I am the nearest relation he has of his father and mother's kindreds." It would appear that they were not only on friendly terms, but that even thus early the crafty Lord Simon succeeded in corrupting Macleod and inducing him to join his lordship, Lord Grange, Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, and others, in abducting and cruelly treating the unfortunate Lady

Grange. The origin of this inhuman transaction is already well known. The principal instruments in carrying it out were John Macleod, advocate, Edinburgh, one of Norman's relatives, and Macdonald of Morar. The leading facts in connection with this lady's strange and cruel experience in the Western Isles are as follows:—A secret association to promote the interests of the Chevalier existed in Scotland in 1731. Lord Grange, a brother of the Earl of Mar, and who had been made a Lord of Session in 1707, became Lord Justice Clerk in the latter years of Queen Anne's reign, and in 1715 he had aided his brother both by his counsel and his wealth. His house was a frequent rendezvous to the disaffected gentry and nobility; and his wife, who was not privy to the conspiracy, soon became suspicious of so many meetings in her house. With natural curiosity, she resolved to find out the secret of their proceedings, and accomplished her object by hiding herself under a sofa during one of the conferences. She is said to have been warmly attached to the ruling family; while her love to her husband, who had always treated her with great harshness, was neither deep nor cordial. A quarrel—no rare occurrence—took place between herself and Lord Grange, when she threatened to revenge herself upon him by disclosing his traitorous proceedings to the Government. He was too well acquainted with her violence and resolution to doubt that she would fulfil her promise; and, seeing that his own safety and all his friends were at stake, he instantly called them together, to devise a remedy against the danger to which they were now open. It was at once agreed that Lady Grange should be locked up; that a report of her death should be circulated; and that Macleod of Dunvegan and Macdonald of Sleat should be asked to receive her into their territories, and to place her in some remote, secluded spot where she would be no more heard of. The plan was at once carried into execution; a mock funeral took place; and she was by an out-of-the-way and devious route carried off to the West, where she was at first confined in the Castle of Island Tyrim, and afterwards in a small hut on the Macleod estates. Subsequently, when her discovery in Skye was feared, she was sent to the Island of Heiskar, on the west coast of North Uist, the property of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, where she was detained for nearly

two years. From there she was removed to the remote Island of St. Kilda, where she remained for seven years, absolutely unable to hold any communication with the outer world. She was then removed to Assynt, and from there back to Uist, and afterwards to Skye. While here, a second time, according to *The New Statistical Account* for the Parish of Duirinish, from which we take the main facts here given, "She fell on a very ingenious expedient for communicating with her friends. The poor people among whom she lived were accustomed to manufacture their wool into yarn, which they annually sent in large clues to the Inverness market for sale. Lady Grange acquired the art of spinning, and, having possessed herself of writing material, she wrote a letter to one of her relatives, which she secretly enclosed in a clue of her own thread that was sent to the market along with others. The purchaser of the yarn forwarded the letter to its destination." Her friends were filled with indignation, and instantly applied to the Government for her liberation. A Government sloop of war was sent to Skye to search for her. Her persecutors, on hearing this, sent her to the Cave of Idrigill, in Waternish. From here she was again sent to Uist, "the person who had the management of the boat having beside him a rope, with a running noose at one end, and a heavy stone at the other, to fix the noose round the prisoner's neck, and to consign her immediately to the deep, should the sloop of war come in sight during the passage," which was accomplished without such an atrocious murder. She was kept in Uist for some time, and when all danger disappeared from the Government search, she was again brought back to Waternish, on the Macleod estates, for a time immured in the Cave of Idrigill, and afterwards allowed to go at large among the people. By this time her reason gave way, and she roamed about among the natives as an idiot, living on the charity of the people, "until, at length, she was overcome with misery and disease, and closed her chequered life at Idrigill, in Waternish, in the month of May, 1745. She was secretly buried in the Church-yard of Trumpan."* Extraordinary precautions were taken in connection with her funeral. While her remains were thus secretly buried at Trumpan, a public funeral

* Cameron's *History and Traditions of the Isle of Skye.*

took place in the Church-yard of Duirinish of a coffin filled with sods, with great form, and accompanied by the usual crowd of people, specially invited on this occasion, attending interments in the Highlands. The grave itself would never thus, it was thought, bear witness against her cruel and inhuman persecutors, among whom, we fear, it must be recorded that Norman Macleod was one of the chief.

Norman, in 1741, again contested the County of Inverness, with Sir James Grant of Grant, when he defeated his opponent. He represented his native County in Parliament for fourteen years, from 1741 to 1754. He undoubtedly encouraged Prince Charles to come over from France in 1745, though he afterwards, mainly by the influence of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, refused to join him and ultimately fought against him. Miss Macleod of Macleod, Dunvegan Castle, remembers having seen in the Macleod charter chest an interesting correspondence between the Prince and Macleod, in which the latter invited His Royal Highness "to come over several months before he arrived," but the letters have since unfortunately disappeared, and the family knows nothing as to where they have gone to. Keeping this correspondence in mind, it is not surprising that Macleod who was in the confidence of the Prince, should have been able to convey the earliest intelligence of his arrival in the Western Isles to the representatives of the Government. As soon as His Royal Highness landed at Lochnanuagh, he sent young Clanranald, and Allan Macdonald, brother of Kinloch-Moidart, to request Macleod and Macdonald of Sleat to join him with their followers. These messengers found both chiefs at Dunvegan Castle. They refused to join, Macleod excusing himself on the ground that the Prince did not bring along with him the auxiliaries which he led the island chiefs to believe would have accompanied him from France. Norman was not, however, satisfied with his breach of promise and refusal to join the Prince, but he immediately, on the departure of the messengers, sent the following letter, printed in the *Culloden Papers*, to Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Court of Session, which was, as already stated, the first intimation the Government received of the arrival of the Prince in the Highlands:—

My dearest Lord,—To my no small surprise, it is certain that the pretended Prince of Wales is come in the coast of South Uist and Barra, and has since been hovering on parts of the coast of the Mainland that is between the point of Ardnamurchan and Glenelg. He has but one ship of which he is aboard; she mounts about 16 or 18 guns. He has about thirty Irish or French officers with him, and one Sheridan, who is called his governor. The Duke of Athole's brother is the only man of any sort of note (that once belonged to this country) that I can hear of that is along with him. His view, I need not tell you, was, to raise all the Highlands to assist him, etc. Sir Alex. Macdonald and I not only gave no sort of countenance to these people, but we used all the interest we had with our neighbours to follow the same prudent method; and I am persuaded we have done it with such success, that not one man of any consequence north of the Grampians will give any sort of assistance to this mad rebellious attempt. How far you think we acted properly, I shall long to know; but this is certain, we did it as our duty and for the best, for in the present situation of affairs in Europe, I should have been sorry to see anything like disaffection to the Government appear, though even so trivial; or that there was occasion to march a single company to quell it, which now I hope and dare-say there is not.

As it can be of no use to the public to know whence you have this information, it is, I fancy, needless to mention either of us, but this we leave in your own breast, as you are a much better judge of what is or is not proper to be done. I have written to no one else; and as our friendship and confidence in you is without reserve, so we doubt not of your supplying our defects properly. Sir Alex. is here, and has seen this scrawl.—I ever am, most faithfully, yours,

(Signed) NORMAND MACLEOD.

Dunvegan, 3rd August, 1745.

The Lord President, etc.

P.S.—Last night I had the pleasure of yours of the 25th. A thousand thanks for your advice; but I am in good health by the very means you mention, moderate exercise and regularity, without starving. Young Clanranald has been here with us, and has given us all possible assurances of his prudence, etc.

Sir Alexander Macdonald followed this letter by another dated at Tallisker eight days later, on the 11th of August, and in which he refers to the foregoing letter from Macleod, concluding by declaring —"I pledge Macleod in writing for him and myself"—to the Government. On the 19th of the same month the Lord President

answered Sir Alexander's letter, saying that his own and Macleod's conduct gave him "very great satisfaction."

On the 17th of August Macleod wrote to the Lord President another letter, from Sconsar, in which he acknowledges receipt there of the reply from President Forbes to his former letter, while on his way "armless and alone, to prevent his people in Glenelg from being prevailed upon by their neighbours, the Macdonalds of Knoydart, to join the Prince." He then details the number of arms, officers, and men that His Royal Highness has along with him, and intimates that he is to raise his standard at Glenfinnan on the following Monday, "and," Macleod says, "as I am pretty sure of information from thence you shall know it." He knew "from Lord Lovat's forwardness to serve the Government" that he would not join, though he afterwards lost his head for doing so. "Sir Alexa. Macdonald and I," he continues, "can easily raise from 1500 to 2000 men for the King's service if they are wanted; and I am sure we are willing; but then some of our ships would require to land that number of arms here; else 1800 staves, with about 200 guns and swords would make but a foolish figure." Notwithstanding the position taken up by their Chief, many of his men, who were indignant at his conduct, joined the Prince and offered their services, some of their leaders offering to return to Skye and raise as many of the clan as they could. Macleod of Swordland undertook to take the fort of Bernera in Glenelg, and to raise a hundred men, but the influence of the Chief proved too strong for him, and he did not succeed in either undertaking. There is no doubt that Macleod's conduct was at first largely governed by Lord Lovat as well as by Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat. On the 7th of October, 1745, Lovat writes to the Lord President, inclosing "a letter from my dear cousin, and your real friend, the Laird of Macleod," and on the same day the President acknowledges receipt, saying that "both letters breathe what I should expect to meet with from both, stark love and kindness," and using other expressions which go to show that he and Macleod were on very confidential and friendly terms.

After the victory of the Highland army at Prestonpans, the Prince, on the 24th of September, sent Alexander Macleod of Muiravonside to Skye to urge upon Macleod and Sir Alexander

Macdonald to join him, with their clansmen, and that their past conduct would be imputed, not to any disloyalty, but to the private manner in which he came to Scotland, without any of the promised aid in men and money from France. Sir Alexander again unhesitatingly refused to move, but it appears that Macleod wavered under the argumentative eloquence of the solicitations of his relative, and, while on a visit to Lord Lovat, he agreed to meet the Frasers, under the Master of Lovat, at Corryarrick on the 15th of October, at the head of his men. On his return to Skye, he was, however, prevailed upon by Sir Alexander Macdonald to stop at home. It would appear that Macleod was taking lessons in duplicity from old Simon, whose son, the Master, his Lordship craftily resolved, should join the Prince, while the old fox himself should still pretend to be loyal to the Government. It would appear from the following letter that he not only advised Macleod to follow this example, but that young Macleod, at the head of his clansmen, had actually gone as far on his way as Beaufort. Macleod writes to the Lord-President from Dunvegan on the 23rd of October, 1745, a letter, in which he says :—

"By the end of next week Talisker, who has just got a son, will be ready to move, and I will by that time have a body of 300 men, so disposed here that they can move on a day's notice. Sir Alexander has sent to Uist for his Captain, and I am very hopeful he will be ready as soon as Talisker, or very quickly after. The behaviour of my son's men vexes me to the soul; they were entering an outhouse of Lovat's and sent to the Master's rendezvous. Sandy Macleod is still here, waiting to see his uncle from Harris; he has made some attempts to raise rebellion against the knight and me here, but with very bad success."

Only a week before Lovat wrote to the President, intimating that his son marched at the head of his men to join the Prince, and it would have been seen that Macleod was with Lovat on the 15th, two days previously, and that between that date and the 23rd of the same month, young Macleod had reached Lovat's country, on his way to join the "Master's rendezvous" on the march to join the Highland army under Prince Charles. Whether young Macleod joined the Frasers, or what became of himself and his men, we have not been able to ascertain, but they do not appear to have joined the Prince.

(To be continued.)

SMUGGLING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[By John Macdonald, Supervisor.]

(Continued.)

I admit that some are driven to engage in smuggling by dire poverty. Necessity has no law, and constant grinding poverty leads a man to many things of which he cannot approve. "My poverty, and not my will, consents," was the apology of the poor apothecary of Mantua when he sold the poison to Romeo.

> "These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
> Wad move the very heart of stanes,"

pleaded Burns when forced to allow "clarty barm to stain his laurels." Agur prayed to be delivered from poverty, "lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." The hardships and temptations of the abject poor are terrible, and God forbid we should at any time become so unhuman in our dealings with them as to shut up the bowels of our compassion, or forget to temper justice with mercy. I state frankly that the highest sense of duty would hardly sustain me in suppressing the smugglers on the West Coast, unless I had also a strong and deep conviction that if I could dissuade or prevent them from engaging in smuggling, I would be doing them the greatest possible service. When arguing with one of these smugglers, as to the evil and dishonesty of his ways, he replied, "The village merchant has kept my family and self alive for the last twelve months, and would you blame me if I made an effort to pay him something? There is no fishing and no work, and what am I to do?" Here was an appeal to the common feeling of manhood which no one could answer. This year another smuggler, whose wife is physically and mentally weak, and whose children are quite young, said to me in touching tones, "If we are to be hunted like this, either get something for me to do or *cuir an gunna rium*—shoot me." This was bad enough, but I can tell you something that affected me even more. The officers were passing a certain township just as a brewing was in operation.

They noticed movements which aroused their suspicions, but as the evening was growing dark they made no search for the bothy, and walked on as if they had observed nothing. On passing by an old woman with a creel, sitting on a stone, they heard sounds, half sighs, half groans, which were doubtless inarticulate expressions of gratitude and thankfulness that the gaugers had not observed the bothy. Poor, old, deluded woman! Little did she know that the gaugers had quietly taken their bearings and laid their plans. Having given the smugglers time to get into full working order, they returned and destroyed the bothy with its full compliment of brewing utensils and materials. These things grieve me much. However deluded and wrong a man may be, we cannot help respecting a determined effort to make the best of things, if they cannot be altered; and the circumstances of the poor people on the West Coast are not easily changed for the better. Their abject poverty, their enforced idleness during a long inclement winter, the wildness and remoteness of the localities where they reside, are all temptations to engage in anything that may be profitable and exciting. There can be no doubt that smuggling, when successful, is profitable in a pecuniary sense. Barley can be this year bought for 23s. a quarter, from which can be obtained some 14 or 16 gallons of whisky, which can be sold at 18s. or 20s. a gallon. Allowing for all contingencies, payment of carriage, liberal consumption during manufacture, and generous treatment of friends and neighbours, some £8 or £10 can be netted from an outlay of 23s. This is no doubt a great temptation. In addition to the very poor, two other classes engage in smuggling, with whom there can be no sympathy whatever. The ne'er-do-well professional smuggler, who is entirely regardless as to the right or wrong of the illegal traffic, and well-to-do people, who engage in the traffic through sheer wantonness, just for the romance of the thing, on the principle that "stolen waters are sweet." I know a few of both classes. Their conduct is highly reprehensible, and their example most pernicious to their poorer neighbours.

With the smuggler I class the purchaser of the wretched stuff. He aids and abets, becomes a partner in guilt, and is equally tainted. Without a ready market the smuggler's occupation

would be gone, and no small share of the dishonesty attaches to the purchaser. Whoever buys for gain, or to gratify a debased sentiment, is encouraging the smuggler in his lawless ways at the risk of loss and penalty. David would not drink the water brought from the Well of Bethlehem at the risk of his three mighty men's lives, but the drinkers of smuggled whisky are actually draining the moral and physical life-blood of the poor smuggler. Both the legitimate trader and the Revenue suffer by this illegal traffic. The trader has no remedy, but the taxpayer must make up every penny of which the Revenue is defrauded. If the general community would engage in frauds of this kind, the whole country would become demoralised. Integrity and honesty, the very foundation of society, would be sapped, and the whole would collapse into chaos. Something like this on a small scale actually occurs in some of the townships on the West Coast. A few successful runs cause envy and jealousy, and whenever a detection is made some one is blamed for giving information. Mutual confidence and friendliness disappear, and every one distrusts and suspects his neighbour, until the little township becomes a sort of pandemonium. Even families are victims of dissensions. I know a case where father and mother are opposed to a son who engages in smuggling, and two cases where wives disapprove of their husbands engaging in smuggling, but entreaties and warnings are disregarded.

Some six years ago we were hoping such a deplorable state of things was fast passing away, but since the abolition of the Malt Tax in 1880, there has been a marked revival of smuggling in the Highlands. Prior to 1880, the manufacture of malt, which occupied from 14 to 20 days, was illegal except by licensed traders, and during the manufacture the smuggler was liable to detection. Malt can now be made openly, or be bought from brewers, distillers, or malt dealers, so that the illicit distiller is liable to detection only during the four, five, or six days he is engaged in brewing and distilling. This very much facilitates illicit distillation, and increases the difficulty of making detections and arrests. This has doubtlessly been the direct and principal cause of the revival, but it has been indirectly helped by the injudicious and indiscriminate reduction of the Preventive Force in the

Highlands immediately prior to 1880. During some years previously few detections had been made, and, for economical reasons, the staff was reduced, so that in 1880, on the abolition of the Malt Tax, those who engaged in smuggling had it pretty much their own way. The reduction of the Preventive Staff was not only a short-sighted policy, but a serious blunder. The old smugglers were fast dying out, and if the Preventive Force had been kept up, neither they nor younger men would have attempted illicit distillation again. Since 1880 a fresh generation of smugglers has been trained, and time, hard work, and money will be required to suppress the evil. Indeed, in some places it will only die out with the men. The fear of being removed from their holdings has had much influence in limiting illicit distillation, and I very much dread a reaction when security of tenure has been obtained under the Crofters' Act. I feel so strongly on this point that, with all my objection to landlord restrictions, I would gladly have seen a stringent prohibition against smuggling embodied in the Act. We need not look for complete cessation until the material condition of the people is improved. It is to be hoped the day of deliverance is now near at hand. But much can be done in various ways. The hollowness and falsity of the mischievous sentiment which has been fostered round about smuggled whisky, can be exposed. Its necessarily inferior if not deleterious character can be pointed out. All interested in the material, physical, and moral elevation of the Highland people should seriously consider that the habitual evasion of law, whether statute or moral, has an influence so demoralising, so destructive to the best and highest feelings of a man's nature, that smuggling must be utterly ruinous to the character of those who engage in it or connive at it. Teachers, clergymen, and indeed all, can do much to present illicit practices in their true light, and render them unpopular and distasteful. Much can be done by educating the young and giving their thoughts a turn and taste for honest work, and when chance offers, providing them with situations. We could almost afford to let the old smugglers die in their sin, but the influence of their example on the young is simply awful. I very much regret having to state that the Highland clergy, with one exception, are guilty of the grossest neglect and in-

difference in this matter. Like Gallio, they care for none of those things. I understand that smuggglers are formally debarred from the Communion Table in one Highland parish, but this is the extent of clerical interference, and the clergy cannot be held guiltless as regards smuggling. Highlanders have many things laid to their charge which require to be explained and justified. The Gaelic Society has among its objects the vindication of the character of the Gaelic people, and the futherance of their interests, and I make no apology for appealing to them individually and collectively to use their influence and efforts to free the Highland people from the stigma of lawlessness and dishonesty, and from the inevitable demoralisation which are inseparable from illicit distillation, *alias* smuggling.

Dingwall. JOHN MACDONALD.

THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS—THEIR SOCIAL AND LITERARY HISTORY—1775-1832.

[BY PROVOST MACANDREW.]

(Continued.)

ON the subject of the literature of the Highlands my remarks must be brief, and in the aspect in which I look at it the subject is not extensive. If I claimed as Highland literature the writings of all men of Highland descent it would be necessary to review the literature of Europe from the times of George Buchanan—if not from the earlier time of the wandering Scottish and Irish monks and missionaries of the sixth and seventh centuries—to the times of Sir James Mackintosh and of Macaulay. But those earlier scholars wrote in Latin and the later writers in English, and while their genius was no doubt inspired by their Celtic blood, their literature was the outcome of a foreign culture. To come lower, I might claim such writers as actually lived and wrote in the Highlands, and among these would be, first, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, whose letters from the mountains are redolent of the dis-

trict from which they are issued, and bear in every line the impress of Highland instruction, and the most charming prose idyll in the language, and give a picture of a Highland home and its surroundings, its inmates and neighbours, their joys and sorrows, which show that in the upper district of Badenoch in the latter end of last century life passed with more peace, and joy, and real happiness than, I fear, is common in any part of the Highlands now. And second would be the Baroness Nairne, with her touching domestic history, and her singular temperament, which made her, the child of an ultra-Jacobite family, brought up under the influence of her grandfather, who had been out in the Forty-five, an Episcopalian and the writer of the Laird of Cockpen, shun the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, although she lived in Edinburgh for many years during the time of his fame, because he had, as she thought, cast ridicule on the Covenanters, and in her later days, although she still remained an Episcopalian, to live in close intimacy with the last Duchess of Gordon and the leaders of the Disruption. But these, Highland as they were, wrote in English, and their writings never were current among the body of the Highland people.

In the short space at my disposal, I prefer, therefore, to glance at what really was the popular literature of the Highlands during the time of which we are treating, and which necessarily, therefore, was written in Gaelic.

In very early times the Gaelic was a literary language, that is to say, it was used by learned and cultivated men, as the vehicle of the expression of their thoughts and feelings on all subjects, and in Ireland it continued to be so used until comparatively late times; but in recent times, and particularly during the period of which I am speaking, it cannot, in this sense, be said to have been so in Scotland. There have been many learned men who knew Gaelic, and many learned Gaelic scholars, but there has been no class of learned or literary men who used the language for all literary purposes. Such original compositions as we have are all poetical and mostly lyrical. Of Gaelic poets during the period of which I am writing, there have been a fair array, and their songs and poems are very beautiful, but they all belong to that earlier stage of literature when the song or poem is the result of natural

poetical feeling and genius, and not the result of literary culture, and this is evidenced by the circumstance that some of the best poets of this time could not write—such, for instance, are Duncan Ban Macintyre and Rob Donn Mackay—and that the poetry circulated more by oral repetition from mouth to mouth than by printed books. Some of the later Gaelic poets were, no doubt, educated and cultivated men, as were the bards of the older time, but it was only such of their compositions as caught the popular ear, and were learned and repeated, that really circulated among the people, and the literature of this time may be classed along with that older literature which really formed the intellectual food of the Highland people as oral and traditional. And this brings us to that older literature, and to the circumstances which led to its discovery, so to speak, to the learned world, and to the preservation of such of it as we now have.

Obviously no account of the literature of the Highlands during this period would be complete without some notice of the Ossianic controversy and of its results. The poems attributed to Ossian came to light, and the controversy originated from what appears a very simple and natural incident.

In the autumn of 1759, John Home, the author of "Douglas," was residing at Moffat. He had heard from Adam Ferguson, the predecessor of Dugald Stewart in the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, a native of Perthshire—and who had a sufficient knowledge of Gaelic to have been in his youth ordained to the ministry earlier than was usual, in order that he might act as chaplain to the 42nd Regiment—that there were in the Highlands remains of ancient poetry in the Gaelic language. Mr. Home had long been on the look-out for some of these, or some person who could give an account of them. At Moffat he met a young man, named James Macpherson, who was then residing there in the capacity of tutor to young Graham of Balgowan. Mr. Home found Macpherson to be intelligent and a good classical scholar, and, on questioning, he found that he had in his possession several pieces of ancient Gaelic poetry. Mr. Macpherson was persuaded to translate one of these—a poem on the death of Oscar. Mr. Home was so much pleased with this that he persuaded Macpherson to translate more. These were shown to Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk, who paid Home a

visit at Moffat, and they both agreed that here was a precious discovery, and that it ought to be published to the world. Mr. Home carried these pieces to Edinburgh, and showed them to Dr. Blair—then the great arbiter of literary merit in Scotland—to Adam Ferguson, Dr. Robertson, and Lord Elibank, who were no less pleased with them than Home and Carlyle had been, and the result was that Macpherson was persuaded to publish a volume of "Fragments of Antient Poetry Collected in the Highlands," to which Dr. Blair wrote an introduction. This volume attracted universal attention, and as Macpherson had stated that there was much more of such poetry in existence in the Highlands, he was with some difficulty persuaded to undertake the collection of it, and a subscription was raised in Edinburgh to defray the expense of a journey by him over the Highlands and Islands for this purpose. Macpherson accordingly, in the summer and autumn of 1760, did journey through the Highlands and Islands collecting such manuscripts as could be got, and taking down from oral recitation such poems as could be repeated by persons with whom he came in contact. On his return he resided some months in Badenoch, his native county, in the house of Mr. Gallie, the clergyman there, and occupied himself in translating the manuscripts he had collected and the poems which he had taken down from recitation. He afterwards came to Edinburgh, where he resided for some time under the roof of Dr. Blair, and continued his work under his eye and under the eye of Dr. Ferguson and others; and ultimately he went to London, and in 1762 published Fingal, an Epic in six books, and in the following year Temora and other poems. These poems were represented by Macpherson to be the genuine works of Ossian, the son of Finn or Fingal, a poet and warrior, said to have lived and composed and sung or recited them in the third century, and to have been contemporary with the Roman Emperor Caracalla; to have been found by him in the Highlands; and translated by him from the original Gaelic into the English which was given to the world. Here was certainly a startling announcement, and it soon attracted the attention of literary men all over the world. That fragments of ancient poetry in the Gaelic language existed in the Highlands was readily admitted, but the announcement

that Epic poems, such as Fingal and Temora, were composed among a people so rude and barbarous as the Caledonians were supposed to have been at the time of the Roman occupation of Britain, and preserved among a rude and unlettered people for 1400 years, was not readily to be accepted by the learned world. On the contrary, it was rudely assailed, and a controversy arose which raged throughout the whole period of which we are treating, and, indeed, still continues, as to the authenticity of these poems, and as to the part which Macpherson had in their composition. As a rule, Scotsmen have taken one side, and many of them have maintained, and still maintain, that these are the genuine works of Ossian, and that Macpherson did no more than collect the scattered fragments and unite them again in their original form; on the other hand, it was maintained that Macpherson found no more in the Highlands than the names and some of the stories; that the poems were his own composition, and that his putting them forth as the works of Ossian was an impudent literary forgery. On the English side, so to speak, in the earlier days of the controversy the most prominent man was Dr. Johnson. It is supposed that he was induced to take his famous journey to the Hebrides in order to enquire into the authenticity of Ossian, and into the truth of the existence of second sight; and General Macleod says that, while he evidently did not desire to be convinced about Ossian, he was very anxious to be convinced on the subject of second sight. On one occasion he was asked whether he thought any living man could have written the poems which Macpherson published, and replied, "Yes, sir; many men, many women, and many children." And in answer to Boswell, who made some remark about its being wrong of Macpherson to publish an Epic in six books, if he had not found it in that state, he said, "Yes, sir; and to ascribe it to a time, too, when the Highlands knew nothing of books or of six, or, perhaps, even got the length of counting six." When, in the journal of his tour, he expressed his entire disbelief in the authenticity of the poems, Macpherson sent him a challenge, to which he sent the following famous reply:—

"Mr. James Macpherson,—I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to

repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I never shall be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian. What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy; your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will. "SAM. JOHNSON."

The controversy, in fact, has created a literature in itself; but it would be impossible to give any account of this literature here. As is usual in controversy, both sides went farther than was justifiable, and I think most persons who have considered the question calmly are now satisfied that Ossian, who is represented as contemporary with Cuchullin in the first century, as fighting with the Romans in the third, and as disputing with St. Patrick in the fifth, cannot be accepted as an historical personage, but that a great deal of poetry attributed to him was current in the Highlands from the earliest time, and that either by Macpherson or by some predecessor, whose work he found, the poems were, some time after the Reformation, put into the present form. The part which Macpherson or the previous compiler had in the work will now never be accurately known, and it can hardly be doubted that Macpherson wilfully mystified the subject, for he undoubtedly procured several Gaelic manuscripts of ancient date, which were seen by various people, and represented by him to contain the poems he was translating, which were not found after his death, and have disappeared. This, at all events, is clear, that either by Macpherson or some one else, these poems were either collected or composed, and that they are Gaelic poems of great genius and of a very high order of poetry.

Apart from their own merit or authenticity, the publication of the poems did this service, that it caused inquiry to be made for any genuine remains of ancient poetry which might exist in the Highlands. Dr. Blair made inquiries at all clergymen of his acquaintance, and later, in 1800, the Highland Society, which did not then confine its operations entirely to agriculture and stock-raising, circulated inquiries all over the Highlands, and the evidence collected

by both was published, along with an elaborate report by Henry Mackenzie, author of the Man of Feeling, in 1805. In this way, and by the efforts of private collectors, and the discovery of old manuscripts, especially that of the Dean of Lismore, written about 1530, it has been established that there existed in the Highlands a great quantity, both oral and written, of ancient songs and poems, much of which was attributed to the blind bard, Ossian, and his brother, Fergus, and much of this has been collected and preserved. But not only was it established that the poetry existed, but what is more important, that it was the common property of the people, and that in the castle of the Chief, the house of the tacksman, and the bothy of the clansman and retainer, the common amusement of the winter evenings was the repetition of these poems by bards and others. Here, then, we have another great branch of the popular literature of the Highland people, but there was yet a third.

The whole literature of a people can hardly be poetical or heroical, and accordingly we find that concurrently with this heroic poetry a literature of prose tales and legends. These did not attract attention so early as the poetry, but in recent years Mr. Campbell of Islay set himself diligently to collect what remained of them ; and what he has done makes us regret that the persons appealed to by Dr. Blair and the Highland Society did not adopt his method. He was not content with general statements that such and such persons could repeat so many stories, as many of these persons could, but he set himself, and got able and competent assistants to set themselves to search out the persons who could tell any of these stories, and to write them down in Gaelic as they were repeated. The stories which he thus collected he has given to the world in four volumes, published in 1860 and 1862. Many of these stories relate to the Feinne, and many of them are Highland editions of fairy tales and legends, which are the common property of the Aryan race. But what is interesting to us with reference to the subject I am at present treating of is, that they also formed part of the living popular literature of the Highland people of all classes, at the beginning and during a great part of the period of which we are treating, and in odd corners of the remote islands they may still to some extent exist.

Here, then, is a very considerable literature entering into the life of the people, constituting their intellectual food, and giving the materials from which they formed their ideals of manhood and of womanhood. It is interesting therefore to consider its character. And first among its characteristics and as regards all the really ancient literature, all that is attributed to Ossian and his contemporaries and the tales, I would place its crystal purity and delicacy of thought and feeling and expression. This, especially when it is contrasted with the frequent and sometimes very gross courseness of the later poets, is very striking and very pleasing. Next I would place the high and chivalrous tone of feeling and expression, and the high ideal of manhood and of womanhood, which is given in the heroes and heroines, in Finn, and Oscar, and Gaul, and Diarmid, and all the other heroes; in Deirdre, Darthula, Agandecca, Everallin, and other heroines. The hero is of course a warrior, and first of virtues is martial prowess and courage; but he is no mere fighter, he is not only great of stature and brave of heart, but he is also courteous, generous, just, truthful, honourable, gentle to women, and faithful in love. The heroine is beautiful, but she is more, she is gentle, loving, devoted. I doubt if in any literature there has been developed a higher ideal of either manhood or womanhood than we find here. I will give one example, in the shape of a few extracts from a poem about Fingal, preserved by Dean Macgregor and translated by the late Mr. Thomas Maclauchlan, and I may premise that the translation is literal and line for line, so that it is as poetry seen under every possible disadvantage.

Generous, just,
Despised a lie;
Of vigorous deeds;
First in song.
A righteous judge—
Firm his rule,
Polished his mien.
Who knew but victory;
Who is like him
In fight or song?
Resists the foe
In house or field.
Marble his skin,
The rose his cheek,
Blue was his eye,
His hair like gold—
All men's trust.
Of noble mind,
Of ready deeds;
To women mild;
A giant he:
The fields delight.

Three hundred battles
He bravely fought.
With miser's mind,
From none withheld;
Anything false
His lips ne'er spoke;
He never grudged,
No, never, Finn.

A noble house
Was that of Finn;
No grudge, nor boast,
Babbling, nor sham—
No man despised
Among the Feinn.

Such, then, was the great body of the oral literature on which the minds of our forefathers were fed, and I think we find it reflected in the national character. The noble, manly, and courteous bearing, the devotion to chief and clan, and king and country, or whatever was looked to as higher or deserving of devotion; the chivalrous fidelity to an exiled line of kings, and to a fugitive and hunted prince, the marked courage which all down the course of history have distinguished the race, are surely what might have been expected from those who, in infancy, were lulled to sleep by the plaintive wailing of Deirdre for her beloved Albyn, and whose youth and manhood were fired by songs of the daring, and prowess, and chivalry, and courtesy, of the high-souled heroes of the Feinne.

But, alas! within the time of which we are now speaking, all this literature has disappeared as a living influence among the people. The schoolmaster has taught another language, the clergy, from the time of the Reformation, and for reasons which are not easy to discern, persistently discouraged the native literature, and it has fled to the library-shelves of the well-to-do and the educated, or to the very remotest corners of the Outer Hebrides. The bard and the story-teller are no longer welcome guests at the winter fireside; the charm which their recitations gave to life is gone, and the old ideals no longer exist. This is an enormous loss to any people, and we should see to it that the want which has been left is supplied with something equally good and noble, and that the grand old national type is not degraded by the Highlander having no higher ideal than himself, and no higher aspiration than to supply his material wants.

H. C. MACANDREW.

THE CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

REPLY BY PROVOST MACANDREW TO FATHER CHISHOLM.

AFTER a long silence, Father Chisholm has returned to this subject, and with an amount of heat which has induced him to withdraw from the calm consideration of an historical subject, and to introduce personalities into the controversy. For instance, he characterises me as a man who cannot see the difference between matters of faith and matters of discipline, as one who evolves historical facts out of his own imagination, and as one who has not read the authorities which he quotes. Nothing is to be gained by personalities, however, and I pass these matters over, merely remarking that the subjects we are discussing are 1200 years old, and that I, at least, am interested in them from an historical, and not from an ecclesiastically polemical point of view.

Farther, however, Father Chisholm's heat has prevented him from stating fairly the point in dispute between us. He says that my contention and proof reduced to a syllogism is this—"The Columban Church was ruled by an Abbot, who was not necessarily a Bishop. But this alone is sufficient to constitute her a Church entirely different from any other Church before or after. Therefore, she was entirely different from the Church of Rome." I will not stop to discuss the logical perfection of the syllogism which Father Chisholm has evolved out of my papers, but your readers who have read the previous papers may be surprised to learn that it entirely mis-states my case. In my first paper, which was published in your numbers for January and February last, and which, to my surprise, provoked contradiction from Fathers Hunter and Chisholm, all I directly stated was that the Columban Church was "a monastic tribal Church, not subject to the jurisdiction of Bishops." In my reply to Father Chisholm's first paper, published in your number for June last, I said that in my original paper it was certainly implied that the Columban Church was "a separate and distinct Church, and that

it was not subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, or of the Church over which he presided." To these two propositions I distinctly confined myself, and in proof of the separateness and distinctness of the Church, as apart from the question of jurisdiction, I adduced and founded on—not the one fact of the Church being governed by an Abbot—but the following four facts (1), that the Columban Church grew up and developed in isolation from the Church of Rome for a hundred years; (2), that it developed and perfected a distinct form of ecclesiastical polity and organisation; (3), that it felt that it had, and exercised a separate mission; and (4), that it had peculiar customs and observances. These four points are most distinctly stated in my paper, and it is not fair of Father Chisholm to represent me as relying entirely on one of them. Whether these distinctions are sufficient, apart from the question of jurisdiction, to show that the Church was a distinct and separate one may be a question, but they are sufficient at least to mark it off and distinguish it.

My second proposition is that the Columban Church did not acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome or the Church over which he presided. This, perhaps, is the essential question, and to this the greater part of my last paper was devoted. Father Chisholm dwells on the question of "faith," and he would appear to hold that a difference in some essential matter of faith is necessary to constitute a distinct Church. In that view and in a sense it may be said there is only one Christian Church. I speak, however, of a Church in the ordinary sense of an ecclesiastical organisation with a central authority possessing jurisdictions over its members in matters of faith and discipline. There is no difference in faith between the Free Church and the Established Church of Scotland, nor is there a difference in their ecclesiastical polity, and yet they are separate and distinct Churches. So are the Episcopal Churches of England and Scotland. The two latter are in the closest union, and yet the one has no jurisdiction or authority over the other, and either might of its own authority adopt a new creed or abolish an old one without reference to the other; yet the Church of Scotland acknowledges the Church of England as the Mother Church, as does also the Episcopal Church of the United States. On the

other hand, the Episcopal Churches of the Colonies are not separate Churches, but branches of the Church of England.

In my last paper I instanced seven cases in which the ecclesiastics of the Scottish, Irish, and British (Welsh) Churches refused to acknowledge the authority of Rome, and it seems to me that they are all directly to the point and conclusive. It is true that the test question was generally about the observance of Easter. Father Chisholm says this was a small matter, was not a matter of faith, that the Celtic mode of computation came originally from Rome, and so forth. I have throughout admitted that this matter was in itself of no importance. If Father Chisholm will read my first paper he will see that I was well aware that the Celtic mode of computing Easter came originally from Rome, and I will go farther and admit (and it is admitting a great deal) that a more wretchedly insignificant question never gave rise to a wrangle between ecclesiastics. But the point is that at the time both parties looked on conformity on this point as vital, and made it a test question. The Roman method of calculating Easter was made matter of decree of a council of the Roman Church; Augustine declared the adoption of it essential to Catholic unity, and Ceolfrid and Cummain place it on a level with the vital and essential doctrines of Christianity, the latter declaring that those who blamed the Roman practice were worthy of excommunication. The practice was, therefore, attempted to be enforced on the Celtic Church with all the authority of Rome, and yet the Celtic Church did not submit. Rather than do so, the Celtic ecclesiastics gave up houses and land, and honour and power, and retired into their own country, there to retain their ecclesiastical independence, until ultimately, under Nectan, they forsook even country, rather than submit to Rome. If this proves submission to the jurisdiction and authority of Rome, then, Father Chisholm is right.

Father Chisholm has only dealt with two of the instances from Bede which I adduced, and both these he has misrepresented. He gives a most curious paraphrase, not to say parody, of the account which Bede gives of the meeting of Augustine with the Welsh Bishops, and he appears to say that neither the question of Catholic Unity nor the question of jurisdiction were involved.

As to the question of Catholic Unity, I will return to it again; but as to the question of jurisdiction, the confusion of Father Chisholm is somewhat amusing. He narrates certain superstitious tests to which the British Bishops subjected Augustine to ascertain whether he came to them with authority from God, or was a man of God. He did not come up to the test, and they refused to conform to the Roman customs or "to acknowledge him as their Archbishop," Father Chisholm asks triumphantly, "Does this prove that they did not acknowledge the authority of Rome?" and he answers, "Surely not." But if Father Chisholm will go a little further back he will find that Augustine had the Pall from Rome—the acknowledged mark of authority—and had also letters from the Pope expressly giving him authority over all the priests and Bishops in Britain. Now, if the British Bishops acknowledged the authority of Rome; nothing more would have been necessary. The British Bishops, however, made no account of the Pallium, or of the Pope's letters, but they wanted evidence that Augustine had a mission from God before they acknowledged him as their Archbishop. Nothing could more clearly prove that the authority or jurisdiction of Rome was not acknowledged in the Welsh Church, and it is not disputed that the Welsh Church was *in pari casu* with the Columban. Father Chisholm takes exception to my saying that Augustine doomed the British Bishops to destruction when they refused to submit, and says that he only prophesied that evil would befal them. What Bede says is, "To whom the man of God Augustine, is said, in a threatening manner, to have foretold that in case they would not join in unity with their brethren, they should be warred upon by their enemies; and, if they would not preach the way of life to the English nation, they should at their hands undergo the vengeance of death." Whether prophesying death in a threatening manner is dooming to destruction or not, I leave to the judgment of your readers.

The other case with which Father Chisholm deals is that of the celebrated controversy before King Oswy, in which Colman, the Columban Bishop of Lindisfarn, and Wilfrid, the Saxon Priest, were the chief speakers. Here again Father Chisholm paraphrases Bede. He says that the object of the assembly of

nobles and ecclesiastics, to discuss the question of the due observance of Easter, was merely to settle a dispute in Oswy's family, he himself being an observer of the Scottish and his wife of the Roman custom, that Wilfrid was only a priest and Colman a bishop, and that there could not therefore be a demand for submission on his part. All this is quite inaccurate, and in what he says Father Chisholm is following the rhetoric of Montalambert and not the sober narrative of Bede. The immediate cause of the Synod at Whitty, according to Bede, was the presence in Northumbria of Agilbert, Bishop of the West Saxons, and several other ecclesiastics of the Roman Church or party, and the object of the meeting or Synod, according to King Oswy's speech, was "to enquire which was the truest tradition, that the same might be followed by all." Wilfrid was no doubt only a priest at that time, but he spoke merely as the spokesman of Bishop Agilbert, and because, as Agilbert said, "he can better explain our opinion in the English language than I can by an interpreter." Wilfrid was therefore the spokesman of a bishop and of the Roman Party, and the result of the conference was, according to Bede, that the whole Northumbrian nation adopted the Roman mode of computation. It is true that Colman admitted that the words of our Lord, "Thou art Peter, &c.," were spoken to the Apostle Peter, and he does not appear to have disputed that the Bishop of Rome was the descendant, and had the power of Peter; but he certainly did not admit that therefore he, Colman, or his Church were bound to obey the directions of the Bishop of Rome even in the matter of keeping Easter. He refused to admit it, and rather than do so he gave up his bishoprick and his monastery, and returned to Iona, preceiving, as Bede says, "that his doctrine was rejected and his *sect* despised." Again I say that all this proves, if anything can, that the Columban Church did not acknowledge the authority or jurisdiction of Rome.

Father Chisholm concludes with a challenge. He reverts again to Wilfrid's appearance at the Council at Rome, under Pope Agatho, and treats what occurred there as contemporary evidence that the Columban, Irish, and British Churches were in Catholic unity with the Church of Rome; and he challenges me

to produce a similar piece of contemporary evidence that the Churches were not in Catholic unity. I accept the challenge; but first it is well to examine what really occurred at this Council. Bede says that the Pope assembled a Synod of one hundred and twenty-five Bishops "against those that taught there was only one will and operation in our Lord and Saviour." The Council was assembled, therefore, to denounce a particular heresy. Wilfrid was then in Rome appealing against his expulsion from his diocese by his own Metropolitan. He was summoned to the Council, and, being asked "to declare his own faith and the province or island from whence he came; and they being found orthodox in the faith," it was found fit to record the same, and the record is that Wilfrid being seated in the Synod with one hundred and twenty-five other Bishops, "made confession of the true and Catholic faith, and subscribed the same in the name of the Northern part of Britain and Ireland, inhabited by the English and Britains, as also by the Scots and Picts." Now, it may be—in fact, it is the proper and natural inference—that Wilfrid or the Synod used the expression, true Catholic faith, only with reference to the particular doctrine which was under discussion by the Council; at any rate, it is not apparent that the expression was meant to indicate that the Churches were in Catholic unity on all points which both looked on as essential; and my statement that it is not possible to say in what sense the words true Catholic Faith were used is not so absurd as Father Chisholm would wish to make it appear. If Wilfrid meant to declare that the Churches were in "Catholic unity" in the sense of acknowledging in common the authority and jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, and agreeing on all points which they considered essential, he declared what was not true. And now for my contemporary authority in answer to the challenge.

I take it for granted that, as Bede is the authority for the account of Wilfrid's appearance at Argatho's Synod or Council, Bede will be accepted as contemporary authority: (1), Going back to Augustine and the Welsh Bishops, Bede says that Augustine began by brotherly admonition to persuade them "that preserving Catholic unity with him they should undertake the common labour of preaching the Gospel to the Gentiles. For they did

not keep Easter Sunday at the proper time, but from the fourteenth to the twentieth moon, which computation is contained in a revolution of eighty-four years. Besides, they did several other things which were against the *unity* of the Church; (2), I refer again to the statement of Laurentius, that the Irish Bishop Dagan refused to eat even in the same house in which he and his clergy were entertained; to the declaration of Ceolfrid that nonconformity on the subject of Easter was equivalent to believing that there could be salvation without Christ; to the declaration of Seginus that nonconformity on tne Easter question deserved excommunication; and to the expulsion of the Scottish monks from Ripon by Wilfrid; to the expulsion of Colman from his Bishoprick and Monastery; and to the expulsion of the Columban clergy from his kingdom by Nectan, for all which I have already given references to Bede; and, lastly, take this passage from Bede referring to the Easter controversy. "Whereupon this dispute began naturally to influence the thoughts and hearts of many, who feared, lest having received the name of Christians, they might happen to run or to have run in vain." That is, they feared that if they were wrong on this question they might be lost.

If necessary, I could give many other quotations from Bede, showing that the clergy of the Roman Church in Britain considered conformity as to the question of Easter essential to Catholic unity, but the above will surely suffice. It is not disputed that the Columban Church did not conform; and, therefore, the contemporary evidence that the Churches were not in unity is complete.

I would point out, however, in conclusion, that two Churches may be in unity and still be separate and distinct Churches in the sense for which I contend, as, for instance, the English and Scottish Episcopal Churches, to which I have already referred.

H. C. MACANDREW.

GLASGOW STUDENTS.

I.

WHY did I go to college? Upon my word I hardly know. I loved books with a whole-souled and passionate devotion, but I also loved to read them under the greenwood tree or by the blazing winter fire, and I preferred that they should be written, not in a tongue to be learned from professors, but in that which I had learned, with no perceptible toil and trouble, at my mother's apron strings. My ideal of life was and is a cottage in some sunny land, where the soil is easy to be wooed and won to yield her harvests, and which is not too far distant from civilisation to prevent me from getting a parcel of books and papers at least once a week. That, with a wife who would accept my verses as poetry, reverence my idleness as philosophy, and who would prefer an old bonnet to a new, make up the life I would have led, had the choice been my own. For really when one has only a paltry three score and ten years to act that tedious, farcical tragedy called "life," it becomes a question whether he should not go through it as cannily as he may. Had one, now, a thousand or so years to put in, the case might be altered, but thank goodness one has not. Therefore, it was by no means my own inclination that took me to Glasgow University, but that very common-place agent in human affairs called "the force of circumstances." But whatever took me, I remained there for six half years, in which I was supposed to study "Arts," and in which I passed an existence so happy that if all the years of my life were to be as fortunate as these, I should not object to have my life indefinitely prolonged. Some of my observations of life and things during these years I am going to set down here, and, my reader, if you are the man of sense and judgment that I believe you to be, you are going to read them.

The October days had been full of that sad and solemn beauty which more belongs to Scotland, I believe, than to any other land. It would seem as if the summer sun and this wintry land were loathe to part. Soon, very soon, the wild waters will rage

around, the winds will hold fierce riot among the hills, the gentle streams will swell with the torrent fury, or will lie bound in iron frosts. Therefore the country, as if touched by the spirit of those who dwell upon it, seems to look behind and before—to the gloomy winter that is coming, and to the radiant summer that is past—and to pause awhile in gentle melancholy like one going forth from his father's home, he knows not where or to what. On such a fair, sad day was it that the railway train ran shrieking through the gleaming atmosphere and bore me to Glasgow. By-and-bye the clear air thickened, the sweet sun grew dim, and I was in that wonderful city of the North. At that time all I knew of Glasgow was the road from one station to another. And as I stood alone on that autumn day, not knowing in which direction to turn, and being too shy to ask, as I looked upon the lofty buildings seeming grey and grim in the afternoon, and as I beheld the quickly hastening crowds all as intent upon business as if the world were to end to-morrow, and they had only to-day left to settle their affairs, it seemed to me as if Glasgow were a huge vanity fair, in which all the vanities had grown hard and cold. Afterwards, I thought that Glasgow is a very fair type of the character of its people. At first, except you are a visitor with a very great name or a very great purse, Glasgow people seem a grim and dismal race. There is a hardness and an angularity, a fixity and a sternness about the character, both of the city and the citizens, that does not invite affection. You feel as if you would only be a Glasgow citizen upon compulsion. By-and-bye you find that they are not frozen to the bottom. Then you discover that under the apparent ice are the deepest wells of true and honest feeling. And at last you come to think that nowhere beat more warm hearts under more rugged exteriors.

But to a lad, standing at the gateway of a railway station, having a list of lodging-houses in his pocket, situated in streets as unfamiliar to him as the wilds of Africa, and having the very faintest idea of the four points of the compass, Glasgow did not seem a paradise. Had I been English born and bred, I would at once have gone to an hotel, eaten a hearty dinner, passed a merry evening at the theatre, and next day would have set about my search in a four-wheeled cab. But I was only a raw and rustic

Scottish boy, with the idea firmly fixed in my mind that a penny saved was a penny gained. A University training had not yet taught me better. Therefore, having discovered which side of Glasgow was the west side, I got into a car and arrived at last in the neighbourhood of the College. I will confess that the first sight of that noble seat of learning upon Gilmorehill stirred me to enthusiasm. I almost ran up the steep incline that leads to it from the road between Glasgow and Partick. It is a building grand but not stern, stately but with no haughty pretension. Placed upon a hill-top, it looks upon its surroundings, mean and magnificent alike, with the air of one too strong to fear rivalry, too magnanimous to provoke it. On one side lies a noble park, with the classic but dirty Kelvin flowing between, and beyond, on a somewhat remote hill, the houses of the Glasgow rich; on the other side, and very near is that great building of mercy, the Western Infirmary. Behind is a road at that time occupied by old-fashioned mansions and their gardens; in front were gaunt houses, the second ugliest church in Glasgow, unbuilded lots, a region of glare and dirt, and cheap advertisements, but happily separated from the College by the green grass of the sloping hill. A moment you stand viewing Glasgow and thinking of its toil, its sin, its sorrow; the next you are in quiet courts and in atmosphere of learned calm, where you might think yourself gone altogether out of the world of unquiet things into some dim and noiseless region where there are only thoughts. "Here," I said to myself, "is a spiritual manufactory, and what it manufactures is power. To this place come youths wishing to know how they may mould and change the face of nature, and men the minds of their fellows. In this place processes are shaping human souls, and they in their turn will shape the century. How happy am I to have come hither. For three guineas I shall learn logic, and that will teach me how to dissever truth from error. At the same moderate price I shall be taught philosophy, and then I shall be quite certain that I am I and nobody else. Three guineas will unlock for me the palaces of Greece, and other three the fortresses of Rome. For sixty-three shillings, paid in advance, I shall be shown how to become an orator like Burke, and a writer like Ruskin. For these few coins, too, I shall be taught the mathematics, and thus

I will be able to measure the church spire without climbing to the top of it with a string. In this sacred spot I may learn law, which is the art of breaking hearts, physic, which is the art of tormenting bodies, and divinity, which is the art of showing how difficult the simplest truths may be made if you only look at them in the proper manner." What wonderful wishes of ambition opened before my eyes, great things done, applauding nations, even to a funeral cortegé half-a-mile long, a funeral sermon filling two volumes, and a funeral editorial filling one—all for the small sum of three guineas. But without the three guineas you may by no means attain to these worthy things. And so, having looked carefully around to see that no one observed me, I took off my hat and said, "Now, I know that there is one thing the most powerful upon earth that doth rule all men and all mothers, that is omnipotent in the State and in the Church, that is supreme in the bustling market, and that here also in these quiet courts of learning is lord and master. Thou buyest all material things, thou buyest even love, and so thou buyest also learning. Monarch of monarchs! All hail to thee, King Cain."

Moral reflections are—as we philosophers know—extremely conducive to an appetite for beef and pudding. Accordingly, I was led to forsake this train of ideas, and to leave the halls of the muses in search of an eating-shop. The dinner was very good—as a warning of all a dinner should not be. But, in truth, had stewed paving stones and roasted fire-irons been served up to me I would hardly have minded, for the idea had come down upon me, with dismal force, that I had not yet found a lodging. I am not going to describe my search for a place of abode. The subject is too horrible. I had a list of landlords all highly recommended—heaven forgive those who recommended them. I had come up rather late in the season, and all the lodgings that were *not* recommended, that is to say, all the good lodgings, were occupied. When Glasgow sets herself to do a thing she does it thoroughly, and she has produced one class of female lodging-keepers that I would with calm certainty back against the same number of friends—not necessarily the worst friends, but friends of an ordinary quality. Into the hands of some of these one or more of my friends afterwards fell, and these added a new clause

to their prayers, "From the devil and all landladies good Lord deliver us." After having visited about a dozen of these lodging-houses, with no other effect than to enlarge my conception of how degraded female humanity could be when it tried hard enough, I was considering what to do, when a smart young workman passed me, looked at me hard, and asked me if there was any place for which I was searching. I must have appeared very bewildered. At once I recollected all the counsels that had been given to me by cautious and attached friends against trusting in any civily-spoken townsman. Thanks to our comic novelists, not a country bumpkin ever now comes into the city without believing that every citizen who speaks to him a kind word means to steal his purse and to cut his throat. But I was in that state of demoralisation which only those who spend a few hours in lodging-hunting can ever in the least conceive. So when this young man—whom I afterwards discovered to be a street-preacher, and as honest a fellow as ever broke bread—spoke to me I at once told him frankly that I was looking for a lodging. Upon this, after considering for a while, he replied that he thought he knew of one to suit me not very far off. I at once went with him, and, turning into a very new street, he stopped at a house which looked over much open ground of grass park with trees, and having led me up a stair, knocked at a door. As soon as the door was open, I knew from the happy, cheerful face of the landlady that if the lodging suited me at all, there I would stay. It did suit me. The rooms were large and airy, the outlook excellent, the cookery perfection, my landlady as cheerful as a bird, my landlord a handsome, manly, civil, sensible fellow, who had a way of thinking for himself, and what suited me most of all was the rent, which was only ten shillings a week.

Very much can be said against the system that every year turns loose upon Glasgow hundreds of young lads, untaught in the world's ways, knowing vice only by name, inclined by all early teaching to innocence, and yet full of wild and craving desires they hardly know for what, leading them they deem not where. They go to lodge in the houses of people who may be the very worst of their kind. Absolute and uncontrolled liberty to a young lad of sixteen or seventeen years, having for the first

time in his life the free control of money is, in cities like Glasgow and Edinburgh, absolutely prenicious. True, by far the greater part come out of the trial strengthened and abler for the world's war and work, but still a minority are lost. And even those who escape do not escape untainted. There are many clergymen, even learned and pious men, who look back upon their student days with horror and disgust, and who never think of them without a bitter pang in the heart and a burning blush in the cheek. The practical philanthropist who erects large and commodious boarding houses for our Scottish colleges will perform a noble work. But this must be built not to please himself but to suit his clients. We all regard the Scottish student as poor and proud; how poor and how proud he often is few really is aware. I have known three young men, living huddled together in one small and miserable apartment, tasting butcher meat not oftener than once a week, sharing one lexicon with other two students as poor as themselves, who lived next door to them, and yet these would in the most off hand manner put down their shillings for any little subscription as if shillings had been as plentiful with them as ideas. Now, no boarding house that could be erected would be cheap enough for these, and they would disdain to enter it on any terms that looked like charity. Nor are these likely to need the moral protection that such a place would give. The towering ambition or the sacred purpose that leads them to undergo such trials will keep them pure from vulgar vices. The boarding houses should be built to accommodate the middle class of students. In each of them there might be room made for fifty or sixty, every student having a small apartment of his own, at a rent not less than five or more than ten shillings a-week. There should be, too, a common table of which the characteristics ought obviously to be cheapness, plenty, and wholesome quality, and a study well furnished with works of reference. For a shilling a day or less an excellent dinner could be provided, far above the ordinary lodging house fare. Over each of these establishments should be placed a tutor. I would not give him any very great authority, and what authority he had should be controlled by a committee elected from the students themselves. For it is a fact, the common ignorance of which is amply astonishing, that when

a considerable number of Scottish youths are left to themselves, without impertinent interference, moral influence at once makes itself felt and a lofty moral tone prevails. In a college boarding house, so ordered, a lad would be guarded from vicious courses by that which is the only guard of virtue, outside of one's own heart and conscience, a powerful public sentiment. Scottish college life would no longer mean solitude plus temptation. The student would he set down amid merry, honest, hardworking companions; the mental and moral atmosphere about him would be keen and clear and sweet, the intercourse of hall and dining-room would make his learning living and graceful instead of the dull matter of facts and figures that it often is.

Such an addition to Scottish University life would be more valuable than half-a-dozen extra classes. It would teach sympathy, and sympathy is the key to all the higher culture. At present it must be confessed that our students often look upon their college course, not as a means of changing, strengthening, and developing their own natural faculties, but as a thing to get over and done, by whatever means they easiest may. It is their labour of Hercules, disagreeable, but necessary. And yet, from the very moment of their entering Glasgow University, how different is the appeal made to their heart and mind. For my own part, while I retain mind and memory, my first impression of the teaching of Glasgow University will be engraven deep and bright. Nearly all the students had gathered in a large hall that served us as a chapel. There we sat a noisy, yelping crew, cheering, bawling, singing, stamping, and enjoying ourselves to perfection. I believe that we were judiciously allowed to come into the hall half-an-hour before proceedings commenced, in order that we might exhaust our lungs and our legs, and thus be less inclined to offer any interruption. Suddenly there was some degree of quiet, followed by the most vehement cheering, and, with slow and dignified march, by two and two, the professors entered the hall. They were preceded by a fat, good-natured man, whose eye seemed to have a constant inclination to sly winking, and whose face was evidently kept up to a proper pitch of solemnity by constant and vigorous efforts. He carried a mace, an instrument which looks like a bed-post broken off in the middle, and the use of which is

not obvious. I at first supposed that it might be employed to break the heads of refractory students, but I at least never saw it in use. Behind the mace came a little man, whom I looked upon with profound reverence. Principal Caird is such a man that, wherever and whenever you saw him, you would want to stand and look after him. He is one who has fought all his life with great ideas, and whose countenance bears in all its yellow wrinkles the scars of his conflict. He seems to move in a very atmosphere of thought and emotion, and yet with a proud look, as if round about him were viewless and mighty things all mastered to his will and wish. Indeed, so intellectually high and mighty does he appear, that one is almost forced to ask of himself the question—"Is Caird as great a man as he looks?" Few of those who have lived under his influence are likely to be fair judges in the matter. From the moment an intellectual and enthusiastic youth hears first the sonorous and thrilling accents of Caird's voice, Caird masters and possesses his spirit. Complaint is made that so many of the younger clergy seem to imitate the Principal of Glasgow University. The imitation is often unconscious and involuntary. There is about the man a spell so patent that impressable minds are almost compelled to repeat his thoughts; to shape their language to the music of his sentences, and even to adopt the tone and style of his speech, over which he has an artist's mastery. Caird's sway is mesmeric. You almost seem to *see* the minds of his hearers following him in a waking dream along the radiant path of his thoughts. The effect is the more wonderful because Caird never descends to his audience, but forces his audience up to him. His opening sentences seem to spurn the material world from beneath him, and then he unfolds in musically-calling and soul-taunting phrases the intellectual life, with its hopes and its fears, its dangers, its temptations, and its triumphs. When he has done, in the moment's deep silence that follows his echoing peroration, a curtain seems perceptibly to descend, cutting off a fair region of marvellous lights and colours, and, with a deep sigh, we came back to common day and common earth. It is not too much to say that Caird pervades the intellectual life of the University. As to his power and place in the kingdom of thought, I believe that he is a much greater man than appears in his public

writings. Indeed, as one who appeals neither to sense nor to passion, who fortifies himself with no low interest either in religion or in politics, perhaps there has never been any orator of his kind so great. So, at least, I thought, hearing him first that day. In his glowing syllables the spirit of the age seemed to speak. And thus seen, it is no longer the mean and grovelling thing to which it seems the business of so much modern rhetoric to degrade it, but a gracious and noble being clothed "in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

Coming forth from the spell of Caird's eloquence you are apt to be possessed with the sense of the unreality of things. One cure for that is to push a pin into your arm. It recalls you instantly to materiality. Another way, and yet as effective, is to proceed to pay your college fees. For, as the sage says, or would say if he had thought of it, "there is something in the paying of money that will recall a man from the seventh heavens." I might write much of this plan of curing myself of unreality. For one thing, it is very curious and amusing to note the manner in which different professors collect their fees. The professor of Latin, who cherishes the harmless delusion that he is a man of business, assumes the air of the president of the Bank of England; the professor of Greek regards the giver and the gift with the severity of a marble god; the professor of Mathematics smiles, almost seems to wink, as if it were all a nice little joke, and he had much the best of it; while the professor of Logic glares at you with an expression stern yet kind, as if to say, "I pardon you this time, but don't do it again." I do not believe that there exists in Her Majesty's dominion a better, abler, or kinder body of gentlemen than the professors of Glasgow University, and in future articles I shall strive to paint their portraits with touches as truthful as one may who owes to each and all of them a debt of gratitude for flowing, gracious courtesy and kindly teaching.

M. A.

THE MERMAID.

THERE still exists on the West Coast of Sutherlandshire a race of people known among their neighbours as "The children of the Mermaid"—"Sliochd na Maighdean Chuain"—and the tradition of their origin is as follows:—

A young fisherman lay one day among the rocks by the sea-shore awaiting the turn of the tide, when all of a sudden he beheld a beautiful face peering from the tiny wavelets that broke so gently on the beach. He kept carefully out of sight, and by-and-bye he saw the shower of golden hair that fell over the loveliest shoulders that he had ever beheld. As he gazed at this strange creature he got wildly enamoured of her, although he knew she was not of mortal mould; and all his desire was to gain possession of her. If the Mermaid had seen him she would likely have lured him to his doom, as the old ballads tell us such creatures were wont to do, when they sat before their admirers in their unadorned charms, combing their "golden locks" with a "golden kame," and singing so sweetly that they got them to follow them to their coral caves under "the saut sea faim." In this instance, the Mermaid had not seen the young fisherman, and so she came ashore and divested herself of a skin like that of a seal that had encased her body to the waist. This skin had given the lower part of her body the shape of a fish, but when it was off she stood up a handsome and well-formed woman. She left the skin in the crevice of the rock in which the fisherman was hiding, and she went in her woman's form to disport herself in the water along the shore. The fisherman got possession of the skin and hid it, and when the Mermaid came to look for it and could not find it she was wild with grief, for she could not go back to her ocean home without it. The fisherman then captured her, and led her to his home, where he made her his wife, and in the course of years she became the mother of several children. She was a quiet, unoffensive creature, leading a passive life of peace, but never happy looking, and at night she often went down to the rocks where she would sit to sing the most plaintive melodies, after searching in vain for her lost treasure.

Upon a beautiful day in early summer, her husband had gone

out fishing, and the children were playing in the barn that was now empty, and after turning out all the corners of it they found a strange-looking thing having the tail of a fish, and they hastened with it to their mother that she might tell them what it was. She did not at first pay attention to their enquiries, but when her eyes fell upon what they had brought she gave a cry of joy such as they had never heard from her before. She took possession of her treasure with gleaming eyes, and, without waiting to bid them farewell, she rushed off to the sea. The children followed her and saw her putting on again her long-lost covering, and then she disappeared into the depths of the sea. When her husband returned home he was frantic with grief at the loss of her, and though he often went about the rocks calling her by all sorts of endearing names he never saw her again. She seemed, however, to hover near these rocks, and her children said she used to drive the fish to their hooks when they were fishing, as they had always better fish and more of them than their companions had. They said also that she often spoke to them, and one of her sayings has become a proverb—

Na òl an sàile am feasd gun sioladh,
'S ioma biasd a tha 's a' chuan.

Never drink sea-water without putting it through a sieve,
There is many a living creature in the ocean.

We know not if the Gaelic is the native language of these mysterious creatures of the flood, but if not the above proverb would indicate that this one of them had proved an apt scholar and acquired it well. Some of the Sutherland people speak of the descendants of this creature as "Sliochd an Ròin," but this term came probably from the sealskin the lady wore on her extremities. We prefer "Sliochd na Maighdean Chuain" as the more poetic form, and as also giving more of an air of probability to the story.

MARY MACKELLAR.

GAELIC TRANSLATION OF THE QUEEN'S BOOK.*

THE late gifted Ewen Maclachlan, perhaps the most accomplished *Gaelic* poet and *littérateur* of modern times, in translating the Iliad of Homer into Gaelic thought that one of the best recommendations for his work would be that it was translated by a Lochaber man. Echoing, therefore, the words so familiar on the title page of the Gaelic Scriptures, "Eadar-theangaichte gu Gaidhlig Albannaich" ("translated into Scottish Gaelic") he announced his translation of the Iliad as "Eadar-theangaichte gu Gaidhlig Abraich," If we put forward a similar plea on behalf of Mrs. Mackellar's translation of the Queen's Book, we mean the compliment to carry all the weight implied in its being translated by a person hailing also from Lochaber—a district where the language is spoken with a copiousness and a classical finish not met with in many parts of Scotland. To this fortunate linguistic circumstance Mrs. Mackellar has added the additional knowledge of the Gaelic language of other regions derived from residence among and contact with speakers of the dialects of every part of the country; the literary finish of one who has written much, and the idiomatic fluency of the Gaelic bard.

It must be admitted that the task allotted to Mrs. Mackellar, though a congenial and appropriate one, was not by any means an easy one. The Queen's Book makes no pretensions to literary excellence or power. There is in it very little scope for a display of Gaelic fine-writing. Its language is homely, and its descriptions totally devoid of enthusiasm. It is dry. To look for the opposite characteristics in the translation therefore would be to expect Mrs. Mackellar to construct a new Gaelic book for the Queen. This could not be; but it might not be inappropriate to suggest here that Mrs. Mackellar might write, what she could do so very well, a Jubilee life of Her Majesty in the Gaelic language for the

* TUILLEADH DHUILLEAG BHO M' LEABHAR-LATHA mu Chunntas mo Bheatha anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, bho 1862 gu 1882. Uilleam Blackwood agus a Mhic Duneideann 'us Lunnainn, 1886.

benefit of her loyal Highland subjects. The materials for such a work are ample, and the great love which the Queen cherishes towards the Highlands and the Highland people, and which so frequently and so markedly betrays itself in her book, and more so in her acts and movements among them, would, we are certain, ensure for the work a warm welcome among the speakers of the Gaelic language. Our stock of original Gaelic literature is very small indeed, and now that the language is once more becoming a language of the schools, there is a field for fresh activity alike in the collection and preservation of the old and perishing oral lore, and the construction of new literature for the times in which we live. In no other way can the Gaelic language be kept abreast of the age, or even maintained at all as a tongue of living interest.

But we are wandering from our text—The Queen's Book. We have referred to the undoubted fitness of the translator, and the character of the work. It remains for us only to say that the work does not belie the high expectations which we had formed. The language of Mrs. Mackellar is idiomatic, and her mode of expression natural and free. In some parts of the book we are safe in saying that the work has gained in the translation, especially where the subject was continuous and afforded scope for the genius and power of the translator. This is exemplified in the translation, for instance, of the address presented to Her Majesty on the occasion of unveiling the statue of the Prince Consort at Aberdeen in the year 1863. We quote one eloquent and expressive extract:—

Chan 'eil feum air cuimhneachan sam bith a chumail beo ainm aon a chuir a leithid de sgèimh air an inbhe is àirde anns an tir, le ard-shoilleireachd 'inntinn, a dheagh bheusan, agus an t-eud fìor-ghlan agus tuigseach a bha aige air son gach ni a bha gu math a' mhor-shluaigh. Tha a chuimhne cruinte le urram air feadh an t-saoghail mar nach robh cuimhne moran de phrionnsachan riamh roimhe; agus tasgaidh an rioghachd mhor so 'eiseamplair mar ionmhas priseil. Gidheadh tha coir shonraichte air e bhith air a ghleidheadh air chuimhne anns an earrainn so de 'n Rioghachd Aonaichte, air an robh am Priomisa uasal so a' cur de dh-onair agus gun robh e ga taghal bho bhliadhna gu bliadhna, agus anns a' bhaile so a thuair de dh-fhabhor le a ghiftean arda a bhi air an nochdadh ann an doigh cho araidh an uair a bha e na Fhear-Riaghlaidh air a' Chomunn Bhreatunnach, a tha air son adhartachadh ealdhain; agus bha gach inbhe d'an t-sluagh deonach air gum biodh cuimhneachan a mhaireadh air a chur suas 'n ar measg a nochdadh an uaraim agus a' ghraidh a dhuisg e 'n ar cridheachan.

Another short extract from a preface written by the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod for a collection of pipe music by William Ross, the Queen's piper, shows no less the enthusiasm which the music of the bagpipe awoke in the warm Celtic soul of Dr. Macleod than the power and elegance with which Mrs. Mackellar can wield the Gaelic language when the subject is inspiring and the theme congenial :—

"Is i piob nuallanach nan dos inneal-ciuil s sonraichte. 'Tir nam Beann,' agus i gu h-aighearach air ghleus an achlais fior Ghaidheil. A mheoir gu grad air an fheadan, e an lan eideadh nan sonn, agus e le cheum stadail ann an seomar uaibhreach a chinn-fheadhna no air feadh nan gleann aillidh anns an do fhreagair mac-talla nan creag do fheadain shiubhlach a shinnsearachd. Chan 'eil inneal-ciuil eile cho freagrach air son tional clann gach fine bho gach gleann gu cruinneachadh mu bhrataichean an cinn-fheadhna, agus tha dearbh fhios gur i a mhain a chuireas gillean an fheilidh air mhire-chath do 'n bhlar. Is beo a bheir i failte do 'n cheann-fheadhna a' tilleadh gu buadhar bho 'n chath, agus is tiamhaidh a thig an tuireadh uaipe an uair a ghiulainear le a dhaoine bronach e gu a dhachaidh bhuan anns a' ghleann, no do 'n eilein naomh anns a bheil a dhàimh na 'n cadal. Tha doimhneachd faireachdainn agus tiamhachd anns a' cheol so, a tha air a chur cho saothrachail ri cheile, agus nach tuig neach e ach Gaidheal a mhain. Tha e dhasan lan de chuimhneachain dhruighteach mu a dhachaidh agus mu a dhuthaich ; tha an ceol so a' toirt a rithist fo chomhair a shuilean na h-aodainn agus na cruthan a dh' fhalbh ; tha e a' toirt air suilean 'inntinn a bhith a rithist a' faicinn gach beann, agus loch, agus gleann de dhuthaich oige, agus a' dusgadh suas cuimhne air na laithean a chaith e na 'm measg an uair a bha a shonas aig airde."

It might be perfectly possible to find in Mrs. Mackellar's work isolated words and phrases that a purist in Gaelic matters would object to as not classic, but such instances are insignificant in view of the general excellence of the translation, and it were a pity in that case to magnify and give exceptional prominence to mere verbal inelegancies, and overlook the very large amount of expressive and vigorous Gaelic which goes to constitute the main substance of the work. It is no very difficult task with the aid of a dictionary to supply verbal equivalents for almost any word in the English language, but it is another and a very different thing to furnish idiomatic phrases and sentences of unimpeachable Gaelic. Our English habits of thought and reading are daily rendering the task more difficult. Our idioms are getting lost: no dictionary is able to preserve them, and it is this that makes translations like Mrs. Mackellar's of peculiar value. The only conspicuous fault to which we would refer is the want of care on

the part of the proof reader. The punctuation has been most remissly attended to, and in not a few cases inconsistencies in spelling have been allowed to pass. Should a new and cheaper edition be called for—as we sincerely hope there will, the price of the present being much too high for ordinary Highland readers —we trust the faults to which we have referred will be carefully excluded, and the book thus rendered in the minutest detail as correct as it is substantially true and classic, and outwardly handsome.

THE EDITORSHIP.—Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, who, eleven years ago, started the *Celtic Magazine*, and conducted it ever since, has found it necessary, in consequence of increasing responsibilities in other directions, to retire from the Editorship on the appearance of this number. He finds that the editorship of the *Scottish Highlander*, along with his other literary work, is as much as he is able to overtake, and he is therefore obliged to hand over the editorial responsibility of the Magazine to his good friend, Mr. Alexander Macbain, M.A., F.S.A. Scot., admitted to be one of the very best Celtic scholars living, and who, at the same time, stands high for general scholarship. Mr. Macbain has taken his degree "with honours" at the University of Aberdeen. It is with very considerable reluctance that Mr. Mackenzie gives up his official position as editor of the Magazine, and in so doing break up the agreeable relations into which that position brought him with its many contributors, among whom are included the best known Celtic scholars of our time. As Mr. Mackenzie, however, is proprietor, as his firm continue publishers, and as he hopes to be an occasional contributor to the pages of the Magazine under the new Editor, he feels that the happy relationships of the past with contributors and readers will not be altogether broken. He now retires full of gratitude to all—contributors and subscribers—who had so large a share in making the *Celtic Magazine* the unprecedented success which it has become over all former publications in the same field.

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR OCTOBER, 1886.

X. Mhios.] AN DAMHAIR, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

☽ AN CIAD CHR.—4 LA—10.34 F. | ☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.—20 LA—2.41 F.
○ AN SOLUS LAN—13 LA—3.24 M. | ● AN SOLUS UR—27 LA—7.16 M.

M.	DI.		*A'ghr'an.* E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	*An Lan An Lite.* MAD.	*An Lan An Lite.* FEASG.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* MAD.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* FEASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	H	Bàs Shéumais Fhordyce, 1796	6.17 E	4.29	4.51	2. 9	2.29
2	S	Latha na Leargainn, 1263	5.47 L	5.13	5.35	2.49	3. 9
3	D	*XVI. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	6.21 E	5.57	6.22	3.29	3.50
4	L		5.41 L	6.46	7.15	4.13	4.37
5	M	Latha Dhunchaillinn, 1315	6.25 E	7.47	8.24	5. 4	5.36
6	C	Sìth leis America, 1783	5.36 L	9. 6	9.47	6.14	6.53
7	D		6.29 E	10.25	11. 2	7.34	8.13
8	H	Losgadh Chicago, 1871	5.31 L	11.36	...	8.50	9.22
9	S	Bàs Iain Chuimein, 1305	6.33 E	0. 5	0.28	9.49	10.11
10	D	*XVII. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	5.25 L	0.48	1. 7	10.33	10.52
11	L	An t-sean fhéill Mìcheil	6.37 E	1.25	1.43	11.11	11.29
12	M	Faotainn a mach America, 1492	5.21 L	1.59	2.15	11.47	...
13	C	Ruathar Loch-Laoimeann, 1715	6.41 E	2.30	2.45	0. 3	0.19
14	D	Bàs Bheza, 1605	5.15 L	2.58	3.13	0.35	0.52
15	H	Breith Ailean Ramsay, 1686	6.45 E	3.30	3.47	1. 9	1.26
16	S	Losgaidh Tigh na Parlamaid, 1834	5.11 L	4. 4	4.21	1.43	2. 0
17	D	*XVIII. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	6.49 E	4.39	4.57	2.17	2.35
18	L	La fhéill Lucais	5. 5 L	5.18	5.41	2.54	3.14
19	M	Latha Leipsig, 1813; Bàs Chandlish, 1873	6.53 E	6. 6	6.33	3.35	4. 0
20	C	Comhairle Aird' Thoirnis, 1461	5. 0 L	7. 2	7.37	4.26	4.55
21	D	Bàs Nelsoin, 1805	6.58 E	8.16	8.59	5.29	6. 7
22	H	Fosg. Eileach a' Ghlinne Mhòir, 1822	4.56 L	9.44	10.25	6.50	7.33
23	S	Eirigh Theàrlaich I. an Eirinn, 1641.	7. 2 E	11. 2	11.34	8.14	8.49
24	D	*XIX. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	4.50 L	...	0. 3	9.22	9.50
25	L	Latha Bhalaclava, 1854	7. 6 E	0.27	0.51	10.17	10.42
26	M	Breith Eanruig Chockburn, 1779	4.46 L	1.15	1.58	11. 7	11.31
27	C	Breith Shéumais Mhic-Mhuirich, 1736	7.11 E	2. 0	2.21	11.55	...
28	D	Fèill Shimoin 'us Iuda	4.41 L	2.42	3. 3	0.19	0.42
29	H	Latha Charrochaidh, 1562	7.15 E	3.24	3.44	1. 4	1.25
30	S	Breith Sheumais Pherry, 1756	4.37 L	4. 5	4.26	1.45	2. 5
31	D	*XX. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	7.20 E	4.47	5. 9	2.25	2.45

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